THE

SATIRES, EPISTLES

AND

ART OF POETRY

OF

HORACE,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

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—" veræ numeroſque modoſque ediſcere vitæ."

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MVSEVM
BRITAN.
NICVM

PREFACE.

TO recount the origin, and explain the nature of the Roman Satire, may, to claſſical readers, appear a needleſs taſk; ſince the ſubject has been ſo fully inveſtigated by Criticks who are generally known *. Yet, as this tranſlation is chiefly deſigned for thoſe who have little or no acquaintance with the Original, it is proper, for the ſake of ſuch readers, that ſome account ſhould be given of the works which I profeſs faithfully, though faintly, to repreſent.

The concurring teſtimonies of Horace and Quinctilian aſcribe the invention of this ſpecies of

* See Caſaubon's Preface to Perſius, Dacier's Preface to the Satires of Horace, and Dryden's Dedication to his Tranſlations from Juvenal.

writing to their countrymen: but the birth of it is involved in ſome degree of obſcurity. The moſt probable conjecture, however, derives its origin from the rude and licentious verſes, called * Feſcennine, which were recited by the ancient Romans at the feſtivals of Bacchus and Ceres. Theſe ruſtick Dialogues, which were at firſt the extemporaneous effuſions of mirth and revelry, having become ſo licentious and malignant as to wound the domeſtick quiet of families, were at length † repreſſed by the wholeſome ſeverity of law. From their aſhes aroſe a ſpecies of Farce; the only dramatick writing (except the ‡ Atellanes) which was wholly of Roman origin. In proceſs of time, the elder Latin Poets, and particularly Ennius and Pacuvius, formed, in imitation of

* From Feſcennia, a town in Etruria.

† See Epiſt. 1. Book 2. in which Horace gives an account of the origin of theſe verſes, and the ſuppreſſion of their licentiouſneſs by law. The law alluded to, is in the Decemviral Code, and made libellous writings a capital offence.

‡ Theſe appear to have been a ſpecies of Tragi-comedies, ſomewhat reſembling the Greek plays called Satyrs, but derived by the Romans from the Oſci, a people of Campania, and named from Atella, one of the Oſcan towns. See Pitiſcus's Lexicon Antiquitatum Romanarum tit. *Atellanæ*.

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theſe Farces, a miſcellaneous compoſition, not ſtrictly dramatick, but, like thoſe dramas, animadverting on the manners and morals of the age. Different metres, and perhaps different ſubjects, were blended in theſe pieces; and they were called *Satires*; a word of very different import from it's modern ſenſe, and merely expreſſing their * miſcellaneous nature.

The firſt advance towards the perfection of Satire was made by the celebrated Lucilius, the friend and companion of the younger Scipio. So few are the fragments of his Satires which remain, that the degree of improvement made by him cannot be preciſely aſcertained. It is ſaid he rendered it a more uniform compoſition, each of his Satires conſiſting wholly of Hexameter, or Iambick, or Trochaick verſes; inſtead of blending, like thoſe of his predeceſſors, two or three ſorts of metre in the ſame Satire.

* The beſt derivation of the word ſeems to be from *Satura Lanx*, a diſh containing various fruits, and preſented as an offering to Ceres.

From the teſtimony of Horace, however, it appears that Lucilius improved the ſtile of Satire, by bringing it nearer to correctneſs and elegance, and that he enriched the matter, by * introducing, from the old writers of Greek Comedy, thoſe repreſentations of individual characters and manners which diſtinguiſh their works. It is probable indeed that, in his hands, the Roman Satire became ſomewhat more regular in it's ſtructure; but that he gave it a perfect *unity of deſign*, will hardly be proved to our ſatisfaction, till arguments more convincing than thoſe of Hurd ſhall be produced. The name of *inventor*, applied to him by Horace, is certainly uſed in a more confined ſenſe than the ſame term in Engliſh uſually imports, and, being diſtinguiſhed from *autor* (the word our Poet uſes when ſpeaking of Ennius, the *firſt* author of Satire), may be warranted by the improvements which

* See the beginning of Sat. 4. Book 1. Dryden thought that both Ennius and Pacuvius had imitated the old Greek Comedy. But this notion ſeems inconſiſtent with what Horace ſays of Lucilius in the Satire above referred to, and leaves ſcarcely any meaning to the term of *inventor* which our Poet elſewhere applies to him.

Lucilius is known to have made. The argument drawn from the ſuppoſed unity of deſign in Horace's Satires, is not concluſive, were it founded in truth; and that it is far from being univerſally true, might be made to appear by a very ſlight examination *.

The next writer of Satires of whom mention is made by antiquity, is the learned † Terentius Varro. He is ſaid to have rather copied the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than the improved

* Take, for example, the firſt Satire. Who would ſuppoſe, from reading the twenty-ſeven firſt lines, that the Poet was preparing an invective againſt Avarice? Yet ſuch an invective occupies all the ſpace between the twenty-eighth and the hundred and ſeventh lines. The Poet, however, conſcious of having wandered from his original ſubject (the diſcontented temper of mankind) makes, at the hundred and eighth line, an apology for the digreſſion, and reverts to his firſt topick, but quits it in a few lines, turns again to the covetous man, and ſoon afterwards abruptly concludes. The third and fourth Satires are not much more regular. The ſixth runs into a diſcuſſion very little connected with the main ſubject. The eighth appears to have two diſtinct objects.

† Varro is ſaid to have imitated Menippus, a Cynick Philoſopher; whoſe writings are ſuppoſed to have been a ſpecies of moral tales.

form and ſtyle of Lucilius, and therefore (as Horace declares and as might naturally be expected) he obtained, in *that* department of literature, little credit or ſucceſs.

The courſe of our inquiry has now brought us to the Satires which I have attempted to tranſlate; upon which a conſiderable portion of our Author's fame, and (with ſome readers) the largeſt ſhare of his popularity, depends. That he formed them on the model afforded by Lucilius, we have his own declaration *. But how cloſely he copied his Original, or in what reſpect (except in elegance and accuracy) he improved upon it, we have not ſo compleat a knowledge of that original as will enable us to decide. Our buſineſs is rather with the Satires of Horace conſidered in themſelves; in which point of view, it may be proper to inquire what is the nature of theſe compoſitions, and wherein their chief excellence conſiſts.

* See Satires 4th and 10th, Book 1; and Sat. 1. Book 2.

It may be obſerved, that although our Author has called this *ſpecies* of writing, *Satire*, the writings themſelves, conſidered ſeparately, are termed by him *Diſcourſes*; (*Sermones*) in which he does not, like modern Satiriſts, give a compleat lecture, or eſſay, on the ſubject which he treats, much leſs a laboured invective on private characters, but throws out his opinions on manners, morality and literature, in the free and familiar ſtile of converſation. Theſe topicks he diſcuſſes ſometimes in his own perſon (introducing occaſional queſtions or arguments from a ſuppoſed objector), ſometimes in the perſon of another, ſometimes in a Dialogue between himſelf and ſome other ſpeaker, and ſometimes in a Dialogue, in which the ſpeakers are two indifferent perſons.

The diſtinguiſhed excellence of theſe Satires will be admitted by all to whom they are known in the Original. Though not deſigned, like the Odes, to diſplay the graces of poetry, the ſame fertility of genius, the ſame purity of ſtyle, the ſame happineſs of expreſſion, which

characterize thoſe poems, are equally conſpicuous here. But the Engliſh reader muſt not expect in the Satires of Horace an exact reſemblance in form, or merits of a ſimilar kind, to thoſe works of modern writers on which the ſame title has been conferred. If regularity of method, if energy of ſentiment and language, if harmony of numbers, and wit (in the confined ſenſe of the word) are alone conſidered, the palm muſt be transferred from our Poet to later Satiriſts. But whilſt a knowledge of mankind poſſeſt by few, a delicate raillery ſurpaſſed by none, and a happy union of philoſophy with urbanity unrivalled by any writer, can charm us, his pre-eminence in the department of familiar Satire will be aſſerted by all who unite with claſſical knowledge a refined and liberal taſte.

Having ſaid thus much on the beauties of theſe Satires, candour requires we ſhould notice what appear to be their principal defects. The laxity of numbers, the ſtudied neglect of harmony, which our Poet deemed congenial to familiar Satire, are perhaps in many paſſages, carried to exceſs. He may

may be juſtifiable in changing, to a great degree, the nature of Hexameter verſe, and bringing it ſomewhat nearer to proſe. Yet, ſurely, it ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from proſe, not merely "by the fingers," but alſo "by the ear." Neither the elegance of Horace's language, nor even the excellence of his matter, can wholly reconcile us to the halting and unmuſical verſes in which it is ſometimes conveyed.

A more important defect is a want of connexion in the thoughts, and (if we may be permitted to aſſert it againſt ſo great a Critick as Hurd) a want of unity in the deſign, which appears in ſeveral of the Satires *. Inſtead of denying what muſt appear ſo obvious to common ſenſe, and endeavouring to ſhew a mutual relation of the paſſages (diſcoverable only by the microſcopick eye of a Critick) might it not be more inſtructive to the reader, to trace the cauſe of an irregularity which our Poet's good

* See Note 1ſt, in Page 7, of this Introduction: alſo the Introduction to the Epiſtle to the Piſos.

taſte,

taſte, if free from prejudice, would probably have taught him to avoid? The truth, perhaps, is, that Satire, when it fell into his hands, was not only a varied but an immethodical compoſition. Thoſe of Lucilius were ſuch; if we may judge by what our Poet declares of him, and by the paſſage in which his rambling ſtile is confeſſedly imitated*. Yet although our Author could diſcern this fault in the writings of his predeceſſor (where it was probably much more ſtriking) he did not wholly avoid it in his own. He appears, indeed, not to have ſuppoſed exactneſs of method neceſſary in Satire; though often, directed by the natural rectitude of his mind, he obſerves it.

A tranſlation of ſuch writings as I have attempted to deſcribe, is attended with peculiar difficulties. Poetry, like the Odes, in ſome meaſure tranſlates itſelf. The vigour of ſentiment, the ſplendor of imagery, and ſometimes even the beauties of ex-

* —— ſequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus anceps:
&c.
Sat. 1. Book 2.

preſſion,

preſſion, may loſe but little by transfuſion into a different language. But where the merit of a work depends principally on an accurate delineation of manners (for the moſt part national and temporary) on a raillery ſo delicate as often to be perceptible only to nice obſervers, on a philoſophy now ſeldom united (as it was in Horace) with the graceful manners of a court, the nature of ſuch writings is far more eaſily deſcribed in a commentary, than imitated in a tranſlation. Tranſlations, therefore, of theſe Satires, however faithful to the words, have ſeldom been congenial to the ſpirit of their Original.

The celebrated Imitations by Pope and Swift have deſervedly met with far greater ſucceſs. The taſk they undertook is indeed eaſier to the writer, but leſs uſeful, and in ſome reſpects leſs ſatisfactory, to the reader than that of faithful tranſlation. "Such Imitations (ſays Dr. Johnſon *) cannot give pleaſure to common readers;

* Life of Pope.

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" the man of learning may be ſometimes ſurprized
" and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but
" the compariſon requires knowledge of the ori-
" ginal, which will likewiſe often detect ſtrained
" applications. Between Roman images and
" Engliſh manners there will be an irreconcileable
" diſſimilitude; and the works will be generally
" uncouth and party-coloured, neither original
" nor tranſlated, neither ancient nor modern."

Admirable as Pope's Imitations confeſſedly are, they fall, I apprehend, occaſionally within the ſcope of this objection *. To the claſſical reader they are, in many paſſages, highly gratifying; but, as they cannot always correctly repreſent the original, or happily apply it, his pleaſure will not be wholly unmingled with diſguſt. The mere Engliſh reader can only admire the excellence of particular lines, but loſes all the beauty of their

* Swift's Imitations, of part of the 6th Sat. Book 2. and part of the 7th Epiſtle, Book 1ſt. may be read, I think, as Engliſh compoſitions, without reference to the Original. So may Dr. Johnſon's excellent Imitations of Juvenal.

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coincidence and application. In the humbler but far more difficult taſk of tranſlation, though leſs pleaſure can be communicated to learned readers, more advantage may be gained to the literature of our country. Even an admirer of Horace in the original may be curious to ſee how his ſentiments can be expreſſed with fidelity, yet with ſome degree of grace, in our native language. The Engliſh reader, when once aſſured that he has before him the faithful repreſentation of an admired ancient, will feel every ſtep of his progreſs, if not ſmooth and agreeable, yet firm and ſecure: he will be pleaſed where he finds ſpirit or elegance, ſatisfied with eaſe and perſpicuity, and leſs offended by occaſional harſhneſs, which an anxious deſire of fidelity might have produced.

Imitations therefore, it is conceived, however ſpirited or happy, by no means ſuperſede the expediency of a tranſlation: more particularly, where the imitator has only copied the turn of thought from his original, but adhered to his own characteriſtick ſtyle and manner. This is preciſely

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the caſe with Pope's Imitations. "Whoever ex-
"pects (ſays Warburton *) a Paraphraſe of Ho-
"race, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner
"of writing, in theſe Imitations, will be much
"diſappointed. Our Author uſes the Roman
"Poet for little more than his canvas; and, if the
"old deſign or colouring chance to ſuit his pur-
"poſe, it is well; if not, he employs his own
"without ſcruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he
"is ſo frequently ſerious where Horace is in jeſt,
"and at eaſe where Horace is diſturbed. In a
"word, he regulates his movements no further on
"his Original, than was neceſſary for promoting
"their common plan of reformation of manners."
The learned Critick goes on to ſhew how great a diſſimilitude there was between the talents and temper of Horace, and thoſe of Pope. We may add that Pope and Swift (the latter of whom has far the moſt happily repreſented the *manner* of their original) have not imitated much more than a fourth of the Satires and Epiſtles of our Author.

* See his prefatory Remarks on Pope's Imitations of Horace.

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It remains only to inform the Reader what has been attempted in the preſent Tranſlation. A familiarity of ſtyle and freedom of numbers being the characteriſtick qualities of theſe Satires and moſt of the Epiſtles, I have endeavoured to adapt both the ſtyle and meaſure to the Original. Though our Poet choſe the Hexameter verſe, he has (as we before obſerved) intirely changed it's nature, for the purpoſe, no doubt, of rendering it *ſermoni propior*, as near as may be to the freedom and eaſe of converſation. It would, I apprehend, be ſcarcely poſſible to preſerve that eaſe in the Engliſh meaſure uſually adopted in tranſlating Heroick and the higher ſpecies of Didactick poetry (viz. the Iambick line of ten ſyllables) without falling often into a negligence, that may be excuſed in Horace, but would be ſeverely cenſured in his tranſlator. I have therefore, after the example of Swift (both in his original compoſitions and his Imitations of Horace) of Prior, in his Alma, and many other excellent writers, preferred the ſhorter Iambick, as beſt ſuited to the lighter and more familiar ſpecies of Satire. It ſeems peculiarly adapted to the

converſation ſtyle which prevails in theſe Satires, yet capable of that elevation to which particular paſſages aſpire: nor is it more different in it's nature and effect from the longer Iambick, than the Hexameters of Horace are from thoſe of Virgil, or even of Juvenal. We have, indeed, no legitimate metre that anſwers to the Latin Hexameter, and may ſurely, therefore, in tranſlating poems of that meaſure, be guided by convenience, where it does not wholly militate with eſtabliſhed practice *.

On the mode of tranſlation adopted, it cannot be neceſſary to add much to what has been ſaid in the Preface to the Odes. The opinion I there ventured to give in favour of a cloſer tranſlation

* Several of the Satires and Epiſtles in Francis, and ſome of the beſt tranſlations in Duncombe's Collection, are in the metre adopted here.—The ſtyle and numbers of the two Epiſtles in the 2d Book being more ſolemn and elevated, theſe are accordingly tranſlated in the longer Iambick meaſure. The Epiſtle to the Piſos (uſually called The Art of Poetry) has paſſages of both kinds; and, as it has been ſo often tranſlated (and, I conceive, with but indifferent ſucceſs) in Iambicks of ten ſyllables, I have attempted it in the ſhorter meaſure.

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than it has of late been the faſhion to praiſe, remains unaltered. But the proverbial expreſſions and Latin idioms frequent in theſe Satires are often incapable of a literal verſion. In ſuch caſes, it is ſurely better to find, if poſſible, an idiom of our own language correſpondent to the meaning, if not to the words, of the original, than (as ſome tranſlators have done) offend the reader by Engliſh words with a Latin idiom or ſenſe.

After all, I feel more than ever the impoſſibility that any attempts of mine ſhould do juſtice to ſuch a writer as Horace. But the approbation conferred on the tranſlation of the Odes by perſons whoſe judgment I revere, and indeed by the literary world in general, induces me to hope this part of the work may alſo have ſome little merit and utility. It may amuſe the admirers of our Poet, by ſhewing them an intire verſion ſomewhat more reſembling his manner than thoſe which they have hitherto ſeen. It may gratify, and poſſibly inform the Engliſh reader, by giving him a nearer view of perhaps the moſt elegant and certainly the moſt inſtructive Poet of the Auguſtan age.

THE

THE
SATIRES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

BOOK I

SATIRES OF HORACE

THE SATIRES, &c.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

He inveighs againſt the inconſtancy of mankind, and againſt avarice.

MÆCENAS (*a*), whence the reſtleſs mind?
The diſcontent that plagues mankind?
That, whether choice or chance alone
Our lot have fixed, each hates his own:
Another's life is ſure to pleaſe.
"How happy (*b*) they who plough the ſeas!"
The ſoldier in theſe peeviſh ſtrains,
Oppreſt with (*c*) arms and toil, complains.
Now mark what vows the merchant forms
Whene'er his bark is toſs'd by ſtorms!

Amid ſuch perils and alarms,
" How bleſt are they who ſhine in arms!"
He cries: " for, when the battle bleeds,
" Swift death or victory ſucceeds."
The lawyer oft delights to praiſe
The humble ruſtick's peaceful days,
When, to conſult him, at his gates
At early dawn the client waits,
Forced up by ſuits, the reſtleſs clown
Thinks happineſs reſides in town.
All inſtances ſhould I relate,
'Twould tire e'en (*d*) Fabius' endleſs prate.
But briefly to the point: attend,
And mark how theſe complaints will end!
Suppoſe ſome favouring God ſhould ſay,
" Take each the ſtate for which ye pray!
" Go, Soldier, croſs the ſeas for gain!
" You, Lawyer, turn a village ſwain!
" Hence! each purſue your ſeveral labours,
" Quit his own place and take his neighbour's.
" Why pauſe?—They ſcorn the change required:
" Yet each may have the bliſs d. ſired."
And will not ſuch perverſeneſs move
The wrath of heaven?—May (*e*) bluſtering Jove
With a g r ſwell, and turn away
Indignant whenſoe'er ye pray!

Yet,

Yet, as on themes like theſe is beſt,
(Though many a truth be told in jeſt;
As to his taſk by cakes beguiled
Indulgent teachers lure a child)
Diſclaim we laughter's ſportive vein
For reaſon's calm and ſober ſtrain.
Whene'er this farmer ploughs the ſoil,
This ſoldier bears his martial toil,
The cunning (*f*) lawyer ſeeks his gain,
Or dauntleſs ſailors brave the main,
" All, all (they cry) ſuch ills endure,
" To reſt at length in eaſe ſecure,
" To guard decrepid age from want;
" For mark the ſmall inſtructive ant;
" Who toils her little heap to raiſe,
" Still provident of future days:
" But ſoon as wintery ſtorms appear,
" And dark (*g*) Aquarius rules the year,
" She creeps not out, nor ſeeks for more,
" But lives contented on her ſtore."
This, this is wiſe. Your love of gains,
Nor heat, nor winter's cold reſtrains,
Nor ſeas, nor ſwords, ſtill ſeeking pelf
Whilſt one is richer than yourſelf.
But what avails it that your gold
In heaps earth's deepeſt caverns hold,

Concealed with anxious trembling care?
You dare not touch it when 'tis there.
MISER.—"But you may make it leſs and leſs,
Till ſcarce one farthing you poſſeſs."
HOR.—And yet, unleſs 'tis uſed with ſpirit,
Where is it's luſtre? where it's merit?
Your well-filled barns, 'tis true, contain
Some hundred thouſand ſacks of grain:
Yet, with ſo much an ampler ſtore
Than mine, your ſtomach holds no more.
You're like the (*b*) ſlave, who, 'midſt the throng
That bears his maſter's goods along,
Though loaded with the bags of bread,
No better than the reſt is fed.
Or tell me on what ſolid grounds,
To thoſe whoſe wants juſt nature bounds,
Some hundred acres, more or leſs,
Are deemed the teſt of happineſs.
"Still (ſay you) there's a certain pleaſure
"In taking from a high-piled treaſure."
But if you take from ample hoards
No more than my ſmall ſtock affords,
On what pretence do you aſſign
More value to your wealth than mine?
As if, when amply would ſuffice
What one ſmall urn or cup ſupplies,

You ſay, "I ſcorn this little rill;
"Let me from mighty rivers fill."
Whilſt thus you ſtretch your fond deſire
Beyond what real wants require,
The ſtream, reſiſtleſs in its ſway,
May bear you with its banks away.
But he whom not a wiſh inflames
Beyond meek nature's temperate claims,
Nor drinks from ſtreams diſturbed with mud,
Nor tempts the perils of the flood.
Yet ſtill a portion of mankind,
Whom vain fallacious paſſions blind,
Think naught ſuffices; for they deem
That wealth alone ſecures eſteem.
What can be done with men like theſe?
They muſt be wretched, if they pleaſe:
Like one at Athens, who (we're told)
Made up of avarice and gold,
Could thus the public voice contemn:
"They hiſs at me—I laugh at them.
"At home, when muſing o'er my pelf,
"With rapture I applaud myſelf."
(*i*) See Tantalus, by heaven accurſt,
Snatch at the ſtreams that mock his thirſt!
Why laugh? the ſtory's trite, but true:
Change but the name, it pictures you.

Stretched on your bags, in anxious ſleep
You pant and tremble o'er the heap.
Like ſacred goods untouched it lies,
Or, like ſome painting, feaſts your eyes.
But know you not it's proper uſe?
Your wealth may bread, fruit, herbs produce:
Wine may be purchaſed: add beſide
What nature pines for, when denied.
Say, would you rather, day and night,
Watch every hour, half dead with fright?
Dread leſt thieves enter, flames ariſe,
Or ſome ſlave rob you when he flies?
If care thus poiſons every bliſs,
(*k*) Defend me, Gods, from wealth like this!
MISER.—" But when in ſickneſs, or in pain,
" You thence may kind attention gain,
" Some friend, aſſiduous at your ſide,
" Will ſee your every want ſupplied,
" And urge the Doctor to reſtore
" The man his kindred all deplore."
HOR.—Alas, nor kindred, ſons, or wife,
Can wiſh to ſave your wretched life!
Acquaintance, neighbours, even the race
Of ſlaves, deteſt and deem you baſe.
And can you wonder friends are cold,
When you prefer to them your gold?

Or deem their gratitude ſhall flow
For kindneſs which you never ſhew.
Nature our kindred recommends:
But, would you keep them as your *friends*,
Ah, wretch, you vainly, idly ſtrive!
Like him who ſhould attempt to drive
A ſtubborn aſs along the plains,
And teach him to obey the reins.
At length from heaping riches ceaſe!
Fear not to want whilſt they increaſe:
At length enjoy what you have gained,
And reſt, whene'er your end's obtained:
Nor thine be like Umidius' fate:
(Short is the ſtory I relate)
So vaſt the riches he had treaſured,
He could not count them o'er, but meaſured:
So very ſordid was his breaſt,
No ſlave was e'er ſo meanly dreſt:
To the laſt hour he lived in dread
Of periſhing for want of bread.
A Freed-woman ſoon eaſed his pain:
She cleft him with an axe in twain.
(*l*) Oh, noble Heroine! formed to grace
Old Tyndarus' determined race.
" Is this the ſage advice you give?
" Like (*m*) Mænius (ſay you) muſt I live?

Still

Still you compare, in reaſon's ſpite,
Extremes, each diſtant from the right.
I warned you avarice to forſake,
Not turn a prodigal and rake.
There's yet a path that leads between
Theſe adverſe faults; a happy *mean*,
Beyond whoſe bounds, on either ſide,
Nor ſenſe nor virtue can reſide.
Return we whence we firſt digreſs'd—
By reſtleſs diſcontent oppreſt,
Will no man, like this ſon of Pelf,
Ceaſe envying, and applaud himſelf?
But if his neighbour's goat ſhould bear
Moſt milk, he pines in deep deſpair:
Nor thinks on the more numerous claſs
Of poorer men, but would ſurpaſs
Each wealthier rival, whoſe ſucceſs
Obſtructs his courſe to happineſs.
As when the rival chariots roll,
Snatch'd by ſwift courſers from the gaol,
The Charioteer ſtill onward ſpeeds,
And preſſes on the foremoſt ſteeds,
But ſcorns the jade he long has paſt
That ſlowly lags among the laſt.
How rare is then the thankful breaſt!
How few will own they have been bleſt!

(n) Or

(n) Or at life's cloſe depart contented
With the rich feaſt that life preſented!
Enough. I'll add not one word more;
Leſt, ere the copious theme be o'er,
You deem I have beſtowed my pains
To rob (o) Criſpinus of his ſtrains.

NOTES ON SATIRE I.

THIS Satire, though placed at the head of the firſt Book, was not probably written firſt by Horace. The ſeventh, and ſome others, may have been earlier compoſitions.

From the inconſtancy of mankind, with which he began, he attacks their Avarice, and continues that ſtrain almoſt to the end; when he returns to his ſubject, with an Apology, which bears teſtimony againſt himſelf. There is, however, no other Satire of Horace, in which this fault is ſo conſpicuous.

(a) The character of Mæcenas has been ſo often adverted to, in the earlieſt parts of this Work, that little need be ſaid on that ſubject at preſent. It is remarkable that, although he patronized the beſt writers of the Auguſtan age, his own compoſitions, we are aſſured, were in a very affected and effeminate ſtile; which has induced ſome to ſuppoſe that his protection of men of genius aroſe more from policy than taſte. Yet we may admire works of merit without being able to imitate them. He appears to have felt a peculiar and ſincere affection for our Author.

(b) Mercator

(*b*) Mercator, in the Original, ſeems rather to mean what *we* ſhould call the Maſter of a veſſel, than a Merchant; or probably the Roman Merchants went voyages themſelves.

(*c*) I have adopted the conjectural reading, *armis* for *annis*, not only becauſe the Romans were exempted from military ſervice at the age of forty-ſeven, but becauſe Horace repreſents each perſon as complaining of his ſituation at the particular time when he feels it's inconveniences.

(*d*) Fabius is by ſome ſuppoſed to have been a prating Lawyer, by others a tedious writer on Philoſophy.

(*e*) I have ſoftened the image, in the Original, of Jupiter "ſwelling both his cheeks." Horace had probably in view ſome Statue, or perhaps Poem, in which the God was thus repreſented.

(*f*) In the Original it is *Caupo, a Vintner*; which is introducing a new character. To prevent this ſome have ridiculouſly applied Caupo to a Lawyer, as ſuppoſing Horace to mean that he adulterates the laws. Dr. Foſter ſaid it was much better to read, with Dr. Taylor, Cautor; which I have accordingly done.

(*g*) The Sun comes into Aquarius in January; which was with the Romans a rainy month. The Poet therefore attributes this effect to the Sign.—*Dac. San.*

(*h*) Horace is ſuppoſed to allude to the well known ſtory of Æſop's carrying the proviſions, and his fellow-ſlaves the goods, of their Maſter.

(*i*) The *Apoſiopeſis* (as it is called in Rhetorick) of this paſſage has been juſtly admired. The Poet begins, as if he were going

going to tell a long ſtory, but inſtantly breaks it off with an abrupt queſtion, and neat application.—*Delph.*

(*k*) So Lucian. Εχθροις εδω πολεμιοις γενοιτο.—*Foſt. MS.*

(*l*) I have been obliged to dilate the expreſſion (*fortiſſimæ Tyndaridarum*) into two lines, that it might be intelligible to an Engliſh reader. Each of the Daughters of Tyndarus (Helen and Clytemneſtra) having been the means of a huſband's death, the Poet ludicrouſly ſuppoſes this woman to have been of the ſame breed.

(*m*) Mænius is mentioned in Sat. 3d, as a backbiter. Here he is characterized as a ſpendthrift, according to the character of him in Epiſt. 15. Lib. 1. Some read Nævius; who is deſcribed in Sat. 2. Lib. 2. as ſlovenly, but not as extravagant. Nomentanus is mentioned in the Original, and alſo in Sat. 8. Lib. 1. and 1. and 3. of Lib. 2. as a ruined Prodigal. By Sat. 8. Lib. 2. he appears to have become a Paraſite. Tanais and the father-in-law of Vitellius are given, in the Original, as inſtances of oppoſite characters. Probably the one was a Miſer, the other a Spendthrift.

(*n*) Pope has imitated and improved upon this paſſage in one of his Epitaphs:

"From nature's temperate feaſt roſe ſatisfied,
"Thank'd heaven that he lived, and that he died."

Foſt. MS.

(*o*) Criſpinus is mentioned in Sat. 4. as challenging Horace to try which can write faſteſt; a talent which our Author, very properly, deſpiſed.

SATIRE

SATIRE II.

This Satire has not been tranſlated, for reaſons which will be obvious to all who are acquainted with the Original.

SATIRE III.

That every man ſees the faults of others, but is blind to his own: that the ſlighter offences ought to be excuſed between Friends: and that the doctrine of the Stoicks, who aſſert all offences to be equal, is falſe and abſurd.

ALL Singers this vile trick attends:
They'll never ſing among their friends
When ſtrongly preſs'd; but not deſired
They'll make you hear them till you're tired.
This was (*a*) Tigellius' conſtant courſe.
Cæſar, who begg'd what he might force,
Oft urging in the gentleſt tone
His Father's friendſhip and his own,

Could ne'er perſuade him to a ſong.
But, when he choſe, all dinner long
From high to low, through every note,
In (*b*) Bacchus' praiſe he'd ſtrain his throat.
That man, 'tis true, was from his birth
The ſtrangeſt character on earth.
Now he'd fly ſwifter than the wind,
As if ſome foe were cloſe behind,
Now ſtalk with ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
Like (*c*) Juno's Prieſt at ſome grand ſhew.
Two hundred ſlaves now throng'd his gate,
Now (*d*) ten proclaimed his humble ſtate:
One while he'd talk of mightieſt things,
Of Nobles, Miniſters and Kings;
Then cry, "A table of plain wood,
"One ſhell of ſalt, if pure and good
"With a warm cloak of coarſeſt kind,
"Will ſatify my modeſt mind."
But give to this contented Sage,
This model of a frugal age,
(*e*) Ten thouſand pounds; 'twould ſcarcely laſt
Till the fifth day were overpaſt.
Oft would he watch whole nights away,
Then ſnore throughout the live-long day.
No creature I e'er ſaw or heard,
So inconſiſtent and abſurd,

"Are

" Are you then (Critics may exclaim)
" Wiſer than he whom thus you blame?
" Have you no faults?" Yes, I confeſs,
But different perhaps, (*f*) and leſs.
When (*g*) Mænius, a malicious wight,
On abſent Novius wreck'd his ſpite,
" Hold! (ſome one aptly thus replies)
" Have your own faults eſcaped your eyes?
" Or think you they're to us unknown?"
Cries Mænius: " I forgive my own."
Self-love that can ſo baſely flatter,
Deſerves the keeneſt laſh of Satire.
For, ſince your own you oft paſs by,
Or view with a diſtempered eye,
Can you with eagle's ſight attend
To every failing of a Friend?
Who e'er ſuch rigid blame endures
For his ſlight faults, may ſearch for your's.
(*h*) That Friend perchance is prone to paſſion,
Nor brooks the flippant wit in faſhion;
With awkward ruſtick air treads down
His ſlippers, or lets fall his gown.
But mark his character and worth!
There's not a better man on earth.
Nay he's your friend, ſincere and tried;
And this uncouth, this rough outſide

Conceals

Conceals from all but the diſcerning
Great genius and extenſive learning.
Try then yourſelf! have you alone
No lurking vice, by nature ſown
Or habit reared? for noxious weeds
A ſoil too long neglected breeds.
Rather to this direct your mind:
Mark the fond lover's eyes! how blind
To every blemiſh in the form
Of her whoſe charms his boſom warm!
Nay, as (*i*) Balbinus loves the ſight
Of Agna's wen, theſe faults delight.
Could we thus err in friendſhip's cauſe,
Such errors well might claim applauſe.
As the Son's awkward ſhape and ſize
Shock not the partial Parent's eyes,
Thus never be ſeverely juſt!
Nor let ſlight failings wake diſguſt.
Should the boy (*k*) *ſquint*, we're told "he *leers*;"
And when abortive, he appears,
Like (*l*) Siſyphus, of dwarfiſh ſize,
"*Dear little chick!*" the father cries.
If crooked limbed, his parents beg
You'd mark his "pretty bowing leg;"
If weak and tottering, 'tis the ſame,
They liſp out ſome endearing name.

Your Friend is ſparing of expence:—
Praiſe then his frugal abſtinence!
He's vain, perhaps, and loves to boaſt—
'Tis harmleſs pleaſantry at moſt:
If in his manners you behold
Rough plainneſs, call him frank and bold!
If heat of temper he inherit,
Commend him for a man of ſpirit!
Believe me, ſuch indulgence tends
Alike to gain and keep our friends.
But we, perverſely prone to blame,
(*m*) Give every virtue ſome ill name.
If one of modeſt worth we find,
He's of a *low* and *groveling* mind.
If *ſlow*, "he's *dull*." If caution ſways
His ſteps through life's perplexing maze,
And, where inſidious arts abound,
He ſteers ſecure from envy's wound,
We call this wiſe this prudent part
Refined hypocriſy and art.
If (as 'tis oft thy lot to feel,
(*n*) Mæcenas, my obtruſive zeal)
His talk diſturb a friend intent
On books, on meditation bent,
Too lightly prompt to take offence
We cry, "this man wants common ſenſe."—

Alas,

Alas, we ſanction (moſt unwiſe!)
A law which 'gainſt ourſelves applies!
For none is with perfection bleſt:
Whoe'er has feweſt faults, is beſt.
A candid friend, when in *his* ſcale
Good qualities o'er bad prevail,
Will to the faireſt ſide incline,
If thus he would be weigh'd in mine.
(*o*) Leſt your *great* blemiſhes offend,
Forgive *ſlight* faults that mark your Friend.
For equity from each requires
The indulgence which himſelf deſires.
In ſhort, ſince paſſions that infeſt,
Like anger, the diſtempered breaſt,
Can ne'er be rooted from our minds,
Let reaſon weigh their ſeveral kinds,
Mark their gradations, and reſtrain
Each crime by ſome proportioned pain.
If, as he carries out a diſh
Of ſoup half cold, or mangled fiſh,
The liquoriſh ſmell ſhould tempt your ſlave,
Say, would you hang the unlucky knave?
Even (*p*) Labeo (all men muſt admit)
Was wiſer in his maddeſt fit.
Yet, how much more abſurd is this!
Your Friend has ſomewhat done amiſs:

You own (if you've the leaſt pretence
To candour) 'twas a ſlight offence:
Yet, with reſentment too ſevere,
You fly this friend, as, urged by fear,
(*q*) Druſo's poor debtor headlong drives;
Who, when the dreadful day arrives,
Unhappy wretch! ſhould payment fail,
Muſt bear his ſtories, or a jail.
Your friend has ſtained, when late your gueſt,
At ſome debauch, the couch he preſs'd,
Or broke ſome vaſe of coſtly ware
Wrought by (*r*) Evander's niceſt care,
Or rudely, in a ravenous fit,
Snatch'd from the diſh ſome ſavoury bit.—
For ſlight unwary acts like theſe
Say, ſhall a Friend no longer pleaſe?
What if, perfidious and unjuſt,
He robs, or breaks a ſacred truſt?
Who deems all crimes alike, when preſs'd,
Muſt ſhrink from truth's unerring teſt.
Senſe, morals, 'gainſt ſuch laws unite,
And *Publick Good*, true ſource of right.
(*s*) When, at their firſt ignoble birth,
Mute wretched mortals crawled from earth,
For acorns, hollowed trees and rocks,
At firſt they ſcratch'd, then learn'd to box,

Then fought with clubs; till uſe explored
Bright ſteel, and taught the martial ſword.
At length convenient words they found,
And names, to mark their ſenſe by ſound.
Hence men from ſavage war abſtained,
Built cities, equal laws ordained,
Whoſe certain vengeance might purſue
Thieves, robbers, and th' adulterous crew.
For long ere Helen's fatal charms
Love ſet th' adventurous world in arms.
But thoſe gallants, whate'er their claim,
Have lived and died unknown to fame.
Like brutes, each ſnatch'd love's tranſient feaſt,
Till ſlain by ſome ſuperior beaſt.
In ancient as in modern times
Laws, 'tis confeſs'd, aroſe from crimes.
By nature's inſtinct we deſcry
The good we ſeek and ills we fly.
But whence unjuſt and juſt ariſe
To mark, beyond her province lies,
Where is the ſenſe then, or the reaſon,
That he commits as foul a treaſon
Whoſe treſpaſs in his neighbour's garden
Spoiled cabbages, ſcarce worth a farthing,
As he who robs by nightly ſtealth
The altar of it's ſacred wealth?

Let then ſome certain rule decide
The pain to each offence applied:
(*t*) Nor cut with *ſcourges* to the bone
Him who deſerves the *whip* alone.
No fear leſt you too mildly treat
The rogue who ſhould be ſoundly beat;
You, who in threatening tone proclaim
That crimes of all kinds are the ſame;
That, were you King, the ſelf-ſame fate
Should Theft and Robbery await.
But if the *Wife*, as you declare,
Alone is rich, alone is fair,
If he's ſole Cobler (*u*), and ſole King,
Why wiſh? you have the very thing.
" Know you not then," replies the Sage,
" What's proved in great (*w*) Chryſippus' page?
" The Wife, though ſhoes he never made,
" Is the firſt workman in the trade."
HOR.—" How ſo?"—Stoick—(*x*)" Hermogenes will ſit
" Oft in a ſilent ſulky fit:
" Yet at all times, in all conditions,
" He's firſt of Singers and Muſicians;
" And ſhrewd Alfenus (*y*), though he part
" With all his implements of art,
" Yet, as he ne'er foregoes his ſkill,
" Is deemed the beſt of Coblers ſtill.

" Thus in each art the Sage alone
" Is ſkill'd, and thus enjoys a throne."
HOR.—Alas, the boys, with wanton airs,
Will pluck the beard your *Highneſs* wears!
Whom if your (z) cudgel don't coerce,
The mob will bait you ten times worſe:
In vain you'll ſwell, in vain you'll rage,
Though mightieſt monarch of the age.
But, briefly this debate to end;
Whilſt you, great Sir, ſhall condeſcend
To (*aa*) bathe for farthings, whilſt no train
But poor (*bb*) Criſpinus owns your reign,
While I, whene'er my faults offend,
Am pardoned by each gentle Friend,
And (ſuch the terms on which we live)
Their faults as freely I forgive,
More joys in private life I find
Than you, Great Sovereign of mankind.

NOTES ON SATIRE III.

ALTHOUGH perhaps this Satire wants order almoſt as much as the preceding, that want is not ſo apparent. The Poet glides imperceptibly into his main ſubject; which he then carries on with great ſpirit to the concluſion; the dramatick turn of which, together with the many excellent paſſages this Satire contains, render it inferior to few (if any) in Horace.

(*a*) Though it appears ſingular there ſhould be two perſons of the ſame name, both celebrated Singers, and both trifling contemptible characters, yet the Tigellius deſcribed here muſt have been a different perſon from Hermogenes Tigellius mentioned at the end of this Satire. The man whoſe character is here painted ſeems to have been dead before this Satire was written. He is called *Sardus*, being of Sardinia, and had been protected by Julius Cæſar; which Horace alludes to here; as Auguſtus was the Son of Julius Cæſar by adoption.

(*b*) In the Original it is *To Bacche*, or *Bacchæ*, the beginning of ſome well-known ſong in praiſe of Bacchus.

(*c*) The Prieſts of Juno, and of ſome of the other Deities, carried at ſolemn feſtivals baſkets, filled with the offerings, on their heads, and walked a very ſlow pace. In Sat. 8. Lib. 2, Horace compares a ſlave bringing in wine to a Prieſteſs of Ceres:

——————— ut Attica virgo
Cum ſacris Cereris, procedit fuſcus Hydaſpes
Cæcuba vina ferens.

(*d*) Let it be remembered here that by the Romans ten Slaves were conſidered as a very low, and even mean, eſtabliſhment. This is ſurely a ſufficient anſwer to thoſe who, in Sat. 6. object to and would alter the paſſage in which our Poet mentions his being attended at meals by three Slaves.

(*e*) As a round ſum, I have tranſlated *decies centena*, *ten* thouſand pounds; but, on a computation, it appears not to be much more than ſeven.

(*f*) It can hardly be ſuppoſed that Horace would admit his faults to be as great as thoſe of Tigellius; though he did not, like

like Mænius, overlook them. Beſides this, the Reading *et fortaſſe minora* appears to be much better authorized than *haud fortaſſe minora*. Baxter prefers *at*. But this ſeems to want authority, though perhaps the beſt reading of the three.

(*g*) For the character of Mænius ſee Epiſt. 15. Lib. 1. Novius is mentioned, in Sat. 6. of this Book, as a man of very low birth raiſed to high dignities.

(*h*) Several Commentators have adopted a notion of the Old Scholiaſt that theſe lines are intended as a deſcription of Virgil. But this ſeems to be a vague and unſupported conjecture. The Poet probably deſigned to draw the character of a man of genius, tinctured with ſome of the peculiarities to which genius is liable. It is ſtill more improbable that Horace meant, as ſome ſuppoſe, to deſcribe himſelf. Some of theſe negligencies of dreſs, however, he deſcribes in himſelf, at the end of the firſt Epiſtle.

(*i*) This mention of Balbinus, as a doating Lover, is one of thoſe indirect ſtrokes of Satire in which Horace ſo much excells. Polypus is perhaps rather a ſwelling of the noſe than a *wen*.

(*k*) It has been remarked that all theſe names, which expreſs deformities of body, are likewiſe the names of conſiderable Roman families. This gives a grace to the paſſage, which is unavoidably loſt in a tranſlation.

(*l*) Siſyphus is ſaid to have been a dwarf kept by Marc Antony, or (according to ſome writers) a ſon of his.

(*m*) The Original has a metaphor, ſignifying that we ſtain and ſpoil a pure earthen veſſel. This, as it applies peculiarly

to

to the earthen-ware of the Romans, did not appear likely to pleaſe in a tranſlation.

(*n*) There is ſingular addreſs in this indirect apology to Mæcenas for any interruption the Poet may have inadvertently given him.

(*o*) In the Original it is—Whoever requires a friend not to be offended with his *tumours*, ſhould forgive the *warts* of his friend. The ſimilarity of this to a well known paſſage in Scripture has been remarked. The latter is, as may be expected, far more forcible and eloquent.

(*p*) Caius Antiſtius Labeo, an eminent Lawyer of the time, is ſaid to have been a man of inflexible integrity, and diſtinguiſhed by a violent (and as it ſhould ſeem ill timed) oppoſition to the meaſures of Auguſtus. This had probably obtained him, amongſt Courtiers, the name of madman: and it is not therefore ſurprizing that Horace (placed in a ſituation from which he viewed his conduct in the moſt unfavourable light) ſhould join in this prejudice. He wrote probably as he thought, without meaning to flatter Auguſtus; who never required that homage ſhould be paid to himſelf by vilifying his adverſaries. There ſeems therefore to be no reaſon for altering the word *Labeone*, as Dr. Bentley has done (on mere conjecture) to *Labieno*.

(*q*) Some Commentators ſuppoſe that *Druſo* or *Ruſo*, as it is read in ſome editions, was an Hiſtorian. But the word *hiſtorias* may only mean that he was fond of ſtory-telling.

(*r*) Dacier and others ſuppoſe *Evander* here to mean the old King Evander, and the word *tritum* to ſignify not *wrought*, but *uſed*. But it is ſurely too great an hyperbole to talk of any thing (eſpecially of brittle ware) made in ſo very fabulous an age

age as extant in the time of Auguſtus. The probability therefore ſeems to be, that an Artiſt of the name of Evander is meant. That *tritum* may ſignify *formed*, or *wrought*, is proved by a paſſage in Virgil:—" *Hinc radios trivêre rotis.*" San. Geſn. Foſt. MS.

(*s*) This account of the origin of mankind is according to the Epicurean ſyſtem. See Luretius, Lib. 5. v. 107. It is ſeriouſly adopted by Lord Monboddo in his Origin of Language! The object of Horace is, to ſhew that, as the prevention of crimes is the end of all penal laws, they ought to be carried no farther than that purpoſe warrants.

(*t*) The *Scutica* and the *Flagellum* muſt have been inſtruments of puniſhment very different in the degree of ſeverity. There is no ſuch marked diſtinction with us; which muſt render the tranſlation of this paſſage leſs clear and diſtinct.

(*u*) The trade of a Cobler is probably choſen to make the Stoick's argument ſound the more ridiculous. The whole paſſage indeed abounds in humour more perhaps than almoſt any in Horace.

(*w*) Chryſippus, though a well known teacher of the Stoick Philoſophy, was not one of the moſt reſpected amongſt them. Perhaps he is on that account introduced here, and quoted by Horace for his antagoniſt.

(*x*) In Sat. 10. his name appears to have been *Hermogenes Tigellius*; a different perſon from *Tigellius Sardus*, mentioned in the 2d and beginning of this Satire.

(*y*) Alfenus was a Cobler, or, as ſome ſay, (reading *Tonſor* inſtead of *Sutor*) a Barber; who, applying himſelf to the Law, grew

grew eminent in that profeſſion. The epithet *vafer*, in the Original, is ſuppoſed to refer to his knowledge of the Law.

(*z*) The long beard and *ſtaff* were the inſignia of a Cynick Philoſopher; whoſe ſect was a ſubdiviſion of the Stoicks.

(*aa*) There were publick Baths at Rome, where the poorer ſort bathed for a trifling ſum, not exceeding the value of our farthing. They were, of courſe, filthy places; ſo that Horace means to ſneer at the *Monarch*'s uncleanlineſs, as well as his poverty.

(*bb*) Criſpinus, mentioned in Sat. 1. and 4. of this Book; and in Sat. 7. Lib. 2. appears to have been a tedious Writer, and a trifling pretender to Philoſophy. It is ſaid, he had put all the Stoick precepts into verſe.

SATIRE IV.

He refutes the perſons who call thoſe Poets by whom they are juſtly ſatyrized malevolent.

THE (*a*) Bards, in Græcia's early age,
Whoſe genius reared her Comick ſtage,
If ſome bad character they choſe
In honeſt Satire to expoſe,
Who robbed the Friend, ſeduced the Wife,
Or bribed the fell Aſſaſſin's knife,
(Whoe'er, in ſhort, was vile and baſe,)
Stamp'd him with merited diſgrace.
His ſtores from their exhauſtleſs treaſure
(*b*) Lucilius drew, but changed the meaſure;
In wit abundant, lively, ſhrewd:
In compoſition harſh and rude.
This was his fault: to ſhew his power,
He'd write two hundred lines an hour.
He flowed too turbid; (from his lay
Some parts you well might ſweep away)
Loquacious, and in eaſe delighting
Too much to bear the toil of writing:

Of

Of writing well I mean; for merit
Depends not ſure on length, but ſpirit.
(*c*) Criſpinus, no ſuch rule regarding,
Defies me, and will ſtake—his farthing.
" Take you your tablets: I'll take mine:
" Time, place, and guards to each aſſign:
" Then ſee (for I'll make good my boaſt)
" Which of us two can write the moſt."
Thanks to the Gods, who formed my mind
Of a ſoft, modeſt, timid kind!
Seldom my humble voice I raiſe;
And then how few and ſhort my lays!
You imitate the air, which, pent
Within the bellows, ſtrives for vent,
Still labouring till the ſoftened ſteel
The powerful flame's impreſſion feel.
(*d*) Bleſt Fannius! who uncalled can thruſt
To public view his works and buſt;
Whilſt I, who never dare recite
To crowds the humble verſe I write,
Am ſcarcely read. Few love an art
By which themſelves may juſtly ſmart.
Chuſe whom you liſt; or mean deſires
Inflame him, or ambition fires.
This, loſt to prudence as to ſhame,
Madly purſues the wedded dame;

This

This ſilver lures: a greater aſs,
Poor ſtupid Albius (*e*), doats on braſs.
Whilſt earth's rich produce he exchanges
From clime to clime the merchant ranges.
Through crimes, through dangers, ruſh the throng,
Like duſt by whirlwinds ſwept along.
Each dreads the leſſening of his ſtore;
Each, while he adds, ſtill longs for more.
Theſe merit cenſure, and they know it:
They dread the verſe, and hate the Poet.
" Mark him!" they cry, (*f*) " his horn is bound!
" Fly ſwift! avoid the fatal wound!
" He'll ſpare not, ſo he raiſe but mirth,
" His beſt, his deareſt friend on earth.
" So great his malice, he delights
" (*g*) To ſpread abroad whate'er he writes."
Such is the loud, the general cry.
Now hear what briefly I reply:
Firſt, for myſelf I here diſclaim
All title to a Poet's name.
For 'tis not the mere meaſured line
That marks a favourite of the Nine;
Nor are they Poets who compoſe
Verſe, like my own, ſo near to proſe.
Him, to whoſe mind indulgent heaven
Sublime and god-like powers has given,

Whoſe lofty numbers can controul
With boundleſs ſway the impaſſioned ſoul,
Him, him alone we *Poet* name,
And conſecrate to deathleſs fame.
Some aſk, if Comedy can merit
The name of *Poem*; ſince the ſpirit
Wherein true poetry excells
Nor in the words nor ſubject dwells;
And thus, though it have cadence meet,
'Tis proſe in all things but the feet.
(*h*) Yet ſometimes on the comick ſtage
The Father ſtorms in loftier rage,
Incenſed that his ungracious Son,
By ſome alluring miſtreſs won,
Rejects, in ſpite of all his power,
The proffered bride and ſplendid dower,
And (to his dire diſgrace) the ſpark
(*i*) Roams, drunk, with torches ere 'tis dark.
But could (*k*) Pomponius' father hear
His tricks, would *he* be leſs ſevere?
'Tis not enough then that your verſe
Have faultleſs metre, language terſe,
If every father vent his rage
In terms like his who treads the ſtage.
Now, change the verſes I compoſe,
Or thoſe Lucilius wrote, to proſe;

Let

Let each expreſſion be reverſed,
Place the firſt laſt, the latter firſt;
'Midſt theſe looſe fragments ſcattered round,
Where could the Poet's limbs be found?
Not ſo if, chuſing words like theſe,
You change their order as you pleaſe:
(*l*) "*When furious Diſcord, thundering in her car,*
"*Burſt th' adamantine gates, and looſed the dogs of war.*"
But elſewhere we'll inquire what name
The Comick Muſe may juſtly claim.
Now, let me aſk, why thus you fear
And blame my writings, as ſevere?
(*m*) Sulcius, and all the informing band,
Each with a long black liſt in hand,
Fierce, active, hoarſe, roam up and down,
The terror of each rogue in town.
But virtuous men, from guilt exempt,
Secure, may view them with contempt.
Though you a thief, like Cælius, be,
Yet I'm no Sulcius: why dread me?
My books no mean illiterate fellows,
No ſilly trifler, like (*n*) Tigellius,
Can find at publick ſhops and ſtands,
To thumb them o'er with greaſy hands.
I read when friends impoſe the taſk,
Not here and there to all who aſk.

(o) In the full Forum ſome recite,
Some at the Baths, whate'er they write.
The voice, to vaulted roofs confined,
Sounds ſweet, and charms an empty mind.
They care not that to ſenſe and reaſon
It ſeems abſurd and out of ſeaſon.
" But in vile ſlander you delight;"
They cry, " your verſes flow from ſpite."
Whence ſprings this charge? your author give!
Comes it from thoſe with whom I live?
Who vilifies an abſent friend,
Or fails, when cenſured, to defend,
Or ſeeks to raiſe loud laughs, and claim
At his expence a witling's fame,
Can feign what never paſs'd, make known
Secrets diſcloſed to him alone,
Beware his mean malignant art,
Romans! that man is black at heart.
You'll oft, where twelve at table ſit,
Obſerve one rude ill-mannered Wit
With jeſts beſpatter all around
Save him by whom the treat is found;
At length even him, when wine has brought
To publick view each ſecret thought.
All this ſeems pleaſantry and parts
To you, who hate malicious hearts.

But

But ſhould I, laughing, call the Fop
(*p*) Rufillus, *a Perfumer's ſhop*,
Or, for a worſe perfume, denote
Gorgonius by the name of *Goat*,
You think this heedleſs harmleſs jeſt
Marks a malignant rancorous breaſt.
Yet, if (*q*) Perillius' well-known ſtory
Should e'er by chance be named before ye,
You anſwer, in your uſual way,
" From childhood to the preſent day
" Perillius and myſelf were one;
" And much to ſerve me has he done.
" I'm glad that, freed from fear or care
" He lives, and breathes his native air.
" Yet for my life I can't diſcover
" How that ſame trial was got over."
This, this is ſlanderous abuſe
Rank as fell poiſon's blackeſt juice.
If for myſelf I dare engage,
Such venom ne'er ſhall taint my page,
Secure that ſuch inſidious art
Is far, far diſtant from my heart.
But, ſhould my jeſts too free appear,
Blame not my temper as ſevere.
(*r*) The beſt of Fathers, wiſe as kind,
When firſt he formed my youthful mind,

Taught me to mark each vicious courſe
And ſhun it, by example's force.
Whene'er he purpoſed to inſpire
The love of prudence, curb deſire,
And prompt me chearfully to live
On the ſmall pittance he could give,
" Behold (he cried) (*s*) poor Albius' Son!
" See (*t*) Barrus, wretched and undone!
" What leſſons you from them receive
" Ne'er to expend what I ſhall leave?"
If e'er he warned from lawleſs love,
" Unlike (*u*) Sectanius may'ſt thou prove!"
Leſt vile Adultery ſtain my name,
He marked th' expoſed (*w*) Trebonius' ſhame.
" Sages (he cried) will tell the cauſe
" Of each ſound rule in moral laws.
" Enough for me, if I purſue
" The line our great forefathers drew,
" And, whilſt you need my care, maintain
" Your life and morals free from ſtain.
" Matured by years, without a guide
" Boldly you'll ſtem life's dangerous tide."
Thus by ſound dictates fraught with truth
He formed my inexperienced youth.
When aught he bade me to purſue,
He cried, " This model keep in view!"

Then,

Then, as a firm ſupport, held forth
(x) Some man of high diſtinguiſh'd worth:
Or "can you doubt if this were baſe?
"See one whom ſuch ill deeds diſgrace?"
As, when a neighbour's death they hear,
Sick gluttons ſpare themſelves through fear,
So vicious acts to ſhame conſigned
Deter from vice the youthful mind.
Hence, free from dangerous crimes, I live
With faults that candour may forgive.
Even theſe experience may amend,
Or the free counſels of a friend,
Or what my own cool thoughts ſuggeſt.
For oft, when on my couch I reſt,
(y) Oft muſing in the publick walk,
Thus calmly to myſelf I talk:
"A deed like this our life amends,
"Improves our virtue, ſerves our friends.
"But this has hurt another's fame:
"Shall I henceforth commit the ſame?"
Thus, wrapt in ſilent buſy thought,
Oft by myſelf—myſelf am taught.
When freed from buſineſs, 'tis my pleaſure
Thus ſcribbling to amuſe my leiſure.
Place this employment to the ſcore
Of moderate faults, confeſt before.

But, if no pardon can be found,
I'll call a mighty hoſt around
Of Bards, (for we're a numerous train)
And, as the (z) Jews their converts gain,
Our tribe ſhall teize and mob you thus,
Till we made you—One of us.

NOTES ON SATIRE IV.

HORACE, having been cenſured by ſome whom he had ridiculed in former Satires, juſtifies himſelf in this. He declares he does not write from an ill-natured diſpoſition, or even from the love of fame, but from a deſire of doing ſervice to the world by expoſing the vices and follies that diſgrace it. At the concluſion he apologizes for the freedom with which he has ſometimes expreſſed himſelf as to individuals, ſhewing that the nature of his education (during which he was taught morality from example rather than precept) naturally led to it.

It has been obſerved that the paſſage, towards the cloſe, in which he expreſſes a hope that more years and reflection may improve his character, proves he was ſtill a young man when this Satire was written.

(*a*) Eupolis, Cratinus, and Ariſtophanes are mentioned in the Original. But there was no poſſibility of getting their names into Engliſh verſe without a very licentious paraphraſe. Of the two former (who are ſaid to have been contemporaries with the laſt-mentioned writer) no plays have reached us. Ariſtophanes is ſaid to have written fifty Comedies; of which only eleven remain. The wit of the *Old Comedy*

Comedy appears chiefly to conſiſt in ſtrong perſonal ridicule; and ſo far may be ſaid to have afforded materials to Lucilius for his Satires.

(*b*) Lucilius was, no doubt, the inventor of Satire, in the form in which it has come down to us. For though Ennius, and other old writers, left ſome compoſitions they called Satires, thoſe writings appear to have been, in many reſpects, different. Quinctilian has objected to ſome part of the cenſure here paſſed on his ſtile. But the early writers of almoſt every nation have been leſs correct than their ſucceſſors; who, being anticipated in moſt of their thoughts, rely chiefly on the beauty of arrangement and elegance of expreſſion. Lucilius however, as Horace admits, improved greatly on his predeceſſor Ennius; whoſe *Satires* were dramatick pieces, partly in verſe and partly in proſe. In Lucilius they became *Sermones*, or Converſations; which indeed would be the moſt proper name for the Satires of Horace.

(*c*) Criſpinus, who is alſo mentioned, as a very voluminous writer, at the end of Satire 1. is here ludicrouſly ſuppoſed to challenge Horace at writing faſt. The expreſſion *minimo provocat* has been differently explained. Baxter thinks the word *digito* is underſtood, and that it means "holding up his little finger." Bentley changes *minimo* to *nummo*, and ſeems to underſtand it as it is here tranſlated. Geſner thinks *minimo* implies *minimo nummo*, but takes the expreſſion to mean that Criſpinus will ſtake a larger ſum againſt a ſmaller. I have ſuppoſed *nummo* to be underſtood, and the paſſage to mean that Criſpinus will ſtake all he is worth, viz. a farthing.

(*d*) It ſeems that Fannius, a wretched Poet and one of Horace's enemies, had obtained, by impudence or intrigue, a place for his works and buſt (or picture) in the temple of

Apollo built by Auguſtus on Mount Palatine; in which was a publick Library, and Judges appointed to determine the merits of every book that claimed admiſſion there. Horace therefore rallies him as having preſented his works uncalled for.

(*e*) Albius ſeems to be the ſame perſon who is glanced at, towards the end of this Satire, as the *Son of Albius*.

(*f*) It was cuſtomary to tye hay to the horn of a vicious bull, or ox, to prevent his doing miſchief.

(*g*) In the Original it is, *He will make it known to boys and old women, as they return from the oven and the lake.* The former ſeems to allude to the publick ovens eſtabliſhed at Rome for the poorer ſort, the latter to the reſervoir of the diſtrict, from which they procured water for the uſe of their houſes.

(*h*) So in the Art of Poetry (v. 93—4.)

Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.

The expreſſion of *pater ardens* is ſuppoſed to allude to the character of Demea in the Adelphi of Terence.

(*i*) This was probably a frequent frolick of the young men of Rome in Horace's time.

(*k*) Pomponius was, no doubt, a notorious rake of the age. This indirect and unexpected ſarcaſm on his conduct is one of the neateſt ſatirical ſtrokes in Horace.

(*l*) This paſſage of Ennius (which I thought neceſſary to paraphraſe in Engliſh) has been nearly copied by Virgil in the 7th Æneid, v. 621—2.

Impulit

Impulit ipſa manu portas, et cardine verſo
Belli ferratos rupet Saturnia poſtes.

(*m*) Theſe were, doubtleſs, common informers, and Thief-takers.

(*n*) This contemptuous way of joining the name of an individual, or two, to a general term denoting the loweſt vulgar, is alſo adopted in Sat. 8. v. 10. and 11.

Hoc miſeræ plebi ſtabut commune ſepulchrum,
Pantolabo ſcurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.

(*o*) The cuſtom, of Authors reciting their compoſitions in publick, though deemed by our Poet a proof of vanity, aroſe in part from the difficulty of multiplying copies before the art of printing was diſcovered.

(*p*) The Original is—*Paſtillos Rufillus olet, Górgonius hircum*; a line from Sat. 2d. which ſeems to have given great offence. It appeared neceſſary to paraphraſe it in an Engliſh tranſlation.

(*q*) This Perillius, having been intruſted with the care of the Capitol, ſtole (or was ſuſpected of ſtealing) a golden crown from the ſtatue of Jupiter. For this offence he was tried, but acquitted, Auguſtus being ſuppoſed to favour him. This account has been adopted by moſt of the Commentators from the old Scholiaſt.

(*r*) See alſo, for an intereſting account of the education given him by his father, Sat. 6th, of this book.

(*s*) (*t*) (*u*) (*w*) The perſons mentioned here as examples to be avoided, were, it may be concluded, notorious for the ſeveral vices, or faults, attributed to them. Dr. Bentley would read, for

for *Barrus inops, farris inops* (deſtitute of corn); but there ſeems to be no occaſion for the alteration.

(*x*) The Original ſays "one of the ſelect Judges," meaning ſome diſtinguiſhed Senator or Roman Knight; as the Judges of important Cauſes were ſelected from thoſe Orders, and might therefore be ſuppoſed to afford the moſt conſpicuous examples of virtue.

(*y*) The Portico is mentioned in the Original. It was the chief Publick walk of the Romans. The ſelf-examination here deſcribed is ſuppoſed to be taken from the celebrated Golden Verſes of Pythagoras; which recommend to us every night to conſider what we have done during the day, and "if we have acted well, to rejoice; if ill, to repent."

(*z*) The Jews, in Horace's time, were noted for the pains they took to gain proſelytes.

SATIRE V.

He deſcribes his journey from Rome to Brunduſium.

FROM Rome began my expedition,
With (*a*) Heliodore, the Rhetorician,
My fellow-traveller; who in Greek
With higheſt ſkill can write and ſpeak.
(*b*) Aricia firſt received us: there
We had in truth but moderate fare.
Thence (*c*) Forum Appî next we greet;
Where bargemen brawl, and vintners cheat,
This into two days march we ſpun,
Which briſker travellers take in one.
(When (*d*) o'er the Appian way you go
'Tis eaſier if you travel ſlow)
Here, as the water ſeemed to ſtink,
I faſted, ſince I could not drink,
And thus, in no good humour, waited
Whilſt my companions ſlowly baited.
(*e*) Now ſhadowy night began to riſe,
And light with ſtars the ſpangled ſkies,

When

When we embark: with mighty pother
Boatmen and ſlaves abuſe each other:
"*Here, bring her too, I ſay!—what, more?*
"*Why ſure,* (*f*) *you'd take three hundred o'er.*"
Thus, whilſt they tie the mule, and pay
Our fare, an hour is thrown away.
Stunned by hoarſe frogs that haunt the lake,
And teized by gnats, we're kept awake,
And hear, whilſt ſlowly dragged along,
The (*g*) Muleteer's and boatman's ſong,
Which, drenched in vapid wine, they raiſe,
Each in his abſent ſweetheart's praiſe.
Fatigued at length the muleteer
Began to doze; the looſened geer
Faſt to a rock the boatman tied,
Then ſnored ſupinely by his ſide.
But now, on the approach of day,
We find our veſſel makes no way;
Till one of us, of temper quick,
Leaped up, and with a willow ſtick
Belaboured the poor mule, and plied
With blows the boatman's head and ſide.
Thus ſcarce at length our party lands
At ten: each dips his face and hands
In pure freſh water, which we took,
(*h*) Feronia, from thy limpid brook.

Then, having dined, three miles we creep
And climb white (*i*) Anxur's rocky ſteep
Conſpicuous far. We tarry here
Till good Mæcenas ſhall appear,
Sent, with (*k*) Cocceius, to debate
Maturely on affairs of ſtate:
Important embaſſy, that tends
To reconcile diſcordant friends!
Here, whilſt ſome ointment I apply
To cure a weakneſs of the eye,
Our patrons, of illuſtrious name,
(*l*) Mæcenas and Cocceius, came,
Them poliſhed Capito attends,
Ranked with Antonius' deareſt friends.
From (*m*) Fundi willingly we hied,
Diſguſted at the ſilly pride
Of (*n*) Luſcus, Prætor of the town,
His incenſe, and his bordered gown.
Thence, with long travelling oppreſt,
(*o*) Mamurra's city gave us reſt.
There at (*p*) Muræna's we reſided:
The ſupper Capito provided.
But the next morn's diſtinguiſhed dight
Roſe far moſt grateful to my ſight.
(*q*) Plotius at (*r*) Sinueſſa meets us,
And Varius too, and Virgil greets us:

Kind

Kind ſouls! of mild ingenuous worth,
My beſt, my deareſt friends on earth.
How oft in tranſport we embrace!
What joy beamed forth in every face!
Ne'er in my heart ſhall aught contend
With heaven's beſt gift, a faithful friend.
Next by Campania's bridge we halt:
(*s*) The diſtrict finds us wood and ſalt.
Thence our tired mules at (*t*) Capua's town
Lay, for a time, their burthens down.
(*u*) To Tennis then Mæcenas ſped,
But Virgil and myſelf to bed:
For bad effects from Tennis riſe
To crude digeſtions and weak eyes.
Thence to Cocceius' Villa, placed
Above the (*w*) Caudian inns, we haſte.
(*x*) Now Muſe, inſpire me to relate
The mighty ſtrife, the ſtern debate,
Which Meſſius on this afternoon
Waged with (*y*) Sarmentus, the buffoon!
What lineage could each Hero trace?
Great Meſſius boaſts the (*z*) Oſſian race.
The miſtreſs, ſubject to whoſe will
Sarmentus ſerv'd, is living ſtill.
Of blood thus ancient, pure and bright,
Each combatant prepares for fight.

Sarmentus

Sarmentus firſt the aſſault began:
" *You're a wild horſe, and not a man.*"
A laugh enſued; and Meſſius ſaid,
" *I'm ready Sir,*" and ſhook his head.
" *Oh* (cry'd Sarmentus) *you're ſo ſtout,*
" *'Tis well your horn has been cut out.*
" *What deeds you'd do, by rage inflamed?*
" *Since thus you threaten us, though maimed.*"
(For on his temples you might trace
A ſcar that marked his ſhaggy face.)
Much on (*aa*) Campanian ſores he joked,
Much on his phiz the laugh provoked,
And begged that, in the ruſtick ſtile,
(*bb*) As Polypheme he'd dance awhile.
No maſk or buſkins he'd require,
To make him uglier, or higher.
Meſſius replied, in taunting ſtrain,
" (*cc*) Where have you left your votive chain?
" Though you're a (*dd*) Scribe, the law's the ſame:
" Your Miſtreſs may enforce her claim."
At length, he preſſed him hard to ſay
What tempted him to run away;
Since one ſmall loaf were ample fare
For one ſo ſlender and ſo ſpare.
(*ee*) Diverted with this droll debate
Our ſupper we prolonged till late.

(*ff*) To

(*ff*) To Beneventum next we poſt;
Where our attentive anxious hoſt,
Whilſt on the fire lean thruſhes turning,
Himſelf but juſt eſcaped from burning.
(*gg*) For, unobſerved, fierce Vulcan fires
His antient kitchen, and aſpires
To ſeize the roof. What fear poſſeſs'd
Each hurried ſlave, each hungry gueſt!
Some ſnatch the diſhes; all deſire
To quench the fierce alarming fire.
Hence as we journey, to our eyes
(*hh*) Apulia's well-known mountains riſe,
Parched by a dry and ſultry blaſt.
This arduous road we ne'er had paſt
But that the Vill which neareſt lay,
(*ii*) Trivicus, broke the tedious way.
But here the fumes of ſmoke that riſe
From green wet faggots hurt our eyes.
Here, in fond fooliſh expectation
Of a falſe fair one's aſſignation,
My vigils half the night I keep.
Love yields at laſt, o'erpower'd by ſleep.
Yet ſtill, my fancy's pleaſing theme,
It ſooths the ſoul, inſpires the dream.
Hence, in our cars, we're hurried o'er
A ſpace of miles full twenty-four,

Bound

Bound to a petty vill, whoſe (*kk*) name
No poet's verſe can give to fame.
Yet may it's properties be told:
Water, vile water, here is ſold:
But bread's ſo fine, that ſome lay by
For the next inn a good ſupply;
Since what you at (*ll*) Canuſium find
Is of a hard and flinty kind:
Nor can more water be obtained.—
Here once the great Tydides reigned.
Varius in ſorrow here departs,
And leaves his friends with aching hearts.
(*mm*) At Rubi reſts our wearied train
From a long road much ſpoiled by rain.
With finer weather, the next day,
O'er a worſe road our journey lay
(*nn*) To Bari, for it's fiſh renowned.
(*oo*) Egnatia next, where fools abound,
By weak credulity provokes
Our mirth, inſpiring endleſs jokes.
(*pp*) For incenſe, as her prieſts proclaim,
Melts at the ſhrine without a flame.
(*qq*) This let a Jew believe!—My mind,
By true philoſophy refined,
Deems that the Gods, ſecurely bleſt,
Enjoy in heaven eternal reſt;

And, ſhould aught ſtrange in nature riſe,
No God directs it from the ſkies.

Brunduſium, which lies next before ye,
Ends my long journey, and long ſtory.

NOTES ON SATIRE V.

THIS celebrated Satire (ſuggeſted, as is imagined, by one of Lucilius) is, to all claſſical readers, among the moſt intereſting of our Poet's works; not from any extraordinary occurrences during his journey, but from his agreeable manner of relating it, and ſtill more from the diſtinguiſhed fellow-travellers whom he enumerates. Never perhaps were ſo many perſons of talents and eminence aſſociated on a journey. We here ſee them in their undiſguiſed and ſocial moments, and fill up in our imagination the minuter details of converſation, which the nature of our Author's plan did not permit him to give.

The occaſion of this journey has ſomewhat divided the Criticks. The buſineſs Mæcenas and Cocceius had to tranſact is ſaid to be of great importance; they were authorized Delegates (*Legati*) and their object was to reconcile friends who had been eſtranged. I therefore incline to the opinion of Dacier, that the Treaty between Anthony and Octavius made at Brunduſium in the year of Rome 714, and not the agreement entered into about three years afterwards (which was finally concluded at Tarentum) was the object of this journey. The former was brought about *wholly* by Mæcenas and Cocceius, the latter chiefly by the mediation of Octavia. Maſſon maintains the latter Treaty (the conferences for which were begun at Brunduſium) to have occaſioned this expedition. But the point is not material.

The

The fame of this Satire has produced Imitations of it in different languages. Gay's Journey to Exeter is written in a neat ſtile and ſmooth verſification, but wants thoſe circumſtances which intereſt us moſt in Horace, an important occaſion and diſtinguiſhed perſonages. Had he travelled with Pope, Swift, Addiſon, Bolingbroke, &c. and deſcribed their different humours, it would have been far more intereſting than it is, but ſtill perhaps leſs ſo than the account of Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius, &c. whoſe long eſtabliſhed fame, and the little which we know about their private lives, awaken a yet higher degree of curioſity.

(*a*) Nothing more is known of Heliodorus than what is ſaid of him in this paſſage. It is needleſs to enter here into the queſtion whether *longè doctiſſimus*, or *linguæ doctiſſimus*, is the better reading.

(*b*) *Aricia*, now called *La Rizzia*, was a town in Latium, on the Appian Road, about twenty miles from Rome.

(*c*) *Forum Appî*, now in ruins, was a town of the Volſci, in Latium, about forty ſix miles from Rome.

(*d*) The Appian Road, like moſt others with the Romans, was paved; on which account (the meaning ſeems to be) it was pleaſanteſt to take ſlow and ſhort journies.

(*e*) To underſtand this paſſage properly, the reader ſhould be apprized, that between *Forum Appî* and *Terracina* (then Anxur) there was along the road a canal through the *Palus Pontina*, on which travellers uſed to go in a boat, drawn by a male, chiefly in the night time. Strab. Lib. V. 233. That part of the Appian Way is now quite impaſſable, from the augmentations of this marſh. Travellers therefore are

obliged to make a circuit by *Caſa Nuovo* and *Piperno*, up towards the foot of the Appennines. The opening lines of this paſſage (in the Original) ſeem to be intended as mock Heroick; which I have endeavoured to imitate.

(*f*) *Trecentos inſeris* may either be an objection from the paſſengers' Slaves to the Boatman's crowding his boat, or of the boatman to ſo many getting in. I have preferred the former ſenſe.

(*g*) *Viator* can, I conceive, from the context, mean only the *Driver of the mule*; and it is ſo underſtood by the old Scholiaſt and Baxter. Yet it is generally tranſlated a Traveller, or Paſſenger.

(*h*) There appear to have been ſeveral towns called *Feronia* in ancient Italy. This was in Latium, and had a ſacred grove and fountain.

(*i*) *Anxur*, ſometimes called *Terracina*, was a city of the Volſci, in Latium, and on the Appian Way.

(*k*) Cocceius Nerva appears to have been a man of amiable character and reſpected by both parties, but (as it ſhould ſeem) rather the friend of Anthony. The Emperor Nerva was one of his deſcendants.

(*l*) Dr. Blackwell (Mem. of Aug. vol. 3. p. 58.) has remarked how quietly Mæcenas, Cocceius, &c. are introduced, and how differently Horace ſpeaks afterwards of the meeting with his *literary* friends. But, we muſt remember this journey happened but a ſhort time after his connection with Mæcenas had begun, and before it had ripened into that affection which afterwards ſubſiſted between them.

(*m*) Fundi was a town of Latium on the Appian Way, near Cajeta. It is now Fondi, a city in the kingdom of Naples.

(*n*) In the Original Aufidius Luſcus is ſaid to have been a Scribe, or Notary, and on becoming a municipal Officer to have aſſumed the *Prætexta* and the *Laticlave*, dreſſes appropriated to great magiſtrates and perſons of diſtinction. He alſo cauſed a chafing-diſh with incenſe to be carried before him; a badge of honour peculiar to perſons bearing the higheſt offices.

(*o*) This is ſuppoſed to mean Formiæ; from which city the Mamurras, a great Roman family, had their origin.

(*p*) Probably Licinius Muræna, to whom Ode 10. Lib. 2. is addreſſed, one of the brothers of Mæcenas's wife.

(*q*) *Plotius* is generally ſuppoſed to be *Plotius Tucca*; to whom, together with Varius, the care of the Æneid was committed after Virgil's death.

(*r*) Sinueſſa was the laſt town of Latium on the confines of Campania. It was ſo called from it's ſituation on the Sinus Veſcinus. It's ruins ſtill retain the antient name.

(*s*) There were publick Officers, called Parochi, appointed to provide certain articles, at the expence of the Diſtrict, for perſons travelling on publick buſineſs.

(*t*) The chief city of Campania, celebrated for it's elegance and luxuries. The preſent town of that name ſtands about two miles to the north of the old one.

(*u*) The game called by the Romans *Pila* is uſually tranſlated *Tennis*; though it ſeems to have been played with the hand and in the open air.

(*w*) I prefer *Caudî cauponas* to *Claudî*. Caudium was a ſmall town, between Capua and Beneventum, near the fatal ſpot where a Roman Army had been hemmed in by, and ſurrendered to the Samnites.

(*x*) The invocation gives a mock dignity to this paſſage.

(*y*) Sarmentus is ſaid to have been a favourite Buffoon of Auguſtus.

(*z*) The *Oſci* were a people of Campania infamous for their knavery.

(*aa*) This was a diſeaſe peculiar to that part of Italy, and ſuppoſed to be produced by the debauched lives of the Campanians. It conſiſted of certain tumours and eruptions in the face.

(*bb*) This probably alludes to ſome particular dance, in which Polypheme was introduced on the ſtage.

(*cc*) It was uſual with the Romans, on giving up any trade or employment, to conſecrate the implements of it to ſome Deity. (See Ode 26. Lib. 3.) None but the worſt of Slaves wore a chain. Meſſius therefore inſinuates that his antagoniſt was of that number. But why he ſhould dedicate his chain to the *Houſehold Gods* (as is ſaid in the Original) does not appear; unleſs it was, as ſome ſuppoſe, becauſe he was a run-away Slave, and the *Lares* are the patrons of travellers.

(*dd*) The Office of a Scribe, or Notary, was often given to Freedmen, and even to Slaves, and did not therefore operate as a manumiſſion.

(*ee*) Some French Criticks blame Horace for being amuſed with this low humour. But we ſhould conſider him now as on a journey, when any little circumſtance amuſes.—*Foſt. MS.*

(*ff*) Bene-

(*ff*) Beneventum was a Town of the Samnites on the confluence of the rivers *Sabatus* and *Calor*. It is now called *Benevento*, and is the capital of the *Principato Ultra* in the kingdom of Naples.

(*gg*) Here again is mock Heroick in the Original; which is imitated but faintly, I fear, in the Tranſlation.

(*hh*) Apulia, on the confines of which Horace was born, was, of courſe, well known to him.

(*ii*) Trivicum was a town of the Hirpini. It is now *Trevico* in the *Principato Ultra* of Naples.

(*kk*) This town moſt of the Commentators ſuppoſe to have been *Equotuticum*, or *Equotutium*. It is generally ſaid to have been ſituated where the City of Aviano now is. But ſome apply the deſcription to the town of Scotuccio.

(*ll*) Canuſium, now Canoſa, was a town of Apulia, on the ſouth ſide of the Auſidus, to the weſt of Cannæ. Bentley thinks the line which aſſerts it to have been built by Diomede was not written by Horace.

(*mm*) Rubi, now Ruvo in the kingdom of Naples, was a town of Apulia Peucetia.

(*nn*) Barium was a town of Apulia on the Adriatick ſea. It is now called Barri, and is the capital of the territory of Barri in the kingdom of Naples.

(*oo*) Gnatia, or Egnatia, was a town of the Salentini, in Apulia. Some interpret the ſingular expreſſion, in the Original, *lymphis iratis extructa*, that there was no freſh water. Others think it an alluſion to the folly of the inhabitants; as

madmen were called *lymphatici*. This ſeems to be confirmed by the paſſage in Ode 37. Lib. 1. in which he calls the infatuation of Cleopatra *mentem lymphatam*, &c.

(*pp*) Addiſon in his Travels mentions a modern pretended miracle ſimilar to this, viz. the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, at Naples, on the head of the Saint approaching it. This trick is ſuppoſed to be brought about by a chemical proceſs too long to be detailed here.

(*qq*) The Jews were always ridiculed by the Romans as credulous, and to *them*, no doubt, muſt have appeared ſo. *Apella* (the word in the Original) is ſaid by ſome to be the name of a well-known Jew of the time, by others to be derived from *A privative* and pellis, and to allude to their being circumciſed.

SATIRE VI.

True nobility is to be eſtimated not by ſplendor of birth or the titles of our anceſtors, but by the virtue and integrity of our lives.—Thoſe who aim at ſituations too high for them are cenſured.—A good education is preferable to noble birth, and a moderate to a ſplendid fortune.

THOUGH (*a*) none throughout Etruria trace
A nobler more diſtinguiſhed race,
Though your famed Sires, in high commands,
To conqueſt led Rome's martial bands,
You ne'er, Mæcenas, treat with ſcorn
Men, like myſelf, ignobly born.
You prize not anceſtry, but deem
That worth alone commands eſteem,
Convinced that oft, before the day
When (*b*) Tullius bore the ſovereign ſway,
Others, like him of birth unknown,
By virtue have adorned a throne;
Whilſt poor (*c*) Lævinus, vile and baſe,
Though of the famed Valerian race,

Which

Which cruel Tarquin's reign o'erthrew,
Was ſcorned even by the vulgar crew;
That vulgar who admit the claim
Of worthleſs candidates for fame;
Who, ſlaves to faſhion, with amaze
On buſts and titles fondly gaze.
What courſe remains to us, refined
Far, far above the vulgar mind?
(*d*) For grant, more honours were conferred
On this Lævinus, by the herd,
Than on a rival low in birth,
Like Decius, of diſtinguiſhed worth;
That (*e*) Cenſor Appius would with ſcorn
Remove me, as ignobly born;
(Juſtly indeed, if (*f*) like the aſs,
For ſome more noble beaſt I'd paſs)
Yet all, whate'er the birth they claim,
May grace the radiant car of fame.
But wherefore, (*g*) Tillius, did thy pride
Reſume the robe once laid aſide?
Why ſtrut a tribune? envious ſtrife
Had ſpared thy peace in private life.
For whoſoe'er, ſuperbly dreſt,
(*h*) Diſplays a rich and border'd veſt,
And ſtalks in buſkins, hears the ſound
Of words like theſe from all around;

" *Heighday!*

" *Heighday! whence comes this unknown face?*
" *Who was his father? what his race?*"
As if, like Barrus, you aſpired
For ſhape and grace to be admired,
Where'er you went, each curious Fair
Would mark your face, legs, teeth and hair.
Thus he who, aiming to be great,
Dares grafp the dangerous helm of ſtate,
Our councils guide, our rites direct,
Our towns and provinces protect,
Tempts, nay compels, mankind to trace
Through every branch his blood and race.
" Dare you (they cry) of ſervile birth,
" Sprung from the loweſt dregs of earth,
" To the (*i*) dread rock or (*k*) hangman doom
" The freeborn Citizens of Rome?"
TILL.—" *But* (*l*) *Novius, as my Colleague joined*
" *In power, is placed one row behind.*
" *Low as the rank my Sire could claim,*
" *His birth and ſtation was the ſame.*"
HOR.—Deem'ſt thou for this (*m*) Meſſala's line
Or noble Paulus' blood is thine?
But if perchance this Novius meet
Two hundred waggons in the ſtreet,
And three great Funerals, by his ſound
Their (*n*) horns and trumpets would be drowned.

A magi-

A magiſtrate who thus can bawl
Muſt gain attention from us all.
(o) Return we, whence I had begun,
To me, the humble Freedman's ſon;
Who, as a Freedman's offspring, fall
Beneath the keen reproach of all.
Now 'tis a fault they can't forgive,
Mæcenas, that with you I live.
(p) The ſelf-ſame things, becauſe I led
A Roman legion, once were ſaid.
But theſe occaſions differ far:
Men for a high command in war
Might juſtly envy me; not ſo
For the kind friendſhip you beſtow,
Who, with a wiſe and generous ſpirit,
Chuſe not from int'reſt, but from merit.
No thanks to fortune then are due:
No chance has brought me in your view.
Me Virgil, beſt and kindeſt friend!
Then Varius, ſought to recommend.
When in your preſence firſt I came,
In broken accents, check'd by ſhame,
I ſpoke: no anceſtry I claimed
For birth or glorious actions famed,
Nor ſaid that o'er my lands a ſteed
Bore me of high Calabrian breed:

But

But what I was, without diſguiſe,
Freely I told you; your replies
Were ſhort, as is your uſual way.
We part: nine months you ſtill delay.
At length I'm ſummoned to attend,
And honoured with the name of Friend.
Of this I'm proud, at this rejoice;
Since you, ſo careful in your choice,
Eſteemed me, not for noble birth,
But for integrity and worth.
If, with few faults, and thoſe but ſlight,
My heart and conduct are upright;
(As ſome ſmall blemiſhes diſgrace
The loveliest form and faireſt face)
If none my life for avarice blame,
No midnight revels taint my fame;
If I may dare myſelf commend
As pure, and dear to every friend,
This to my father's care is due;
Who, though no other wealth he knew
Than from his little farm was gained,
Yet, with an honeſt pride, diſdained
To ſend me to the neighbouring ſchool,
Where (q) Flavius held his petty rule;
Though youths from great Centurions ſprung,
(r) With tablets there and ſatchell hung

On the left arm, attendance paid
(s) To learn the thrifty uſurer's trade:
But, whilſt a boy, his Son he brought
To Rome, and bad me there be taught
Thoſe bright accompliſhments that grace
A Knight's or Senator's high race.
Whoe'er, amidſt that mighty throng,
Had viewed me, as I paſs'd along,
Had deemed me, from my dreſs and train,
Heir to ſome antient, rich domain.
Himſelf each tutor's office ſhared,
My fond companion, faithful guard.
In ſhort, that generous ſenſe of ſhame,
Beſt pledge of worth, beſt ſource of fame,
His care preſerved. Thus I remained
(t) By guilt, or even reproach, unſtained.
Nor feared he, at ſome diſtant time,
In him it would be deemed a crime,
Should I become, for petty hire,
(u) Collector, like himſelf, or Cryer:
Nor ſhould I e'er a murmur raiſe,
Were this my lot. Hence greater praiſe,
The praiſe that grateful hearts beſtow,
To this fond parent's care I owe.
Can I, whilſt ſound juſt thoughts inſpire,
E'er be aſhamed of ſuch a Sire?

Or urge the wretched mean pretence
Alledged by moſt in their defence,
That 'tis no fault of theirs they trace
No high, illuſtrious, noble race!
Far different are my thoughts and ſtrain.—
Should nature bid me live again
All my paſt years, and freely chuſe
Parents that ſuit ambition's views,
What others long for, I'd decline,
The honours of a noble line
For (w) Curule Chairs and Faſces known,
And reſt contented with my own.
" 'Tis madneſs this!" the herd exclaim.
You'd call it by a different name,
And deem me prudent to forbear
From rank and greatneſs clogged with care.
For firſt, more wealth I muſt procure,
More men addreſs, more forms endure:
Nor could I unattended make
A country tour, or journies take.
Horſes and grooms I muſt provide,
And all the equipage of pride.
(x) Now I may take the longeſt rides
On my cropt mule, whoſe back and ſides
The rider and port-manteau gall:
Yet he jogs on and bears it all.

None

None on my meanneſs can reflect;
Which to thee, Tillius, they object,
When, though a Prætor, on the road
(y) Five lads attend thee, with a load
Of utenſils, and bear thy wine
In jars, that thou may'ſt cheaply dine.
In theſe, great Senator, in theſe
And various points, I'm more at eaſe.
Where'er my fancy points the way,
Alone and undiſturbed, I ſtray,
Inquire the price of herbs and bread;
At evening to the Forum led,
Or cheating Circus, near the band
Of fortune-tellers take my ſtand.
Thence homeward I return in quiet
(z) To a mild vegetable diet.
(aa) Three lads the ſupper bring: at hand
Two cups and one large goblet ſtand
On a white ſtone: an ewer is brought,
And baſon, in (bb) Campania wrought.
Then chearful I retire to reſt,
By no uneaſy thoughts oppreſt,
Leſt, riſing at the dawn of day,
To (cc) Marſyas I muſt take my way;
Marſyas, who daily ſeems to fear
The younger Novius ſhould come near.

Till

Till (*dd*) *ten* I take my reſt, then roam,
Or read, write, meditate at home.
Then I anoint, but not deſpoil
The lamps, like (*ee*) Natta, of their oil.
But when the ſun's too fervid beams
Warn me to ſeek refreſhing ſtreams,
(*ff*) I then from toilſome ſports refrain,
And timely fly the martial plain;
Then dine, not greedily, to ſtay
My appetite throughout the day;
Then take an interval of eaſe
At home. Employments ſuch as theſe
Sooth the calm tenor of his life
Who flies ambition's wretched ſtrife.
Theſe are my joys: of theſe poſſeſt,
I paſs my days more truly bleſt
Than if my ſires had borne the weight
(*gg*) Of the firſt honours in the State.

NOTES ON SATIRE VI.

TO repel the inſinuations of his enemies againſt his birth and family, ſeems to have been the chief object of Horace in this Satire. But, with great addreſs, he cenſures perſons of low extraction who aſpire to high ſituations in the ſtate, and thoſe who, in ſuch ſituations, diſplay oſtentatiouſly their acquired dignity. Neither of theſe faults (he well knew) could be imputed to him. The account he gives of his Father's care of his education is perhaps the moſt engaging part of this Poem.

(*a*) It is probable, from this as well as other paſſages in our Poet, that Mæcenas was not a little proud of his Etrurian deſcent; though he had too much ſenſe to appear ſo. See Ode 1. Lib. 1. and 29. Lib. 3.

(*b*) Servius Tullius, the ſixth King of Rome, was the ſon of Ocriſia, a Slave from the town of Corniculum. Horace therefore calls his reign *ignoble*.

(*c*) Who this Lævinus was, and by what bad qualities he had rendered himſelf contemptible, does not appear. The reader ſcarcely need be told that *Valerius* means Valerius Publicola, the celebrated patriot, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo much in the expulſion of the Tarquins.

(*d*) The Commentators admit there is ſome difficulty in this paſſage; not indeed as to the conſtruction of the words, but the chain of reaſoning. I incline to think Horace means to diſtinguiſh between the ſplendour attached to public honours and the reputation ariſing from character, and to ſay that, although the former is not ſo eaſily obtained by a man of low as by one of high birth, yet the latter is equally in his power.

(*e*) One part of the duty of a Roman Cenſor was to remove from their reſpective ranks ſuch perſons as ſeemed unworthy of them. Appius having been ſo celebrated and ſo ſtrict a Cenſor, his name is put as an inſtance.

(*f*) By the words of the Original (*in propriâ non pelle quieſcem*) it ſhould ſeem that the Fable of the Aſs in the Lion's Skin is here alluded to. The Scholiaſt however thinks it alludes to a Proverb; which ſays, of thoſe who aſpire above the rank they are intitled to, that "they cannot be kept within their ſkin." Baxter ſays it is grounded on the circumſtance of ſerpents changing their ſkins.

(*g*) I

(*g*) I have followed thoſe who read Tillius in this paſſage; as it is improbable Horace ſhould chuſe, for the inſtance of a perſon of low birth improperly aſpiring to dignities, one of the ſame name as Tullius whom he had mentioned on a different account.

(*h*) The Romans wore a long veſt with a border in front, more or leſs wide, like our lace. That which had a wide band or border was called the Laticlave, the narrow border was the Anguſticlave.—*Dac.*

(*i*) The Tarpeian Rock, from which State Criminals were thrown.

(*k*) Cadmus (mentioned in the Original) was the name of ſome noted Executioner, or perhaps had become a nickname for the hangman.

(*l*) The Novius mentioned here ſeems not to be the ſame perſon whom Horace glances at towards the end of this Satire, the latter being diſtinguiſhed as the *younger* Novius. At the Roman theatres perſons were ſeated according to their rank. Novius therefore, being a Freedman himſelf, was placed one row behind Tillius, who was a Son of a Freedman.

(*m*) Meſſala was deſcended from Valerius Corvinus. Paulus was of the Æmilian race. Theſe were two of the moſt illuſtrious families in Rome.

(*n*) The Roman Funerals were preceded by horns and trumpets. *Hic* (in the Original) muſt, I preſume, mean Novius. But the paſſage ſeems rather obſcure.

(*o*) The remainder of this Satire is far the moſt intereſting, and gives us a more perfect inſight into the life and character of Horace, than perhaps any other part of his works.

(p) He alludes to his having been a Tribune of Soldiers in the army of Brutus.

(q) Probably a provincial School, where they taught little beſides Arithmetick, in the neighbourhood of Horace's father.

(r) This brings to mind Shakeſpeare's deſcription:

"And then the whining Schoolboy, with his ſatchell
"And ſhining morning face, creeping, like ſnail,
"Unwillingly to ſchool." *Foſt. MS.*

(s) I have tranſlated this paſſage generally, as learning the buſineſs of a Uſurer, conceiving *Octonis referentes Idibus æra* to mean "bringing back at the Ides the computations of Intereſt which their Maſter had ſet them." This conſtruction has been adopted by ſeveral Criticks. Others interpret *referentes æra* to mean bringing their Maſter his monthly pay.

(t) Dr. Foſter thought this alluded to the well-known ſpeech reſpecting Cæſar's Wife.—*MS.*

(u) *Coactor* (the word in the Original) is a Tax-gatherer; an employment frequently given to Freedmen, or the Sons of Freedmen. Præco (which is tranſlated Cryer) is here more properly a Hawker or Pedlar, who cried his wares in the publick markets. See Epiſt. 7. Lib. 1. for the account of Vulteius, who was of that trade.

(w) The reader hardly need be told that theſe were the ſymbols of the chief Magiſtrates of Rome.

(x) In the Original it is, "I may go as far as Tarentum." This was a favourite ſpot with our Poet. See Ode 7. Lib. 2. But it does not appear that he had a Villa there, as ſome have ſuppoſed.

(y) This

(*y*) This muſt have been deemed a very ſmall number, for ten was reckoned but a few ſervants. "*Habebat ſæpe ducentos ſæpe decem ſervos.*" Sat. 3.—*Feſt. MS.* — This obſervation juſtifies a ſubſequent paſſage in which Horace, as a proof of his moderation, ſpeaks of three Slaves attending him at ſupper.

(*z*) In the Original the ſpecies of herbs are enumerated, viz. Leeks, Vetches, and a ſpecies of pot-herb called *Lachanus*, for I prefer that reading to *Laganus*, a Cake or Fritter; which ſeems leſs conſiſtent with the ſpare diet Horace is deſcribing.

(*aa*) Waddelus would alter *pueris tribus* to *putris tripus*. But ſee Note (*y*).

(*bb*) Campania was famous for its earthen-ware. But it appears to have been of a coarſe ſort.

(*cc*) There was, it is ſaid, in the Forum a ſtatue of Marſyas repreſented as ſuffering under the puniſhment (of fleaing) inflicted by Apollo. Horace humorouſly ſuppoſes the geſtures and contortions repreſented in the countenance and attitude of the ſtatue to ariſe from the pain it felt at the preſence of ſuch a man as Novius, who, it may be ſuppoſed, frequented the Forum.

(*dd*) It is ſingular that in Sat. 9. he deſcribes himſelf, and his troubleſome companion, as having walked a long time before this hour. "*Ventum erat ad Veſtæ quartâ jam parte dici Præterita.*" Dr. Foſter appears to have conſtrued *jaceo* "recline in my ſtudy."—*MS.*

(*ee*) The Romans were very nice as to the Oil with which they anointed their bodies, and held uncleanlineſs in that reſpect a proof of the moſt ſordid diſpoſition.

(*ff*) There are two very different Readings of this paſſage in the Original. That which ſeems ſtill the moſt general is, *Fugio rabioſi tempora ſigni*. I had tranſlated it accordingly, but on conſideration find "*fugio campum luſumque trigonem*" to be well authorized by old MS. and approved by almoſt all the beſt Commentators. *Tempora ſigni* refers rather to the time of the *year* than the time of the *day*; of which latter alone Horace is ſpeaking here.

(*gg*) In the Original it is, "than if my Grandfather, Father and Uncle had been Queſtors."

SATIRE

SATIRE VII.

He deſcribes the quarrel between Rupilius and a Greek called Perſius.

HOW Rex Rupilius poured his ſpite
On Perſius, a vile (*a*) mongrel wight,
How Perſius, in his turn, could vex
With angry taunts Rupilius Rex,
Each (*b*) blear-eyed newſmonger can tell,
Each tattling barber knows full well.

This Perſius, a rich thriving blade,
Plied at (*c*) Clazomene his trade.
With Rex he quarrelled oft for pelf,
More ſpiteful than even Rex himſelf,
Vain, ſwaggering, in abuſe ſo bold
He'd (*d*) diſtance Barrus as a ſcold.

To Rex return we:—this debate
No power on earth could terminate.
For in low broils each ſtubborn knave
Thinks he but imitates the brave.
As, when the feud had once begun
'Twixt Hector and great Peleus' Son,

Such was it's fierce vindictive ire,
It could with life alone expire;
Becauſe in ſtrength and towering mind
Each was the nobleſt of his kind.
But, 'tis remarked, when cowards jar
Or ill-match'd heroes meet in war,
(e) As when Tydides in the fight
Met Glaucus, of inferior might,
The weaker chief avoids the ſtrife,
And by ſome gift preſerves his life.
Brutus, as Prætor, held the reins
Of government in Aſia's plains,
When 'twixt theſe formidable foes,
Perſius and Rex, the quarrel roſe.
Not half ſo juſtly matched engage
(f) Bithus and Bacchius on the ſtage.
Furious each ruſhes to the Court,
Each pleads his cauſe. What noble ſport!
Firſt Perſius would the caſe expound,
Hooted by all the aſſembly round.
He praiſes in the warmeſt ſtrain:
Brutus and (g) his attendant train:
" That Chief's the ſun of eaſtern nations;
" His friends, propitious conſtellations."
But Rex he calls the *Dog*, whoſe ſtar
Frights the poor Ruſtick from afar.

His

His ſpeech with overbearing force
Rolled, like the wintery torrent's courſe.
(*b*) To wit that flowed in ſuch a tide
His fierce Prænestine foe replied
With the courſe taunts which clowns apply
At vintage, to the paſſer by;
Who, in return, when forced to yield,
Cries (*i*) "*Cuckoo*," as he quits the field.
At length the Greek, whom this abuſe
Had daubed with ſour (*k*) Italian juice,
Exclaims; Oh thou, whoſe glory ſprings
From the juſt deaths of ſlaughtered Kings!
Brutus, by all the Gods, I pray,
This (*l*) *Rex*, this worſt of Tyrants, ſlay!
A deed ſo great would ſtamp thy fame,
And beſt adorn thy patriot name.

NOTES ON SATIRE VII.

THIS Satire was probably one of the earlieſt works of Horace, having been written either whilſt he was a Tribune in the army of Brutus, or ſoon after. It may have afforded amuſement to thoſe who knew the parties and the circumſtances that gave riſe to it; but cannot much intereſt us, as it ranks, in the ſcale of intrinſick merit, among the loweſt of our Author's productions.

(*a*) With

(*a*) With the old Italians and Celts *Umber*, *Imber* and *Iber* were terms for an ingrafted ſhoot. Hence all things of a mixt breed were called *Ibridæ*. This Perſius, it is ſuppoſed, ſprung from parents of two different nations, Roman and Greek. —*Bax.*

(*b*) The *Lippi*, or blear-eyed men, at Rome, were deemed great Newſmongers, either becauſe their complaint deprived them of almoſt all other amuſements, or from their being often at the Medicine Shops, where, as well as at the ſhops of Barbers, idle perſons amuſed themſelves with talking over the news of the day.—*Bent. Geſn.*

(*c*) Clazomene was a city of Ionia, on the coaſt of the Ægean ſea, between Smyrna and Chios.

(*d*) In the Original it is *equis præcurreret albis*; which ſeems to have been a proverbial expreſſion for greatly excelling any one, white horſes being deemed the fleeteſt in the chariot race.

(*e*) See the conference between Diomed and Glaucus in the Iliad, Book 6, which ends in an exchange of armour.

(*f*) Theſe men were noted Gladiators of the time, and, it is ſaid, fought a drawn battle, and both periſhed in conſequence of the wounds they had received from each other.

(*g*) *Cohors* ſignifies the Court, or attendants about the perſon of the Chief. So in Epiſt. 3. Lib. 1. "*Quid ſtudioſa cohors operum ſtruit?*" where Horace is ſpeaking of the literary attendants on Tiberius.

(*h*) Rupilius was a native of Præneſte in Italy. The paſſage that follows appears ſomewhat obſcure. It is ſuppoſed to allude to the rude manners and practice of labourers in vineyards,

yards, during the vintage; who attacked every perſon paſſing with coarſe language and jeſts.

(*i*) The exclamation of *Cucullus*, is the retort of the traveller, and was a term of contempt amongſt the Romans, as *Cuckoo* is with us.

(*k*) The ſharp language of Rupilius, who was an Italian, is called Italian Vinegar.

(*l*) The pun in the Original (a poor one and ſcarcely worthy of Horace) might be preſerved by calling *Rex*, *King* throughout. Francis has done ſo. But *King Rupilius*, as he has it, ſounds very uncouthly; and, if I had avoided that incongruity, I could not have modernized the name of his antagoniſt, Perſius. I therefore preferred explaining the Pun to tranſlating it.

SATIRE VIII.

He introduces Priapus deſcribing in terms of deteſtation the incantations of Canidia and Sagana.

LATE a maimed fig-tree's trunk, I ſtood,
A ſhapeleſs (*a*) uſeleſs block of wood;
When a rough artiſt, long in doubt
Into what ſhape to carve me out,
A bench or a Priapus, deemed
A God would be the moſt eſteemed.
Thence I became a God, and ſcare
Each thief and pilfering bird of air.
Thoſe (*b*) my armed hand affrights, theſe dread
(*c*) The reed that trembles on my head,
Nor, warned by the forbidding ſight,
On this new garden dare alight.
(*d*) Hither, from narrow cells, the ſlave
Was brought by comrades to his grave:
For, in one common tomb interred,
Here lay the wretched vulgar herd;
(*e*) And here Pantolabus ſhould lie
And Nomentanus, when they die.

(*f*) A thouſand feet the ſpot contains
In front, three hundred tow'rds the plains.
Thus tells the ſculptured ſtone that bears
A record, to exclude the heirs.
Now, freed from every noxious ill,
Health revels on th' Eſquilian hill,
And, where white bones diſguſting lay,
You baſk in Phœbus' chearful ray.
But me no thieves, who once infeſted
This ſpot, no beaſts have ſo moleſted,
As thoſe dire witches, who controul
With ſpells and drugs the human ſoul.
In vain would I deſtroy or chaſe
The hags from this their favourite place.
Hither when Dian mounts the ſky,
For bones and noxious herbs they hie.
Myſelf in ſable robe have ſeen
(*g*) Canidia ſtalk with ſolemn mien,
(Looſe flowed her locks, her feet were bare,
Her voice howled dreadful through the air)
(*h*) With Sagana: their pallid hue
Had made them horrible to view.
Firſt with their nails they ſcraped the ground
Till they had dug a trench profound;
Next a black lamb with teeth they tore,
And ſprinkled in the trench it's gore;

Which

Which thence might tempt the dead to riſe,
And give, when queſtioned, prompt replies.
(*i*) Two figures, which theſe hags had brought,
Appeared: the firſt of wax was wrought:
Of wool and larger ſize the other,
Form'd to reſtrain it's weaker brother;
Which ſeemed, in humble ſuppliant ſtate,
To dread an ignominious fate.
One witch on (*k*) Hecate calls: one cries,
"(*l*) Tiſiphone, dire friend, ariſe!"
Then ſnakes and hell-hounds, hideous ſight!
Prowled through the dreadful gloom of night:
Then bluſh'd the moon, and veiled her head
(*m*) Behind the manſions of the dead.
(*n*) If this be falſe, may every crow
It's ordure on my head beſtow!
Each raſcal profligate and mean
Diſhonour me with filth obſcene!
Need all I ſaw be here rehearſed?
How ghoſts with Sagana converſed,
And to her queſtions gave replies
(*o*) With doleful ſhrieks and piercing cries?
Or how by ſtealth theſe hags interred,
With teeth of ſerpent, a wolf's beard?
How the poor waxen image blazed
In flames by their enchantments raiſed?

How, when their horrid rites I viewed,
These Furies my revenge pursued?
(p) For, with a crack, my parts behind
Burst, like a bladder filled with wind.
Swift to the town they sped their flight.
How had you laughed at such a sight!
When the vile hags were put to rout,
(q) When poor Canidia's teeth fell out,
When Sagana, alarm'd, let fall
Herbs, (r) mystick bracelets, locks and all!

NOTES on SATIRE VIII.

TO expose the pretended Sorceress Canidia (against whom Epodes 17. and 18. are directed) seems not to have been the sole object of this Satire. Horace appears also to have intended to ridicule some of the Roman superstitions, viz. the belief in enchantments, and the worship of such ludicrous and obscene Deities as Priapus. The beginning contains indeed a strong and just ridicule of Idolatry in general.

The statue of Priapus was placed in gardens, they being under his peculiar protection. One line of the description is, of course, omitted in the translation.

(a) Horace calls the wood of the fig-tree *useless*, as it did not furnish proper materials for any artificer. So the Greeks call an useless man *ουτιδανὸν ἀνδρα*.—*Vet. Schol.*

(b) The statue of Priapus had a club or stick in it's right hand.

(*c*) A bough, or reed, was fixed on the head of the ſtatue to frighten away the birds.

(*d*) The Eſquiline Hill had been a common burying ground for ſlaves and the loweſt order of perſons in Rome. Mæcenas obtained a grant of part of it, and, by building a noble palace and laying out extenſive gardens, changed the ſpot, from being a nuiſance, into an ornament of Rome.

(*e*) This ſarcaſm implies either that he conſidered Pantolabus and Nomentanus as degraded, by their characters, as low as ſlaves, or that (having waſted their patrimony) they would not leave ſufficient for a decent funeral.

(*f*) When a Teſtator ſelected any portion of his lands out of the reſt to give to the Roman Republick, or to any Body Corporate, or to his freedmen and family, to ſerve as a burying-ground, the form of the bequeſt was, "*Hoc monumentum hæredes non ſequitur*," or theſe initials, H. M. H. N. S.

(*g*) I have always thought there was ſomething more in the ſtory of Canidia than we know, or than any Commentator has conjectured; as it ſeems extraordinary that Horace ſhould, in Epode 5. paint her as committing a barbarous murder, and in other places, as here, deem her a proper ſubject of ridicule.

(*h*) Sagana is alſo mentioned in Epode 5. as one of Canidia's aſſociates.

(*i*) Images of *wax*, and of *lime*, are mentioned by other Poets as uſed in the Incantations of Sorcereſſes. They prayed that as the wax ſoftened, ſo might the heart of the man whoſe love they wiſhed to excite; and that, as the lime hardened, by fire, ſo might his heart againſt all other paſſions. See Virg. Ecl. 8. v. 80. In Theocritus (Idyll. 2.) it is a waxen image only. But I have not met with a woollen figure in any other writer

writer than Horace. Some commentators on this paſſage think it means the perſon intended to ſurvive him who was repreſented by the figure of wax.

(*k*) Hecate, the Reader ſcarcely need be told, was the name of *Diana* as an infernal Goddeſs; in which capacity ſhe was invoked by Sorcerers. So, in Epode 5, O, *rebus meis non infidelis arbitræ, Nox et Diana!*

(*l*) Tiſiphone, one of the Furies, was alſo invoked by Enchanters. The Serpents are her harbingers, the hell-hounds thoſe of Proſerpine.

(*m*) It appears by this line that ſome Tombs remained on the Eſquiline Hill. Theſe were probably only thoſe of perſons of conſequence (*magna ſepulchra*) and were of courſe without the Gardens. But Priapus might be ſuppoſed to ſee the Witches who reſorted thither, as his Statue might be placed at the end of the Gardens neareſt the Burying-ground, and in an elevated ſituation.

(*n*) I have tranſlated the ludicrous imprecations of Priapus on himſelf more generally, and omitted the names of the perſons mentioned; which did not ſeem to be material here. They muſt have been perſons of the loweſt order and of notorious profligacy.

(*o*) The Ancients ſuppoſed Ghoſts to have ſhrill-toned voices. Homer in the Odyſſey ſays τρίζουσι ψυχαὶ.

(*p*) The Statue, being of green wood of the Fig-tree, might have ſuddenly ſplit aſunder in the manner deſcribed; and the ridicule, it has been obſerved, conſiſts in aſcribing this natural accident to the reſentment of the God Priapus.

(q) The address of the Poet seizes every opportunity of ridiculing Canidia and her companion, representing the one with false teeth, the other with a wig. *Calicendrum* is properly *headdress*: but the Commentators here suppose it to mean false hair likewise.

(r) Enchanted bracelets were much used by persons who practised Sorcery, to *chain* the minds of those whom they wished to gain as lovers. See Virgil in the Eclogue above cited.

SATIRE IX.

He describes the troublesome and persevering tattle of a person he met in the street.

AS on the (*a*) Sacred road one day
I sauntered, in my usual way,
Full of some trifles, now forgot,
And musing—on I know not what,
Came one whose name I barely knew,
And seiz'd my hand, "*Friend how do'st do?*"
"Well, as the times are," I replied,
"And may whate'er you wish betide!"
When still he followed, to get free
I cried, "Your business, Sir, with me?"
"*Sir, I'd be known to you:—I'm deemed*
"*One of the learn'd.*"—"The more esteemed."
I now, uneasy and perplex'd,
Walk'd fast one moment, stopp'd the next,
Then, in important whispers, gave
Some mock directions to my Slave,
Perspired all over, and confess'd
(*b*) Bollanus in his dulness blest.

Still on what firſt occurs he chatters,
The ſtreets, the town, and ſuch like matters:
I anſwered not:—He thus went on:
" *I ſee you're wretched to be gone:*
" *But, ſay or do whate'er you will,*
" *'Tis vain; for I'll attend you ſtill.*
" *Where are you bound?*"—" Oh Sir, I pray,
" Don't let me lead you from your way!
" This morn I purpoſe to attend
" One whom you know not, an old friend,
" Beyond the Tiber (as 'tis ſaid)
" (*c*) Near Cæſar's gardens, (*d*) ſick in bed."
" *Well: I love walking, and have leiſure;*
" *So I'll attend you there with pleaſure.*"
(*e*) I ſulkily hung down my ears,
Juſt as a ſtubborn aſs appears
When loaded much. He then held forth:
" *Oh Sir! if you but knew my worth,*
" (*f*) *Viſcus, nay Varius' ſelf, would ſeem*
" *Not more to merit your eſteem.*
" *For where's the Genius that can rhyme*
" (*g*) *So much, or in ſo ſhort a time?*
" (*h*) *What dancer glides ſo ſmooth along?*
" (*i*) *Hermogenes, for powers of ſong,*
" *Muſt envy me, if e'er he heard.*"—
Here I could juſt ſqueeze in a word:
" Have

" Have you no Mother, no relation
" At home, to find you occupation?"
" *No Sir: I've laid them all to reſt.*"
Ah then, let me alike be bleſt!
Diſpatch me too!—for thus, of old,
(*k*) A Sabine dame my fate foretold,
When, at my birth, with boding look
The dire prophetic urn ſhe ſhook:
" No baleful drugs, no martial ſtrife,
" No pleuriſy ſhall end his life,
" No cough, no gout: but, ſoon or late,
" He'll be deſtroyed by endleſs prate.
" Then let him, at his riper age,
" Avoid all talkers, if he's ſage!"
'Twas now paſt ten o'clock: our way
Near (*l*) Veſta's buſy temple lay.
There in a Suit he had been bailed;
And needs muſt loſe it if he failed.
" *Now then*, he cried, *if you're my friend*,
" *Here, for a while, my cauſe attend!*
" I'll die if I can (*m*) aid your cauſe,
" Or know one tittle of the laws!
" Beſides, I'm haſtening where you know."—
" *Well then*, cried he, *ſhall I forego*
" *You or my cauſe?*"—" Me, I implore!"
" *Not ſo:*" cried he, and marched before.

I followed, as it ſerves no end
Still with the victor to contend.
" (n) *How does Mæcenas? tell me whether*
" *You ſtill live pleaſantly together?*
" Few are his friends, (I thus rejoined)
" And found his principles and mind."
" *None Sir,* (he cried) *I ever knew*
" *Have played their cards ſo well as you.*
" *Yet might you luckier ſtill be reckoned,*
" *Would you admit me as your ſecond.*
" *Thus aided, I may ſafely ſwear*
" *You'd undermine each rival there.*"
" Sir, you're deceived, if you ſuppoſe
" (I cried) we live on terms like thoſe.
" No houſe, believe me, is more pure;
" From ills like thoſe none more ſecure.
" What though another have more pelf
" Or deeper learning than myſelf,
" I feel no injury or diſgrace.
" Each has his juſt allotted place."
" *You tell me ſomething noble, new,*
" *Scarce credible.*"—" And yet 'tis true."
" *Well, you've inflamed my wiſh to gain*
" *Admittance 'midſt this friendly train.*"
" Oh Sir! if you but once purſue it,
" Such is your worth, I'm ſure you'll do it.

" When

" When once you know him, 'tis not hard
" (*o*) This rather puts him on his guard."
" *Truſt me the ways and means to explore!*
" *I'll bribe his ſlaves, beſiege his door;*
" *Where, ſhould he keep me out to-day,*
" *To-morrow ſtill I'll work my way,*
" *I'll ſtop him whereſoe'er we meet,*
" *And ſcrape acquaintance in the ſtreet.*
" *Mankind no bliſs through life obtains*
" *But by exceſſive toil and pains.*"
Whilſt he went on with ſuch like talk,
(*p*) Ariſtius met us in our walk,
A friend of mine, and one who knew
The man with whom I had to do.
We ſtop, with queſtions to and fro:
" Whence come you?" " Whither do you go?"
All means I then began to try,
Pull'd, jogg'd, and pinch'd him, wink'd my eye,
Gave every hint, that ſome pretence
Might be found out to draw me thence.
He roguiſhly, on miſchief bent,
Feigned ignorance of what I meant,
And ſilly laughed. I, vex'd at heart,
Cried, " Sure you'd ſomething to impart
" In private: what had you to ſay?"
" *I'll take* (cried he) *ſome fitter day.*

" (q) *This is a ſabbath;—would you chuſe*
" *To offend the circumciſed Jews?*"
" Faith, I've no ſcruples of that kind."
" *But you'll forgive my weaker mind.*
" *I'm of the ſuperſtitious crew.*
" *Farewell! ſome other time will do.*"
Ah luckleſs hour! the traitor flies,
Whilſt his poor friend expiring lies.
But now good fortune thither draws
The adverſe party in his cauſe;
Who ſeized him, and ſet up a cry:
" You raſcal! whither would you fly?
" (r) Atteſt, Sir!"—I my ear applied—
He drags him thence.—On either ſide
Crouds gather round, with noiſe and ſtrife.
(s) Apollo thus preſerved my life.

NOTES ON SATIRE IX.

THE lively and natural deſcription of an obtruſive Coxcomb in this Satire has juſtly rendered it one of the moſt celebrated in Horace. But it was one of the moſt difficult to tranſlate tolerably, the brevity without obſcurity, the familiarity without coarſeneſs, and the humour void of buffoonry, being ſcarcely capable of transfuſion into another language.

(n) The

(*a*) The *Via Sacra* was a celebrated way or ſtreet of Rome, in which the Treaty of Alliance between Romulus and Tatius had been made; from whence (as every Treaty was accompanied by religious rites and ceremonies) it was called ſacred. It led from the Amphitheatre to the Capitol by the Temple of Peace and the Temple of Cæſar, and the triumphal proceſſions paſſed through it in their way to the Capitol.

(*b*) I have ventured to tranſlate this *dull*, as appearing moſt conſonant to the general ſenſe of the paſſage; as it ſeems odd to ſay a man would be *happy* under a misfortune, becauſe he is paſſionate and would be likely to reſent the conduct of him who occaſioned it. Yet great authorities, it muſt be owned, are for that conſtruction. "When *cerebrum* is alone, ſaid Dr. Foſter, it means *paſſion:* as *donec cerebroſus proſilit unus.* Some ſay it means inſenſible: but that is not the ſenſe here."—*MS.*

(*c*) The gardens bequeathed by Julius Cæſar to the Roman People were near the Tiber, but on the other ſide from the City. They are ſaid to have been near the *Portus Navalis*, now *Porta ripæ.*

(*d*) Some think the word in the Original (*cubat*) means only that he reſided there. But, from the uſe of the word in another paſſage of Horace, the meaning ſeems to be that he lay ſick there. So in Sat. 3. Lib. 2.

"Mater ait pueri menſes jam quinque cubantis."

(*e*) The term *iniquæ mentis*, applied to the aſs, in the Original ſeems to mean ſulkineſs rather than mere deſpondency.

(*f*) The Viſci (for Horace had two friends of that name) are mentioned in the next Satire as eminent literary characters. Varius muſt be well known to every reader of our Poet.

(*g*) This

(g) This qualification of writing fast seems to have been the great boast of antient, as it is of modern Poetasters, and was held in great contempt by Horace.

(h) *Membra movere* (the term in the Original) is said by the old Scholiast to mean "*recite with elegant action.*" Perhaps it may only imply elegance of person and address.

(i) For the character of Hermogenes Tigellius see Sat. 3. towards the end, and Sat. 10th of this Book.

(k) Sabella was, with the antient Romans, a general term, comprizing not only the Sabines, properly so called, but the Marsi and Peligni. These nations were of the Sabine race, and notorious for being addicted to Sorcery.—*Hax.*

(l) The temple of Vesta was on the ascent of the Capitoline Hill and near the Forum, where causes were heard.

(m) *Stare*, the word in the Original, is put for *in judicio stare*. The meaning seems to be, that, by standing near him in Court, Horace might give him some advice or assistance. For Horace immediately answers that he knows nothing of Law.

(n) The sentences that follow are divided and assigned to the speakers differently by different Criticks. I have followed the method that seemed the most natural and probable.

(o) Mæcenas is described in Sat. 6. as difficult of access and waiting long before he admitted Horace to intimacy, but when he did admit him, immediately adopting him as a Friend.

(p) Fuscus

(*p*) Fuſcus Ariſtius appears to have been one of our Poet's moſt intimate friends. Ode 22d of the firſt Book is addreſſed to him, as is the 10th Epiſtle of the 1ſt Book of Epiſtles. He is alſo mentioned in the next Satire as a good judge of writing.

(*q*) In the Original, *triceſimæ Sabbata*, the thirtieth Sabbath. Lambinus, Dacier, and others, apply it to the Feaſt of the Paſſover, which falls on the thirtieth Sabbath of the Jewiſh year. Geſner thinks this too abſtruſe and refined, and prefers the opinion of Scaliger (in his Book De Emendatione Temporum) that the thirtieth day of the month is underſtood; as that day was a Holyday with the Jews. Auguſtus had ſhewn great favour to them, and forbidden that any one ſhould diſturb their religious ceremonies.

(*r*) It ſeems that, by the Roman Law, when a Defendant (as we ſhould ſay) had given Bail to appear in Court on a certain day and hour, if the Plaintiff found him on that day and hour at another place, he might lay hands on him and bring him into Court, provided any perſon preſent would bear witneſs that he had been ſo found. This conſent of the Byſtander was ſignified by his ſuffering the perſon demanding it to touch his ear. Horace therefore ſays *oppone auriculam*, I turn my ear towards him to ſignify my conſent.

(*s*) Apollo is conſidered as his deliverer, either as being the guardian God of Poets, or becauſe his ſtatue was in the Forum. Thence Juvenal ſays, "Juriſque peritus Apollo."

SATIRE

SATIRE X.

He juſtifies and explains what he had written of Lucilius in the fourth Satire.

LUCILIUS' (*a*) verſe, I ſtill maintain,
Flowed in a rough unequal ſtrain.
And who, though fondly prepoſſeſt,
Denies a truth ſo manifeſt?
In the ſame Satire I admit,
Nay praiſe, his ſhrewd and poignant wit.
But muſt I, when I own his ſpirit,
Allow him every other merit?
Thus might (*b*) Laberius juſtly claim
For every farce a poet's name.
(*c*) 'Tis not enough then that you raiſe
A laugh; though this too has it's praiſe:
Of brevity alike there's need,
That every ſentence ſwiftly ſpeed;
Leſt, by more words than are required
Oppreſt, the loaded ear be tired.

Now

Now the grave ſtile ſhould be purſued;
Now you ſhould write in merry mood.
One while the reader ſhould admire
An Orator's, nay Poet's, fire:
Then courtly raillery ſhould pleaſe,
And ſtrength of ſtile give place to eaſe.
" (*d*) Oft ridicule, on ſome high matter,
" Cuts deeper than the keeneſt ſatire.
" Old Comick Bards here claim our praiſe:
" Here ſhould we imitate their lays;"—
Of whom Hermogenes ne'er heard,
Nor knows (*e*) that Ape a ſingle word.
No poetry can they rehearſe
Save Calvus' and Catullus' verſe.
" But for this feat he's much commended,
" That Greek with Latin words he blended."
(*f*) Oh blockheads! to improvement blind!
Can that be wonderous and refined?
That ſkill be difficult to gain,
Which even (*g*) Pitholeon could attain?
" (*h*) But thus we ſtrength with ſweetneſs join,
" Like Chian with Falernian wine."
Let me, ere you commence the taſk
Of writing verſe, this queſtion aſk:
If, to the Judges of our laws,
You're called to plead (*i*) Perillius' cauſe,

Would

Would you, unmindful whence you ſprung,
Scorning your native Roman tongue,
(Whilſt (*k*) Pedius and Meſſala grace
With Latin ſpeech the ſelf-ſame place)
A vile (*l*) Canuſian jargon ſpeak
Formed of bad Latin and worſe Greek.
I once attempted the Greek ſtrain,
Though born on this ſide of the main.
(*m*) But old Quirinus roſe to view
At midnight, when our dreams prove true.
" Forbear! (he cried) what, bring ſupplies
" Of wood where ample foreſts riſe!
" Not wiſer he, the Bard, who claims
" A place 'midſt crowds of Grecian names."
(*n*) Whilſt then the great Alpinus ſlays
Poor Memnon in his turgid lays,
And, rolling with a muddy courſe,
Deſcribes the Rhine's polluted ſource,
My mind theſe ſportive lays unbend;
Which never for the prize contend
(*o*) In Phœbus' dome, where Tarpa ſits,
High arbiter of rival wits,
(*p*) Nor at the theatre diſplay
A ſpectacle from day to day.
How Davus, or ſome harlot, tries
To cheat old Chremes' prying eyes,

Thou can'ſt a comick picture give,
(*q*) Fundanius, beyond all who live:
(*r*) Pollio the deeds of warlike Kings
In trimeter iambicks ſings:
Varius, in native genius ſtrong,
Rolls the full tide of Epick ſong;
And every rural Muſe combines
(*s*) To poliſh Virgil's tender lines.
(*t*) Varro, and others, tried in vain
This ſtile, where I more credit gain:
Yet never, with preſumptuous ſpirit,
Claim I the great (*u*) *Inventor*'s merit,
Nor dare, through envy of his praiſe,
Pluck from his brow the well-earned bays.
I ſaid, Lucilius in his ſtrains
A turbid, muddy courſe maintains;
That more than half he muſt reſign
Should you ſtrike out each faulty line.
Well, learned Critick; do you find
All things in Homer to your mind?
Does not Lucilius often note
Faults in the verſe that (*w*) Attius wrote?
Laugh at old (*x*) Ennius, where he ſeems
Too light for his important themes,
Yet modeſtly himſelf proclaims
Inferior to the Bards he blames?

Why

Why ſhould not I, too, when I read
His faults, inquire whence they proceed?
Whether his genius, or his matter,
Forbad a poliſhed ſtile of ſatire?
Forbad more flowing lines, more chaſte,
Than what he ſcribbled o'er in haſte?
Like one who, ſoon as he has joined
Six feet, has ſatisfied his mind,
And thus can write before he dines,
And after meals, two hundred lines:
As (y) Caſſius' wit, on every theme,
Was rapid as a foaming ſtream;
Whoſe works alone, when ſet on fire,
Sufficed for his funereal pyre.

Lucilius, I have owned, could hit
The public taſte by lively wit:
Nay he's more poliſhed and more terſe
Than the rude (z) author of this verſe,
A verſe to Greece unknown;—nay more
Than all the numerous Bards of yore.
Yet, had his genius graced our age,
He'd oft have blotted from his page
Luxuriant thoughts, ill-formed expreſſions,
Weak images, and dull digreſſions,
And would (like us when fancy fails)
Have ſcratched his head and gnawed his nails.

Oft

Oft muſt you (*aa*) blot before your rhyme
Can pleaſe when read a ſecond time;
Nor ſtrive the crowd's delight to raiſe,
Content if few admire and praiſe.
Would you that children ſhould rehearſe
At petty (*bb*) ſchools your hacknied verſe?
For me: I ſcorn ſo mean a paſſion.
" If Knights approve, and men of faſhion,
" Let others treat me as they liſt!"
Said bold (*cc*) Arbuſcula, when hiſſed.
(*dd*) What, if the bug Pantilius wage
Fierce warfare?—ſhall it move my rage?
Or grieve me that, behind my back,
My fame Demetrius dares attack,
Or Fannius, by Tigellius fed,
Abuſes me for daily bread?
(*ee*) Theſe works may Plotius, Varius love!
Mæcenas, Virgil too, approve!
Valgius, (*ff*) Octavius good and kind,
And Fuſcus, in this wiſh are joined:
And let me hope, nor hope in vain,
The Viſci may applaud this ſtrain.
I boaſt great Pollio, thy ſupport,
Gained by no mean and ſervile court,
And claim for theſe my humble lays
Meſſala's and his brother's praiſe:

May Servius, Bibulus, commend,
And Furnius, a moſt candid friend!
Others, diſtinguiſhed for their wit,
My Friends, I purpoſely omit.
Fondly I wiſh my works ſhould pleaſe,
Whate'er their merit, men like theſe;
And were I in this hope deceived,
My heart would then be truly grieved.
Hence then, Demetrius and Tigellius!
With all your tribe of worthleſs fellows,
Hence! and, (*gg*) amidſt your female train,
(*hh*) In whining doleful ſongs complain.
(*ii*) Haſte, Boy! and this one Satire more
Add to the book I wrote before.

NOTES on SATIRE X.

THIS Satire may be conſidered as a ſequel to the fourth, juſtifying the opinion there given of Lucilius, and defending Horace's own writings. Though our Poet had ſo greatly improved the ſtile of Satire, many literary perſons ſtill preferred, or affected to prefer the ruder compoſitions of his predeceſſor. Theſe were, of courſe, joined by the whole tribe of Poetaſters, Singers, and other contemptible characters, whom he had offended by his former Satires. He was repreſented as depreciating, through envy, a ſuperior writer to himſelf. Here therefore he diſtinguiſhes more particularly wherein Lucilius failed, and wherein he excelled.

By

By what is ſaid of Virgil, it ſhould ſeem this Satire was written after the Paſtorals (and perhaps alſo the Georgicks) had appeared, yet before the Æneid was written, or at leaſt before it was known. The date therefore, aſſigned to this piece by Dacier (viz. about the year of Rome 727 when Horace was nearly 40 years old) ſeems to be right.

(*a*) The abrupt beginning of this Satire gives it great ſpirit. The Reader ſhould be told that the following lines are ſometimes prefixed to it:

Lucilî, quam ſis mendoſus, teſte Catone
Defenſore tuo, pervincam, qui malè factos
Emendare parat verſus. Hoc lenius ille
Ex quo vir melior. Longè ſubtilior ille
Qui multum puer, et loris et funibus udis
Exornatus, ut eſſet opem qui ferre poëtis
Antiquis poſſet contra faſtidia noſtra,
Grammaticorum Equitum doctiſſimus.—Ut redeam illuc:

On conſidering the evidence for and againſt the authenticity of theſe lines, it ſeems moſt probable that they are of ancient date, but were not written by Horace.

(*b*) Decimus Laberius is ſaid to have written farces, and to have been a great favourite with Julius Cæſar. Of what kind theſe farces were ſeems not to be preciſely aſcertained: but probably they were of a low order of compoſition.

(*c*) The rules here laid down for a Writer of Satires were, in general, admirably illuſtrated by the practice of Horace himſelf; though, now and then perhaps, he ſacrifices ſtrength and harmony rather more than was neceſſary to that eaſe which he ſo much admired.

(*d*) This ſentence is put by many Commentators into the mouth of an Objector.

(*e*) This nick-name is ſuppoſed to mean Demetrius, who is mentioned twice at the latter part of this Satire.

(*f*) In the Original it is *ſeri ſtudiorum*; which ſeems to be taken from the Greek ὀψιμαθεις, ſignifying perſons who begin their ſtudies late; as ſuch perſons uſually make but little progreſs.

(*g*) This Pitholeon, of Rhodes, is ſaid to have been a Writer of bad Epigrams. Dr. Bentley thinks he was the ſame perſon as Pytholaus, who abuſed Cæſar in his writings.—*Dac.*

(*h*) The defender of Lucilius here ſpeaks again, comparing the mixture of Greek with Latin terms, to the blending of Greek with Italian wine.

(*i*) For the ſtory of Perillius ſee the Notes on Sat. 4. of this Book.

(*k*) Nothing ſeems to be known of Pedius or Poplicola (for though I have omitted the latter he is a different perſon) but, no doubt, they were diſtinguiſhed Orators of the time. Corvinus is the celebrated Meſſala, ſeveral times mentioned in Horace.

(*l*) Canuſium, in Apulia, is ſuppoſed, in Sat. 5th, to have been built by Diomed. It was at leaſt of Greek origin; and the Inhabitants had preſerved ſo many Greek words in their language as to make it a barbarous and diſagreeable jargon.

(*m*) It appears, by this paſſage, that the Greek Poets, whoſe works were extant in Horace's time, were very numerous.

The

The thought of making Romulus, the Founder and tutelar Deity of Rome, interpoſe to prevent his making Greek verſes, is highly ingenious and poetical.

(*n*) Alpinus is probably the ſame perſon as Furius, who is ridiculed in Sat 5. Lib. 2. for his bombaſt deſcription of the Alps; whence it is perhaps that Horace calls him Alpinus. It is plain he had, in ſome poem, deſcribed the death of Memnon; which occaſions Horace to ſay that he had murdered him. He is alſo ſaid to repreſent the ſource of the Rhine as polluted, becauſe the verſes in which he had painted it were turgid and confuſed.

(*o*) Auguſtus had built on Mount Palatine a Temple to Apollo, in which was a publick Library. Five Judges, of whom Metius Tarpa was one, were appointed to decide on the merit of all productions claiming admiſſion there.

(*p*) Horace never would attempt Dramatick writing; a circumſtance which he alludes to both in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus and in the Art of Poetry.

(*q*) Fundanius, here celebrated as a Comick Poet, is introduced as the principal ſpeaker in Sat. 8. Lib. 2. No work of his remains.

(*r*) For the character of Pollio ſee the Notes on Ode 1. Lib. 2. Varius is often mentioned by our Poet. See particularly the Notes on Ode 6. Lib. 1.

(*s*) The Paſtorals and Georgicks alone are alluded to. Virgil's Æneid ſeems not to have been at this time known to Horace.

(*t*) This Varro, of Atace, appears to have been a different perſon from Marcus Terentius Varro, who wrote on Huſbandry, and was born in the year of Rome 638, ten years before the birth of Cicero. The Varro mentioned here is ſaid to have been born in the year of Rome 672 or 73, and to have written ſeveral poems of merit; though he was unſucceſsful in Satire.

(*u*) Lucilius is called the Inventor, not as being the firſt who wrote Satires, but the firſt who wrote them in the form which Horace adopted. Thoſe of Ennius were very different.

(*w*) Attius, or Accius, was an ancient Tragick Poet in high repute. Some few fragments of works ſaid to be his are preſerved.

(*x*) Ennius is generally deemed the father of Latin Poetry, and perhaps was as great a genius as Rome ever produced. He wrote Annals in Hexameter verſe, an Heroick Poem on Scipio in Trochaicks, and ſeveral Tragedies, with other works both in verſe and proſe; of which a few fragments of his Annals are all that remain.—*Dac.*

(*y*) Caſſius of Parma, one of the Conſpirators againſt Julius Cæſar, is the perſon here meant, Parma being within the limits of ancient Etruria. He ſided with Anthony againſt Octavius, and, on the ſucceſs of the latter, was put to death at Athens, whither he had retired, by Varus, or, as ſome ſay, the Poet Varius.

(*z*) Ennius, who wrote pieces called Satires, but in ſo different a form, that Horace, though he admits him to have been the *Author*, calls Lucilius the *Inventor* of Satire. Quinctilian confirms the aſſertion which follows, that the Greeks knew nothing of that ſpecies of compoſition.

(*aa*) In

(*aa*) In the Original reverſe the *Stylus*, or pen. The Stylus of the Romans was pointed at one end, in order to write, and broad at the other, in order to efface (if neceſſary) what they had written.

(*bb*) It ſhould ſeem, by this, that the works of living writers were taught at Schools in the time of Horace, and that very trifling compoſitions might be admitted, if they obtained a temporary popularity.

(*cc*) Arbuſcula was an eminent Actreſs of the time. She is mentioned by Cicero and Atticus in their letters to each other.

(*dd*) Pantilius is called *the Bug* either from the filthineſs of his perſon, or the meanneſs of his mind.

(*ee*) Several of Horace's friends enumerated here have already been mentioned in other parts of his works. Bibulus is ſuppoſed to have been the Son of him who had been Conſul with Julius Cæſar (An. Urb. 694.) It is gueſſed that Servius may have been the Son of Servius Sulpitius, the great Lawyer and friend of Cicero. There were two brothers of the names of Viſcus, Sons of Vibius Viſcus a Roman Knight. Furnius is ſuppoſed to be Caius Furnius, who was Conſul ſome years afterwards with Caius Julius Silanus.

(*ff*) "Horace means Octavius, an Author of thoſe times. "He would not have mentioned Auguſtus by this name, nor "have placed him in the midſt of others."—*Foſt. MS.* Geſner gives the ſame opinion in nearly the ſame words, contrary to that of Cruquius, Bentley and Baxter. It may alſo be obſerved that where Horace (as in Sat. 1. Lib. 2.) brings forward Cæſar as approving his Satires, he quotes his name *alone* as a ſufficient ſanction.

(*gg*) It ſhould ſeem that Demetrius and Tigellius were Singing Maſters by profeſſion; or perhaps their ſoft and effeminate ſongs had made them favourites with the Ladies.

(*hh*) *Jubeo plorare*, in the Original, ſeems to have a double ſenſe; being both proverbial (from the Greek Λεγω σοι κλαιειν) and alſo alluding to the ſorrowful ditties theſe men were accuſtomed to ſing. The latter ſenſe only could be preſerved in a tranſlation.

(*ii*) This ſeems addreſſed to the Slave who was his Amanuenſis. It may perhaps mean, "*Subjoin this to the former Satire* (viz. the 4th) *in juſtification of it.*"

THE
SATIRES OF HORACE.

BOOK II.

THE

SATIRES, &c.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

He ſhews why he cannot follow the advice of Trebatius, who endeavours to diſſuade him from writing Satires.

HORACE AND TREBATIUS.

HOR. THERE are, to whom my works appear
Beyond even Satire's laws ſevere,
Others, whene'er I write, obſerve,
The lines are void of ſtrength and nerve.
" In one ſhort day (they cry) with eaſe
" A thouſand might be ſpun like theſe."

What

What ſhall I do, ſage Friend?—TREB.—"Give o'er!"

HOR.—What ſays Trebatius?—write no more?

TREB.—"That's my advice."—HOR.—I ſwear you're right!

But how then ſhall I ſleep at night?

TREB.—"When oil has ſuppled every limb,

"(*b*) Thrice daily o'er the Tiber ſwim;

"At night in wine the ſenſes ſteep:

"This do, if you would ſoundly ſleep.

"But, if an eager wiſh to write

"Impel your ardent Muſe, recite

"Great Cæſar's deeds! his praiſe rehearſe,

"And bright rewards ſhall crown your verſe."

HOR.—Good Friend! whate'er my fond deſire,

(*c*) I want poetick force and fire.

What Bard can paint the dread alarms?

When warriors gleam in threatening arms,

With broken ſpear th' expiring Gaul,

Or the fierce wounded Parthian's fall?

TREB.—"Then let thy numbers, more refined,

"Deſcribe his juſt and ſtedfaſt mind.

"Lucilius thus his Scipio praiſed,

"And to immortal glory raiſed."

HOR.—Think not the ſubject I'll refuſe

When fit occaſions wake my Muſe.

But

But few the lucky hours, I fear,
To gain his nice attentive ear.
(*d*) He ſpurns the flatterer's ill-timed lays,
Secure of univerſal praiſe.

TREB.—" O better far than to expoſe
" (*e*) One knave and make a thouſand foes;
" Each, though unhurt, ſtill dreads his fate:
" And publick fear is public hate."

HOR.—What muſt I do? (*f*) Milonius capers
Soon as briſk wine's enlivening vapours
Mount to his brain, his ſenſes trouble,
And paint the glimmering torches double.
Caſtor in nimble ſteeds delights:
With fiſts his ſtout twin-brother fights.
Search o'er the peopled world, you'll find
Purſuits as various as mankind.
'Tis mine thus to employ my leiſure
In ſtringing words to feet and meaſure,
Like (*g*) old Lucilius (by the bye
A greater man than you or I)
Who freely in this book confeſſed,
As to a friend, his inmoſt breaſt;
Nor elſewhere ſought he to diſcloſe
His hopes or fears, his joys or woes.
Hence every feature of the Sage
Is marked in his (*h*) deſcriptive page.

His

His ſteps with reverence I trace,
An humbler Bard, of doubtful race,
(*i*) Whoſe native town, Venuſium, bounds
The Appulian and Lucanian grounds.
(For on the vacant lands it roſe
Whence Rome had chaſed her Sabine foes,
Built as a frontier, to reſtrain
Each hoſtile tribe from Rome's domain)
Henceforth, if none provoke it's ſting,
This pen ſhall hurt no living thing,
But guard me, like the martial ſword
When to it's peaceful ſheathe reſtored;
Nor will I draw it from this hour
While ſafe from every hoſtile power.
Oh mighty Jove, benign as juſt,
Grant that my weapon long may ruſt!
Grant that each angry conteſt ceaſe;
Nor rob me of my darling peace!
But ſhould-a cauſeleſs foe engage,
(I warn him to beware my rage)
Long ſhall he weep, and hear his name
Berhymed in ſongs and damned by fame.
(*k*) Cervius, if aught his rage excite,
Swears that the law ſhall do him right;
(*l*) Canidia tells you ſhe'll compoſe
A draught to poiſon all her foes,

And

And (*m*) Turius, though he ſtrain the laws,
Will trounce you, if he judge your cauſe.
Each threats with his peculiar arms,
And whomſoe'er he hates, alarms.
'Tis thus wiſe nature's laws ordain:
Examples will this truth explain.
The wolf with teeth has ever fought,
With horns the bull, by inſtinct taught.
Truſt Scæva with his mother's life;
(*n*) Think you he'll lift the murderous *knife?*
No: *there* he's duteous and upright;
For wolves ne'er kick, or oxen bite.
A gentle draught his love prepares
To end the good old Lady's cares.
But briefly; whether age ſhall cloſe
My lengthened days in ſoft repoſe,
Or death his dart prepares to fling,
And waves e'en now his ſable wing,
Rich, poor, at Rome, or on my flight
To dreary exile, ſtill I'll write.

TREB.—"Alas, young man! ſuch frequent ſtrife,
"I fear me, will cut ſhort thy life.
"Some noble friend, whom thou wou'dſt gain,
"(*o*) May kill thy hopes by cold diſdain."

HOR.—What? when Lucilius dared rehearſe
New ſtrains, and formed this ſtile of verſe,

Tore

Tore from falſe pride her glittering veſt,
And bared the mean unmanly breaſt;
(*p*) Did Lælius, or the Chief whoſe name
Fall'n Carthage gave, his freedom blame?
Was it to them a ſerious matter
That (*q*) Lupus felt the poet's ſatire?
Yet, were a great man knave or dunce,
He laſh'd him; nay whole Tribes at once.
His favour, his reſpect, was ſhewn
To virtue and her friends alone.
But, when removed from publick ſight
They ſought retirement's calm delight,
(*r*) Great Scipio, crowned with valour's prize,
And Lælius, ever mild as wiſe,
Looſe robed, until their herbs were dreſs'd,
(*s*) Would with our Poet toy and jeſt.
For me: (though claiming no pretence
To equal fortune, wit, or ſenſe)
Envy, though grieved, muſt ſtill confeſs
(*t*) The great approve me and careſs,
And thus her baſe attacks ſhall fail,
(*u*) Foiled, like the viper in the tale.
Does learn'd Trebatius ſtill object?—

TREB.—" Why no:—yet, let me ſtill reflect:
" (Leſt you tranſgreſs ſome penal clauſe
" Through ign'rance of the ſacred laws)

" Read

" Read here the penalties and pains
" Decreed for falſe malicious ſtrains."
HOR.—Malicious—falſe—'tis ſo, I own.
(w) But ſhould the Bard ſpeak truth alone?
Should he obtain, to crown his lays,
The ſanction of great Cæſar's praiſe,
And, guiltleſs ſtill, employ his pen
To harraſs none but guilty men?
TREB.—" Oh, then a laugh will end the cauſe,
" And the Court free you with applauſe."

NOTES ON SATIRE I.

THIS Satire (one of the moſt ſpirited and yet one of the moſt uniform in Horace) is the firſt which Pope has ſelected to imitate. How admirably he has ſucceeded need not be told to any reader of Engliſh Poetry. The Original ſeems to have been written after the ſubmiſſion of Phraates to Auguſtus; which was in the year of Rome 733.

The object of Horace here, as in Sat. 4th of Book 1ſt, is to juſtify his Satires againſt the imputation of too great ſeverity. The form of a Dialogue, and the introduction of Trebatius, the old Lawyer, give it much ſpirit and vivacity.

(a) Caius Trebatius Teſta (who muſt have been very old when this Satire was written) was one of the greateſt Lawyers of that period, and had been the intimate friend of Cicero and of Julius Cæſar. His oracular ſolemnity, in this Dialogue, is admirably contraſted with the airy levity of the Poet.

(*b*) Theſe Recipes for want of ſleep are ſaid to have been frequently uſed by Trebatius himſelf.

(*c*) He makes a ſimilar apology to Auguſtus himſelf towards the end of Epiſt. 2. Book 2.

(*d*) In the Original it is a metaphor taken from horſes: "*If you ſtroak him awkwardly, he'll kick you.*" This appeared too proverbial to tranſlate literally.

(*e*) The Original ſays, "*Pantolabus the Buffoon and Nomentanus the ſpendthrift,*" alluding to a paſſage in the 8th Satire of the 1ſt Book.

(*f*) It does not appear who Milonius was, but probably he was not a Buffoon (as the Scholiaſt ſuppoſes) or a dancer by profeſſion. For Horace ſeems to intend this as a ſtroke of Satire, dancing being, with the Romans, diſgraceful in a perſon of condition, and conſidered by them as a proof of debauchery.

(*g*) For an account of Lucilius ſee Satires 4. and 10. of Book 1ſt, and the Notes on thoſe Satires.

(*h*) In the Original Horace alludes to the Votive Pictures which the Ancients hung in the Temple of ſome Deity on having eſcaped ſhipwrecks or any great calamity. Theſe pictures repreſented the circumſtances of their danger and eſcape.

(*i*) He writes theſe lines in imitation of the rambling ſtile of Lucilius.—*Foſt. MS.*

(*k*) Cervius was ſome common Informer, or perhaps only a man of a litigious diſpoſition. In the Original the urn is mentioned, into which the Roman Judges threw the tablets on which their votes were inſcribed.—So Juvenal—

"Gratia fallaci Prætoris vicerit urnâ."

(*l*) Canidia muſt by this time be well known to every Reader of our Poet. In the Original it is *Canidia Albuti*, &c. which has occaſioned a difference of opinion amongſt the Criticks, whether it means ſhe was the daughter of Albutius, or that the poiſon was mixt by Albutius, who is ſaid to have poiſoned his wife.

(*m*) Turius is ſaid to have been the perſon who preſided at the trial of Verres, but more probably was ſome Judge in Horace's time.

(*n*) Some put this line (in the Original "*Nil ſcelaris facies pia dextera,*") into the mouth of Trebatius. But, if Scæva was known, or ſtrongly ſuſpected, to have murdered his mother, as ſeems to have been the caſe, this would be a fooliſh ſpeech for Trebatius. Not ſo for Horace; who artfully lays the ſtreſs, as I conceive, on the word *dextera*.

(*o*) In the Original *frigore te feriet*; which ſome ſuppoſe to mean literally *put you to death*. But I know not that there is any authority for ſuch a conſtruction, and have therefore taken it metaphorically.

(*p*) Caius Lælius, ſurnamed *The Wiſe*, whom Cicero introduces as a Speaker in his Dialogue on Friendſhip, and Publius Scipio Æmilianus, ſurnamed Africanus from his having deſtroyed Carthage, were the brighteſt ornaments of literature in their age. It was their learning and wit that chiefly contributed to poliſh the Romans, and to give them a taſte for pure and elegant compoſition.

(*q*) Publius Rutilius Lupus was Conſul in the year of Rome 664. Metellus is alſo mentioned, in the Original, as being ſatirized by Lucilius. The Commentators ſuppoſe *Quintus*

Cæcilius Metellus Numidicus to be the perſon meant; as he is ſaid to have been an enemy of Scipio. But one would hope, for the honour of Lucilius, it was ſome other perſon; as that Metellus was one of the moſt eminent and reſpectable characters of the age.

(*r*) The figure of ſpeech in the Original, *Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Læli*—is very fine, but too bold, I feared, for a tranſlation.

(*s*) Cicero, in his Book *De Oratore*, ſays they would amuſe themſelves with gathering ſhells, and every ſpecies of childiſh play.

(*t*) Pope has here, as in many other paſſages, improved on his Original:—

" Envy muſt own I live among the Great,
" No pimp of pleaſure, and no ſpy of ſtate."

(*u*) In the Original the alluſion is more particular than would perhaps do in a tranſlation.

(*w*) The Original contains a play on the words not worth retaining, if it could have been retained.

(*x*) There ſeems to me to be much more ſpirit and humour to put this laſt ſentence into the mouth of Trebatius than of Horace. The old ſcrupulous Lawyer is at laſt convinced, more by the authority of Cæſar than the weight of argument. In this Opinion I am ſupported by Bentley and Geſner, amongſt the Criticks, and by the example of one ſuperior to them all in a matter of mere taſte. I mean Pope.

SATIRE II.

He ſtates the bad conſequences of high living, and enumerates the advantages of temperance.

WHAT virtue's his, on humble fare
Who chearful lives, not I declare:
This frugal lore (*a*) Ofellus taught
With plain untutored wiſdom fraught.
Learn this my friends; but not when placed
Where ſavoury diſhes court your taſte,
Where the gay feaſt allures your ſight,
And wonder kindles to delight.
But, leſt our thoughts to vice incline,
Let's moralize before we dine.
Why ſo?—Have patience, and I'll tell:
What judge when bribed examines well?
(*b*) When you've purſued with rapid courſe
The hare, or tamed the unruly horſe,
Or, uſed to Græcian lux'ry's charms,
Have toiled in weighty Roman arms,
Or hurled the ball, while, thus beguiled
By ſport, e'en rugged labour ſmiled,

(Or bid the well-pois'd Diſcus fly
Whirl'd ſwiftly through the yielding ſky!)
(c) When exerciſe has put to flight
Theſe ſickly qualms of appetite,
O'ercome by thirſt and tedious faſt,
Scorn, if you can, a plain repaſt!
(d) Nor drink, but when Hymettus join
It's ſweets to cool Falernian wine!
Your butler's out;—and fiſh too fails,
Safe-guarded by the wintery gales.
What then?—plain bread and ſalt may quell
Nature's ſtrong cravings juſt as well.
Does this from ſavoury taſte ariſe?
No: in yourſelf the pleaſure lies.
Let toil and hunger ere you eat
Prepare the ſauces to your meat.
For could the moſt luxurious diſh,
(e) Scarce foreign birds, or daintieſt fiſh,
Pleaſe you when grown refined and nice,
When bloated and turned pale by vice?
Yet will my rhet'rick ſcarce be able,
When once a peacock's on the table,
To prove it ſhould not be preferred
To fowl, or any common bird.
Appearance leads your taſte aſtray:
The price is high, the plumage gay.

But can you on thoſe feathers dine?
When dreſt will they appear as fine?
Both birds are of the ſelf-ſame kind
In fleſh: the form deceives your mind.
Whence know you if this (*f*) pike was brought
From ſea, or in the Tiber caught?
Between the bridges, or beſide
The river's mouth and Tuſcan tide?
Large mullets you eſteem a treat.—
Fool! You muſt cut them ere you eat.
Thus fancy governs:—you deſpiſe
Pikes of a large unwieldy ſize:
Why? becauſe nature has deſigned
Theſe great, but thoſe of leſſer kind.
(*g*) Few ſharpened appetites diſdain
Their food becauſe 'tis coarſe and plain.
" (*h*) Give me of mullets (dainty fiſh)
" The nobleſt on the nobleſt diſh
" Wide-ſtretch'd!—'Twould glad my longing eyes!"
The harpy-throated glutton cries.
Riſe ſouthern blaſts! and, ere he eat,
Propitious *ſeaſon* all his meat.
Though choiceſt fiſh and daintieſt fleſh
Diſguſt and ſeem to ſtink, though freſh,
When once, by gluttony enthralled,
Your wearied ſickly ſtomach's palled;

When the cloyed eater nothing ſuits
But radiſhes and acid roots.
Nor yet from great men's feaſts are chaſed
All reliques of a frugal taſte.
Plain eggs are ſtill admitted there,
Black olives, and ſuch common fare.
'Tis not long ſince (*i*) Gallonius' name
Was known for ſturgeon, to his ſhame.
What? when a ſturgeon thus could pleaſe,
Were there no turbots in the ſeas!
None choſe the turbot to moleſt,
Or ſtork, in her aerial neſt,
Till a (*k*) Prætorian glutton taught
The uſe for which they now are caught.
Should then ſome man of taſte acquaint ye
That roaſted cormorant's a dainty,
Our docile youth would in a trice
Obey the inſtructive lore of vice.
"But mark the difference between
"The frugal diet and the mean!"
Says wiſe Ofellus; "nor, perverſe,
"(*l*) To ſhun one fault adopt a worſe."
(*m*) Avidien, ſordid wretched creature!
A dog alike in *name* and nature,
Eats ſtinking olives that have ſtood
(*n*) Five years, and cornels from the wood,

Will

Will drink no wine until it's four,
And, though perchance his natal hour,
Or any other (*o*) feſtal day,
He celebrate in white array,
Himſelf on cabbages diſtils
An oil whoſe rankneſs almoſt kills,
But, to correct it, will impart
(*p*) Old vinegar with bounteous heart.
What diet then becomes the wiſe?
(*q*) Since dangers every way ariſe.
In living ſimple, but not mean,
To neither of theſe faults he'll lean.
He will not, like (*r*) Albutius, beat
His ſlaves whene'er he gives a treat,
Nor greaſy water on his board,
Like Nævius, to his gueſts afford.
Now then attend, whilſt I declare
What bleſſings flow from ſimple fare.
Firſt, health's preſerved. What miſchief ſprings
From various and diſcordant things,
You'll own, if you remember right
Your early diet, plain and light.
But when you blend each jarring diſh
Of roaſt and boiled, of fleſh and fiſh,
Bile ſours the ſtomach, which ſuſtains
From ſlow tough phlegm inceſſant pains.

With

With what pale cheeks and languid eyes
Do men from luſcious feaſts ariſe?
The frame of each o'erloaded gueſt,
By yeſterday's debauch oppreſt,
(s) Weighs down, by earthly chains confined,
Th' æthereal ſpark, the immortal mind.
But whoſoe'er retires to reſt
By meals as quick as thought refreſh'd,
To every taſk that claims his care
Springs up with ſpirits light as air.
Yet even this man to better cheer
Recurs, when the revolving year
Brings in it's courſe ſome feſtal day,
Or when his ſpirits feel decay,
Or if, as years increaſe, his frame
A delicate attention claim.
Would you, ere youth has run it's courſe,
Anticipate this laſt reſource?
Then, when ill health or age comes on,
The ſolace of your life is gone.
A ſtale rank boar in former days
Our anceſtors were wont to praiſe.
'Twas not becauſe they had no noſe;
'Twas with this view: they rather choſe
That (if perchance arriving late)
Gueſts ſhould conſume it in this ſtate,

Than

Than a voracious maſter eat
This dainty food intire and ſweet.
Oh that kind fate had given me birth
When theſe true heroes graced the earth!
Think what fair fame requires! her praiſe
(*t*) Is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt lays.
From turbots and rich ſoups I trace
Not ruin only, but (*u*) diſgrace.
Beſides, ſuch conduct will offend
Each kind (*w*) relation, neighbour, friend:
Stung by remorſe, to end your pain
You'll wiſh for death, but wiſh in vain,
When, pinch'd by want, you ſcarce can hope
To find one farthing—for a rope.
" (*x*) Let Thraſius (you reply) endure
" Theſe keen reproaches; for he's poor.
" Preach temperance and ſuch wretched things
" To him!—I've wealth enough for Kings."—
Well then: theſe riches that o'erflow
Can you no other ways beſtow?
While ſuch the wealth that you inherit
Why pines in want one man of merit?
(*y*) Why mouldering fall by ſwift decays
Our temples built in ancient days?
Can you, mean wretch! from ſuch a hoard
Nought for your Country's uſe afford?

On

On you alone will fortune pour
For ever it's abundant ſtore?
Oh, what a theme for mirth and laughter
You'll give to every foe hereafter!
Who, think you then, may beſt abide
All adverſe chances that betide;
He, whoſe high living has refined
His proud faſtidious taſte and mind?
Or he whoſe wiſe and frugal care
In peace ſecures the means of war?
(z) I once (to prove his maxims true)
While yet a boy, Ofellus knew.
With fortune then unhurt, no more
He ſpent than now with leſſened ſtore.
You now may ſee him, firm, untired,
(*aa*) Plough the ſmall farm for which he's hired.
His flocks ſtray round; his children wait:
And thus he'll oft his life relate:
" I ne'er with empty pride aſpired
" Beyond what nature's wants required;
" Nor ſcorned on (*bb*) common days to dine
" On herbs and well ſmoked hock of ſwine.
" But, when a long loſt friend reſtored
" Was welcomed at my genial board,
" Or through the rain, on days of reſt,
" Some neighbour came, a welcome gueſt,

" I added

" I added then ſome better diſh;
" But never ſent to Town for fiſh.
" A fowl or kid our firſt repaſt,
" Grapes, nuts and figs ſupplied the laſt.
" We drank at eaſe, as each was willing,
" (*cc*) The cup our only guide in filling:
" And when, implored to bleſs our fields
" With the rich heaps her bounty yields,
" (*dd*) To Ceres we addreſs'd our prayer,
" Wine ſmoothed the brow of wrinkled care.
" Rage angry Fortune if ſhe pleaſe!
" Can ſhe take much from joys like theſe?
" Have I, or you my Sons, worſe cheer
" Since this new Lord's arrival here?
" Nature no real title gives,
" To him, or any man who lives.
" He who expelled us ſhall depart
" Driven hence by ſome nefarious art,
" Some quirk of law; or, paſt all doubt,
" An heir ſurvives, and thruſts him out.
" This land Oſellus late might claim;
" But now it bears Umbrenus' name.
" By none 'twere juſtly deemed his own:
" Each has by turns the uſe alone.
" Be firm then! and with ſtedfaſt mind
" Brave every ill that ſhocks mankind."

NOTES

NOTES ON SATIRE II.

BY putting theſe arguments for temperance into the mouth of a plain, though ſenſible, farmer, Horace avoids the appearance of giving a ſtudied lecture, and employs the moſt familiar, yet moſt forcible, reaſoning which the ſubject admits.

Pope has imitated this Satire with his uſual excellence.

(*a*) Ofellus is ſaid to have loſt his eſtate by the civil wars. He ſeems to have been of a rank correſponding with our degree of Yeoman.

(*b*) There is a difficulty in the *conſtruction* of this paſſage in the Original. But the general ſenſe of it is ſufficiently plain.

(*c*) Though the tranſlation inclines to Dr. Bentley's Reading (*expulerit*) I ſhould ſcarcely be inclined, in publiſhing the Original, to give up *extuderit*. *Extundo* may in general, as has been obſerved, ſignify to introduce any thing new (as *meditando extunderit artes*) but *extuderit* is ſo ſtrong an expreſſion, and ſo unlikely to have been introduced by a copyiſt, that I would ſay, with Geſner, "*Dura lex fuerit ſi rejicere velimus omnia ſemel obſervata.*"

(*d*) The honey of Mount Hymettus, in Attica, was in high eſteem. Strong wines (like the Falernian) were ſometimes diluted with a lighter ſort of wine, and ſometimes with honey.

(*e*) The names of two ſorts of fiſh and one bird are given in the Original.

(*f*) From

(*f*) From the neceſſity of giving this fiſh ſome name I have called it a *Pike*. But it muſt have been properly a ſea-fiſh, though found alſo in rivers. It is called by Linnæus *Perca labrax*.—Var. The gluttons at Rome pretended to know, by the taſte, whether it had been caught in the open ſea, at the mouth of the Tiber, which they deemed better, or between the bridges where they judged them beſt of all.

(*g*) The line in the Original of which this couplet is the tranſlation, is ſuppoſed by Bentley to have been interpolated, but all the MS. and old Editions, I believe, have it: nor, though unneceſſary, does it ſeem very objectionable here.

(*h*) Pope has imitated the firſt part of this paſſage admirably:

> Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
> Cries, "Give me, Gods, a whole hog barbecued!"

In the following part he has loſt the equivoque of the word *coquite*; which ſignifies both to *dreſs* and to *taint*. I have attempted to preſerve it by the word *ſeaſon*.

(*i*) This Gallonius was a noted Glutton in the time of Lucilius, and was ſatirized by him on that account. He is alſo mentioned by Cicero in his Book *De Finibus*, and in his Oration for Quintius.—*Dac. Delph. &c.*

(*k*) We are told by the Scholiaſt that Aſellius Sempronius Rufus is the perſon meant here, and that Horace calls him Prætorian, not becauſe he had been Prætor, but becauſe he had been rejected, when Candidate for that Office, on account of his gluttony. He firſt introduced young ſtorks at the Roman tables. In an Epigram on his diſappointment the people were ſaid to have revenged the death of the ſtorks.—*Bax.*

(*l*) So

(*l*) So in Sat. 1. Lib. 1. when he inveighs againſt Avarice, he warns the reader not to ſuppoſe he recommends Prodigality.

(*m*) There is no mention of Avidienus elſewhere in Horace, or in any other ancient writer.—*Dac. San.*

(*n*) Olives are ſaid not to be good above two years.

(*o*) In the Original the feſtivals called *Repotia* are particularly mentioned. Theſe were of various kinds. The ſeventh day after a wedding, when the Bride uſed to reviſit her Parents, and alſo the ſecond day, when ſhe put on the habit of a Matron, were called by that name; as alſo what the Greeks called Ποδοστροφιαι, or mutual invitations.—*Schol.*

(*p*) Cruquius ſuppoſes Horace to put *veteris* for *languidi, morientis*, (weak or dead) but Dacier, with more probability I think, explains it to mean good old vinegar; of which he uſed a greater quantity, being cheaper than oil, and calculated to conceal the bad ſmell of his.

(*q*) In the Original it is a proverbial expreſſion, viz. "*The wolf preſſes on one ſide, the dog on the other*;" meaning "there is danger either way."—I can ſcarcely believe, what ſome Criticks tell us, that Horace uſes it alſo in a ſecondary ſenſe, meaning by the wolf to expreſs the Glutton, and by the dog the Miſer.

(*r*) Some think this is the Albutius mentioned in the preceding Satire. Horace, in mentioning Albutius and Nævius here, ſeems only to mean that theſe perſons had oppoſite faults, not to give the one as an inſtance of avarice and the other of prodigality.

(*s*) The

(*s*) The line, in the Original, of which this couplet is a faint tranſlation, has been juſtly admired, as containing ſuch an exalted notion of the human ſoul as few heathens attained. Pope (who has imitated the reſt of this paſſage with his uſual ſpirit and elegance) has debaſed this noble line, merely for the opportunity of a ſarcaſm on the Clergy. The ſuppoſition of Baxter, that Horace meant to ridicule thoſe philoſophers who deemed the ſoul of divine origin, is clearly refuted by Geſner; if indeed it deſerved refutation.

(*t*) This ſentence, which has been admirably rendered by Pope, ("*That ſweeteſt muſick to an honeſt ear.*") ſeems to be derived from the ſaying of Antiſthenes the Philoſopher; who addreſſed a profligate youth fond of Muſick in theſe words:—"*Unhappy Youth! who haſt never heard the ſweeteſt of all muſick, thy own praiſe.*"

(*u*) So in Ode 6. Lib. 3. *Dedecorum pretioſus empter.*—Foſt. MS.

(*w*) In the Original it is *Patruum*, Uncle; as the Uncle was frequently Guardian to a young man of fortune. So in Ode 12. Lib. 3. *Metuentes patruæ verbera linguæ*, "fearing the laſh of an Uncle's tongue."

(*x*) Some read *Trauſius*, ſome *Traxius*: but it is immaterial, as no particulars reſpecting him are known.

(*y*) Auguſtus expended large ſums in the repair of temples. Horace, therefore, is ſuppoſed purpoſely to repreſent this as an important duty.

(*z*) Horace now ſpeaks in his own perſon, and then introduces Oſellus again as the ſpeaker to the concluſion. The deſcription and ſpeech of Oſellus is truly intereſting from the

character of the man and the unaffected contentment which he expreſſes. Pope with great addreſs applies this to himſelf; though his ſituation was the reverſe of that of Oſellus, having, upon the whole, greatly improved in circumſtances as he advanced in life.

(*aa*) He either had been hired, by the new poſſeſſor, to manage and overlook the farm that had been his own, or had perhaps taken it as a farmer at a certain rent.

(*bb*) The term in the Original (*Luce profeſtâ*) means a day that was not a feſtival, the Roman days being either dies *feſti* or *profeſti*.

(*cc*) It will be perceived by the claſſical reader that I read *cuppâ* potare magiſtrâ; though I admit *culpâ* has the moſt ancient authorities in it's favour. The conſtruction however of the ſentence with culpâ appears to me very far fetched according to every mode of explanation. See the old Scholiaſt (as cited in the Var. Edition,) alſo Baxter's Remarks thereon, and Dacier and Sanadon's Notes in their Editions.—Lambin firſt propoſed *cuppâ* magiſtrâ; which, without forcing the conſtruction, ſeems to admit the ſenſe I have given to it, viz. that they had no other reſtraint on drinking than the ſize of the cup impoſed. The word *Ludus* however ſeems to imply that there was ſome particular game that amuſed the Romans in their cups. A judicious Friend firſt ſuggeſted to me this notion; and his remark appears ſo ingenious that I cannot help tranſcribing it here. "I think (he ſaid) you have done perfectly right in "giving this paſſage a general meaning. I am perſuaded, "however, that Horace alluded to ſome ſportive cuſtom "amongſt his countrymen. We had certainly in England a "diverſion which might be ſomewhat ſimilar. I have ſeen a "ſilver tankard with pegs, about a quarter of an inch long, "projecting, at equal diſtances, from top to bottom, on the "inſide.

" inſide. Theſe were to aſcertain the quantity which each " perſon drank; and if there was any error, in ſwallowing too " much or too little (I know not which) the party was to " drink to the next peg. Hence our proverbial expreſſions of " *A peg higher*" and " *A peg lower.*"

(*dd*) The feſtivals of Ceres were, we may eaſily imagine, celebrated with great glee by the Roman huſbandmen.

(*ee*) *Nequities*, the word in the Original, may alſo ſignify his own vices and profligacy.

(*ff*) Umbrenus was the perſon (probably ſome Officer or Soldier of the prevailing Party) to whom the land of Oſellus had been aſſigned.

SATIRE III.

He diſcuſſes at large the Stoick paradox that all fools are mad.

DAMASIPPUS AND HORACE.

DAM.—(a) So ſeldom do you ſcribble rhymes,
That thro' the year 'tis ſcarce four times
You call for (b) paper, (c) thrumming o'er
Each ſentence that you wrought before,
Enraged that, fond of ſleep and wine,
You ſcarce can frame one happy line.
Well: from the (d) Saturnalian feaſt
Sober you've fled. Now then, at leaſt,
Begin!—let ſome diſtinguiſhed ſtrain
Prove your fine promiſe was not vain.
What, not one effort? You accuſe
The guiltleſs pens you cannot uſe;
And, when you ſtrive in vain to ſcrawl,
You rage, and beat the ill-fated (e) wall.
Yet what fine feats your looks profeſs'd,
If once, indulg'd with peaceful reſt,

From

From publick cares you might retire
To your ſnug villa's cheerful fire?
What then avails it that you ſeek
Acquaintance with each learned Greek?
With every (*f*) Poet, every Sage,
Who charmed or who informed their age?
Would you, to ſoften envy's ſpirit,
Abandon every claim to merit?
Wretch, you'll be ſcorned!—then baniſh hence
That baneful Siren, Indolence!
Or tamely yield that honeſt praiſe
You once had earned in better days.

HOR.—Good Damaſippus, may heaven grant
For this advice, what moſt you want,
(*g*) A Barber!—But whence, prythee tell,
Know you my character ſo well?

DAM.—Since at great (*h*) Janus' midmoſt hall,
A Bankrupt, I have loſt my all,
To others' I devote my cares,
Releaſed from all my own affairs.
For once 'twas my delight to trace
(*i*) The ſtory of each antique vaſe:
I loved to note whate'er I thought
Unſkilfully deſigned or wrought.
"This ſtatue, on the faireſt grounds,"
I cried, "is worth (*k*) five hundred pounds."

By thrifty bargains I alone
Made gardens and fine ſeats my own.
Hence the throng'd ſtreets with loud acclaim
Hailed me; and (*l*) Merc'ry was my name.
HOR.—I knew you when this taſte allured,
And wonder the diſeaſe was cured.
DAM.—In truth I loſt that favourite paſſion,
Driven out by one of newer faſhion:
As illneſs from the patient's head
Shifts to the ſtomach; or from bed
In a lethargick low condition,
He ſprings, and boxes his phyſician.
HOR.—(*m*) So nothing of that kind occur,
E'en have it as you pleaſe, Dear Sir!—
DAM.—Good Friend, away with vain pretences!
You, and all fools, have loſt your ſenſes,
If great (*n*) Stertinius be believed;
From whom theſe precepts I received,
What time, by his inſtructions cheered,
He bade me train this ſapient beard,
And with a briſk and lighter heart
From the (*o*) Fabrician bridge depart.
For, mad with loſſes, when I ſtood
Prepared to plunge into the flood,
Like a good Genius at my ſide
The Sage appeared:—"Beware! (he cried)

"Let

" Let no vile deed diſgrace your name!
" You're urged by a miſtaken ſhame;
" Which, amongſt madmen, dreads leſt you
" Be deem'd by them a madman too.
" Firſt, what is madneſs, I'll explain.
" If you alone are found inſane,
" No farther argument I'll uſe,
" But bid you die whene'er you chuſe.
" Whom folly, of whatever kind,
" Miſleads, to truth and reaſon blind,
" (*p*) Chryſippus' portico and ſchool
" Proclaims him mad by form and rule;
" His rules within their ſcope comprize
" Kings, nations, all except the wiſe.
" Mark, how the men who love to call
" You mad, themſelves are madmen all!
" As in the woods when travellers ſtray,
" Each through a wrong but different way,
" Their errors have one common ſource,
" Though each purſue a ſeparate courſe;
" Such is this caſe: who laughs, and cries
" You're mad," (*q*) is not himſelf more wiſe.
" Of folly's various ſons, one fears
" Where nothing dangerous appears:
" When o'er a level plain he rides,
" He dreads flames, rocks and foaming tides.

" Diff'rent is he, yet not more wiſe,
" Who into flames and rivers flies.
" In vain friends, father, mother, wife,
" Cry, " *mark that ditch! preſerve your life!*"
" He'll hear no more than (r) Fuſius, drunk;
" Who, in Illione, had ſunk
" So far in ſleep, 'twas all in vain
" Poor Catienus roared this ſtrain,
" Joined by the audience one and all,
" *Dear Mother riſe! on thee I call.*"
" I'll prove the people full as bad,
" Each with ſome equal error mad.
" Old buſts when Damaſippus buys,
" He's mad:—Is he who truſts him wiſe?
" Should I be fool enough to ſay,
" Accept, what you can ne'er repay,"
" Are you a madman that you take
" The preſent I thus freely make?
" Or rather were you not inſane
" This gift of Mercury to diſdain?
" (s) *Received from Nereus*"—let him write,
" *Ten talents*"—" Is that tie too ſlight?
" (t) Search all Cicuta's tablets! Draw
" A bond in niceſt forms of law!
" Nay chain him in a thouſand bands,
" This Proteus will eſcape your hands.

" Whene'er

" Whene'er you drag him to the court
" Laughing in ſly malicious ſport,
" (*u*) Then all his different forms you'll ſee,
" A boar, a bird, a ſtone, a tree.
" If their own intereſt who deſpiſe
" Are madmen, who ſecure it, wiſe,
" (*w*) Perillius may be juſtly rated
" Far moſt abſurd and addle pated,
" Who frames with anxious care and ſkill
" A contract you can ne'er (*x*) fulfil.
" Now then, let each, at my command,
" (*y*) With gathered robe, attentive ſtand:
" The fool who ſwells ambition's train,
" The pallid wretch who doats on gain,
" Ye whom ſeducing luxury charms,
" Or ſuperſtitious fear alarms;
" Whate'er your ills, attend my call:
" I'll prove ye madmen, one and all.
" Moſt (*z*) hellebore, to cure his mind,
" The miſer needs of all mankind.
" For aught I know that race alone
" Might claim Anticyra as their own.
" Graved on his tomb his heirs recounted
" To what (*aa*) Staberius' wealth amounted,
" Doomed, ſhould they not the ſum declare,
" To give the crowd a hundred pair

" Of

" Of (*bb*) Gladiators, to provide
" A feaſt, as (*cc*) Arrius ſhould decide,
" With as much corn, for public uſe
" As (*dd*) Africk ſhould that year produce.
" (*ee*) *Judge me with candour!*" (he'd exclaim)
" *Nor harſhly, like an uncle, blame.*"
" Staberius, who this clauſe deſigned,
" Had a fixt purpoſe in his mind."
DAM.—But why thus make his fortune known
Engraved on his ſepulchral ſtone?
What was the purpoſe?—STERT.—In his eye
Want was a crime of deepeſt dye.
To ſhun this evil he applied
Strict care: and could he e'er have died
One farthing leſſened in his pelf,
He ne'er could have forgiven himſelf.
For in *his* mind all things on earth,
Wit, valour, reputation, worth,
Whate'er mankind moſt ſacred hold,
Confeſs'd th' imperial ſway of gold:
Whoe'er acquired this beſt of things
Was brave, juſt, wiſe, nay King of Kings.
And thus, he hoped, might praiſe be gained,
As if by virtue 'twere obtained.
Compare with this the careleſs mind
Of (*ff*) Ariſtippus, who injoined

His

His loaded ſlaves to caſt away
The gold that might their ſpeed delay
O'er Lybia's deſart; of theſe twain
Which deem you, Friend, the moſt inſane?
DAM.—This no criterion ſhould be reckoned,
Which ſolves one queſtion by a ſecond.
STERT.—Should one whom Muſick ne'er inſpires
Buy up a heap of uſeleſs lyres,
Should one who ne'er the craft purſues
Buy laſts and awls for making ſhoes,—
Or purchaſe rigging ſails and oars,
Yet ſhun all trade to foreign ſhores,
The world, who witneſſed theſe ſtrange fits,
Would juſtly ſay, He'd loſt his wits.
Yet is he leſs abſurd, whoſe pleaſure
Is not to uſe but hide his treaſure,
Who guards it as a precious pledge,
And deems th' enjoyment ſacrilege?
Should one, with a long cudgel, keep
His vigils o'er a mighty heap
Of corn, nor to himſelf afford
One grain, though famiſhed, from his hoard,
But feed on herbs; ſhould one, whoſe ſtore
Contains a thouſand caſks (nay more,
Three hundred thouſand) for his uſe
Of Chian or Falernian juice,

Drink

Drink vinegar inſtead of wine,
Or one on beds of ſtraw recline,
Though old and feeble, though poſſeſt
Of many a ſoft and downy veſt,
Which uſeleſs, doomed to ſlow decay,
Rots in his cheſt, to moths a prey,
Few deem him mad; for few but find
Themſelves alike diſeaſed in mind.
To what does vile penury tend,
Old wretch?—that, when your life ſhall end,
A ſon, nay (*gg*) Freedman, if your heir,
Shall riot in the wealth you ſpare.
Would it of much that wealth deſpoil
(*hh*) To give your cabbage ſweeter oil?
Nay even beſtow it on your head
With filth and uncombed greaſe o'erſpread?
Why, if ſo few the wants you feel,
Forſwear yourſelf? defraud, or ſteal?
Should you with ſhowers of ſtones annoy
Each paſſing ſtranger, or deſtroy
Slaves you had bought at great expence,
Would you be deemed a man of ſenſe?
No: you'd be hooted in the ſtreet
As mad, by every child you meet.
(*ii*) But think you, when you hang your wife,
Or practiſe 'gainſt your mother's life,

Your

Your head is ſound?—(*kk*) Oreſtes' caſe
But differs in the *mode* and *place*:
For not at *Argos* do you ſlay,
Nor with a *ſword* take life away.
What? till he had his mother ſlain
Think you he ne'er became inſane?
Had not the Fiends his mind poſſeſt
Ere his keen dagger pierced her breaſt?
For ſince he gained a madman's name
He did no act to merit blame.
His rage ne'er made Electra feel,
Nor Pylades, the deadly ſteel.
He called her Fiend, and, with an oath
By paſſion prompted, curs'd them both.
(*ll*) Opirnius, poor amidſt a hoard
Of gold and precious ſilver ſtored,
Who uſed on feſtal days to dine
Regaled with cheap (*mm*) Veientan wine
In goblets of Campanian ware,
(Poor (*nn*) vapid ſtuff his common fare)
Once in a deep lethargick ſtate
Lay dying, whilſt his heir, elate
With expectation, eyed each cheſt,
And deemed himſelf already bleſt.
Him thus a kind alert phyſician
Rouſed from that deſperate condition:

Before

Before his ſight a ſpacious board
Was ſpread, on which his wealth was poured:
Attendants, placed around it, count
In a loud tone the full amount.
When thus the patient's ear was caught,
" Riſe, riſe, (he cried) as quick as thought!
" Unleſs you guard this wealth with care
" 'Tis ſeized this inſtant by your heir."
" *What? whilſt I live?*"—" To live then make
" Some effort!—Rouſe yourſelf!—Awake!"
" *I do—what would you more!*" " Each vein
" Will fail you, and no blood remain,
" Unleſs ſome nouriſhment excite
" Your weak declining appetite.
" Come, no delay! 'tis my advice
" You take this wholeſome (*oo*) meſs of rice."
" *But Doctor, what's the coſt, I pray?*"
" A trifle Sir."—" *But what, I ſay?*"
" Eight pence."—" *Ah, what avails your ſkill*
" *To cure diſeaſe, if robbery kill!*"
DAM.—Who then, good Sir, is ſound in mind?
STERT.—The man whom follies never blind.
DAM.—What then, when you apply this rule,
Deem you the Miſer?—STERT.—Mad and Fool.
DAM.—But if no *Avarice* be found
To taint our reaſon, is it ſound?

STERT.

STERT. — "Oh no!" (DAM.) Why, Stoick?
(STERT.) I'll explain:
"This patient's ſtomach feels no pain,"
Should learned (*pp*) Craterus have ſaid,
You aſk then, "may he quit his bed?"
"No: that concluſion is denied:
"Diſeaſe afflicts his reins or ſide."
This man is not a perjured knave:
His heart no mean deſires enſlave.—
Let him for this due offerings pay,
And to the Gods his victim ſlay.
But he's ambitious—Let the gales
Quick to Anticyra waft his ſails;
For might you not as wiſely caſt
(*qq*) Into a gulf profound and vaſt
All you've inherited or gained,
As not enjoy it when obtained?
(*rr*) Servius Oppidius, who was deemed
Wealthy, as wealth was then eſteemed,
His lands determined ere he died
In equal portions to divide,
Called his two ſons, and thus, 'tis ſaid,
Calmly addreſſed them from his bed:
"Since, Aulus, I firſt knew you bear
"Looſe in your breaſt with heedleſs air
"Your toys and nuts, and oft in play
"Deſtroy, or give them all away,

"But

" But you, Tiberius, count them o'er
" And carefully in corners ſtore,
" I feared leſt two far different kinds
" Of madneſs ſhould pervert your minds,
" You err, by Nomentanus led,
" You in Cicuta's footſteps tread.
" Then by our Guardian Gods I pray,
" That you ne'er idly caſt away,
" Nor you increaſe what to your Sire
" Sufficed! let nature bound deſire.
" Next, leſt fame lure ye, with an oath
" In ſolemn form I'll bind ye both:
" A Prætor's chair, or Ædile's place,
" Obtained ſhall ſtamp you with diſgrace.
" Would *you* in (*ss*) beans and vetches ſpend
" Your all to make the mob your friend?
" In ſolemn ſtate march up and down,
" And ſee your ſtatue grace the town?
" Fool! for ſuch toys to live diſtreſt,
" Stript of the wealth your ſire poſſeſt!
" Or, would *you* gain the loud applauſe
" Which great (*tt*) Agrippa's virtue draws?
" And, though a crafty fox within,
" Strut in the generous lion's ſkin?"

(*uu*) Why, great Atrides, has your doom
To Ajax' corſe denied a tomb?

AG.—" I am a King:—I deemed it fit."
STERT.—A poor Plebeian I; ſubmit.
AG.—" I ſay 'twas right: but if you doubt
" My juſtice, without fear ſpeak out!"
STERT.—Great Sovereign! (*τὸν*) may the immortal powers
Give you to lead from Illion's towers
Your fleet victorious! but may I
Aſk ſome few queſtions, and reply?
AG.—" Aſk!"—STERT.—Why does Ajax then, I crave,
Next to divine Achilles brave,
Unburied rot? who well might claim,
For Greece preſerved, immortal fame;
That Priam, and the men of Troy,
May view the naked courſe with joy
Of him, by whom, in battle ſlain,
Their ſons unburied ſtrew the plain.
AG.—" To ſuch a height his paſſion grew,
" A thouſand ſheep the madman ſlew,
" And cried, " *Ulyſſes by that blow*
" *Expired: this lays th' Atridæ low.*"
STERT.—Pray, when, at Aulis, you reſign
Your daughter, placed before the ſhrine,
And ſtrew with ſalted cake her head,
Where are your ſenſe and reaſon fled?

AG.—" How's this?"—STERT.—Was Ajax, when
he ſlew
Thoſe flocks of ſheep, as mad as you?
He did his wife and ſon no wrong,
But curſed the Atridæ all day long:
His wrath 'gainſt Teucer ne'er was armed:
Ulyſſes' ſelf eſcaped unharmed.
AG.—" But, when our wind-bound fleet and hoſt
" Deſpaired to reach the deſtined coaſt,
" Our crimes I purpoſed to atone
" With blood."—STERT.—What, madman, with
your own?
AG.—" Yes: but no madman, I aver."
STERT.—(*xx*) If one from falſe conceptions err,
Such errors, when with guilt combined,
Denote a man diſturbed in mind:
And whether this we folly name,
Or madneſs, 'tis in truth the ſame.
Ajax, you ſay, was mad to kill
The ſheep that never did him ill.
When you commit ſuch crimes to claim
The bawble of an empty name,
Is your mind ſound? Can reaſon guide
The heart that's ſwoll'n by empty pride?
If one ſhould take a lamb, careſs her,
And as a favourite child addreſs her,

Bid

Bid wealth, attendants wait her pleaſure,
Call her his *darling*, his *heart's treaſure*,
And ſeek a huſband to provide
Noble and rich, for ſuch a bride,
Would not the (*yy*) Prætor by juſt right
Reſtrain the pranks of ſuch a wight,
And all his fortune be aſſigned
In truſt to friends of ſounder mind?
What then, if one to cruel ſlaughter,
In a lamb's place, devote his daughter?
Should ſuch a man to ſenſe pretend?
Could you yourſelf his claim defend?
Conclude we then, where folly reigns
There's madneſs in the ſelf-ſame brains.
Nay more: whoe'er a crime commits,
That man, be ſure, has loſt his wits.
Whome'er deceitful fame inſpires
With deadly rage Bellona fires.
Let Luxury now awhile detain us,
And give a ſketch of Nomentanus.
For reaſon ſoon will make it plain
That every Prodigal's inſane.
When, treaſured by his father's care,
(*zz*) A thouſand talents bleſs the heir,
Swift o'er the town he bids proclaim
(*aaa*) To all who vend fiſh, fruit or game,

Perfumers, and the worthleſs race
Who the vile (*bbb*) Tuſcan ſtreet diſgrace,
Buffoons and Cooks, with all the hoſt
(*ccc*) Velabrum's market place can boaſt,
That each next morn attend his call.
The crowd attends him, one and all.
A ſmooth-tongued Pander, for the reſt,
Accoſts him thus:—"Whate'er's poſſeſt
"By me, or any one of theſe,
"'Tis your's, Dear Sir, whene'er you pleaſe."
Mark what the gracious youth replies!
(He's juſt and generous as he's wiſe)
"(*ddd*) 'Midſt ſnows on the Lucanian waſte
"You ſleep, that I a boar may taſte;
"You, Fiſherman, forego your eaſe
"To ſearch for fiſh in wintery ſeas;
"Whilſt I, a uſeleſs drone, ſcarce merit
"One half the wealth that I inherit.
"My gratitude ſhall know no bounds:
"Take each of you a thouſand pounds!
"You thrice as much! and, when I ſend,
"Bid your fair (*eee*) wife to-night attend."
(*fff*) Æſopus' laviſh ſon, to ſhew
How far a ſpendthrift's pranks could go,
Diſſolved in vinegar and quaffed
Metella's ear-ring at a draught.

But might he not as well have thrown
Down the ſwift ſtream this precious ſtone,
Or to the common ſhore conſigned?
'Twould prove no worſe diſeaſe of mind.
Different, though ſcarce more frugal, fare
Had Arrius' Sons. This precious pair,
In trifling follies, and in ſins
So like, you well might deem them twins,
Ate (*ggg*) nightingales at vaſt expence:
Was this, I pray you, common ſenſe?
(*hhh*) Shall white or coal-black colours mark
The conduct of ſo wild a ſpark?
(*iii*) Should a grown perſon build all day
Card houſes, harneſs mice, or play
At odd and even, or aſtride
A cane, for his amuſement ride,
You'd deem him mad.—Should reaſon prove
More childiſh far the freaks of love;
That, whether you in ſports engage
Fit for a child three years of age,
(Sports which amuſed you long before)
Or pine enamoured of a whore,
The folly were the ſame; then take
A hint from (*kkk*) Polemo the rake:
Theſe (*lll*) fopperies that your fancy pleaſe
Caſt off! they're badges of diſeaſe,

As that young ſpark, though half ſeas o'er,
Threw off, aſhamed, the wreath he wore
Soon as he felt in all it's force
The abſtemious Teacher's ſage diſcourſe.
If to a peeviſh child you proffer
Some apples, he rejects the offer.
" Take them, my Dear!" he'll ſtill refuſe:
But once deny them, and he'll chuſe.
Leſs fooliſh whims do you diſcover
In the fond diſappointed Lover,
So oft debating to and fro
This point, to go, or not to go
Where he'll return uncalled and wait
Still clinging to her odious gate?
" (*mmm*) Should ſhe require, ſhall I attend?"
He cries, " or here my ſufferings end?
" No: though with tears ſhe oft implore,
" Once baniſhed, I return no more."
Attend to his far wiſer ſlave,
And mark the juſt advice he gave!
" In matters which have no pretence,
" Good Sir, to reaſon, method, ſenſe,
" Are you not ſomewhat out of ſeaſon
" Applying method, ſenſe and reaſon?
" In love theſe troubles never ceaſe:
" One while 'tis war, next moment peace.

" Such

" Such paſſions, varying as the ſtorm,
" Borne by blind chance, would you reform
" By ſome fixt rule, and aſcertain,
" Alas your anxious toil is vain!
" As well a madman might engage
" To keep due method in his rage."
(*nnn*) Can we, when fooliſhly you try
To throw an apple's ſeeds on high,
Rejoiced when one the cieling hits,
Suppoſe you in your proper wits?
From aged lips when every word
You liſp, ſay is he more abſurd,
Who builds card-houſes, like a child?—
Now add a paſſion ſtill more wild;
Add to this folly fatal ire:
(*ooo*) 'Tis with a ſword to ſtir a fire.
For was not (*ppp*) Marius mad, who ſlew
Himſelf and his loved Hellas too?
Deem you that wretch, when blood he ſpilt,
No madman? yet condemn his guilt,
Diſtinguiſhing, as is your faſhion,
By different names the ſelf-ſame paſſion?
(*qqq*) Late an old freedman o'er the town
With well-waſhed hands ran up and down
Each morn, though ſober, and would cry,
" Save me, ye Gods! nor let me die:

" ('Tis eaſy to your mighty power)
" Oh guard me from that fatal hour!"
This freedman was not deaf, we're told,
Nor blind: yet, had he e'er been ſold,
His maſter muſt except this flaw,
Unleſs he loved a ſuit at law.
All theſe Chryſippus would inſcribe
In mad (*rrr*) Menenius numerous tribe.
" Great Jove, whoſe high all potent will
" Inflicts and can remove each ill!"
(Thus the fond anxious mother cries
Whoſe ſon five months in ſickneſs lies)
" Let not this quartan ague laſt!
" So, (*sss*) on the morning of thy faſt,
" If thou my much-loved boy deliver,
" I'll plunge him naked in the river."
Should chance, or ſome phyſician's ſkill
Relieve the patient from this ill,
On a cold bank expoſed, his mother
Will hold him, and thus bring another.
What madneſs turns this woman's head?
A wretched ſuperſtitious dread.
(*ttt*) With theſe tried weapons I engage
Taught by that eighth illuſtrious Sage,
Stertinius, that no wit might aim
A ſhaft unpuniſhed at my fame.

Who

Who dares proclaim me mad, ſhall hear
From me a cenſure as ſevere,
And, when he makes my follies known,
(*uuu*) Look to himſelf, and mark his own.
HOR.—Good Stoick, may your future pains
Repair each loſs by ample gains!
But how am I mad, prythee tell!
For in my own conceit I'm well.
DAM.—What? (*www*) when the mad Agave bore
The head ſhe from her offspring tore,
And brandiſhed to her furious train,
Did ſhe then deem herſelf inſane?
HOR.—I own (ſuch weight to truth is due)
I *am* a fool, nay madman too.
But only tell me of what kind
Is this diſorder of my mind?
DAM.—Firſt then, you (*xxx*) build: that is you vie
With great men, though ſcarce two feet high,
Yet laugh when (*yyy*) Turbo ſtruts elate,
In arms, and with a giant's gait.
Is he more ludicrous than you,
When all Mæcenas does you do,
And with his greatneſs dare contend,
So far inferior to your friend?
(*zzz*) Whilſt a frog roved in ſearch of food,
A calf by chance had cruſhed her brood.

One

One who eſcaped, in doleful ſtrain
Told how it's brethren had been ſlain
By a huge beaſt. "*How large?*" She cries,
And ſwells herſelf. "*Was this it's ſize?*"
"Oh, greater far!" "*Is this enough?*"
Still ſhe went to ſtrain and puff.
"Hold, hold! (he cried) you'll ſtill be under
"It's ſize, although you burſt aſunder."
Might not this image of vain pride
To your own caſe be well applied?
(*aaaa*) Add too your verſes: ('tis the ſame
As pouring oil into a flame)
Which crime if one wiſe man commit
I'll own you've ſenſe, although a Wit.
I ſpeak not of thoſe furious paſſions—
HOR.—Enough. — DAM.—Thoſe vain expenſive faſhions
Beyond your means.—HOR.—Confine your cares
Good Stoick, to your own affairs!
DAM.—A thouſand freaks, when love inſpires
Your breaſt, and even to madneſs fires.
HOR.—Oh Prince of lunaticks! forbear,
And me, as leſs a madman, ſpare.

NOTES ON SATIRE III.

HORACE, in this Satire, introduces a whimſical and abſurd man, who, having ruined himſelf by buying houſes, pictures and ſtatues, has turned Stoick philoſopher. He relates his converſion by Stertinius, an eminent teacher of that Sect; who is repreſented as delineating, in a long harangue, the various follies of mankind, particularly Avarice, Ambition, and Prodigality, in order to prove the favourite Stoick doctrine that all men except themſelves are mad. In this form, the Poet, whilſt he ridicules the Stoick Paradox, uſes it as a weapon againſt the vices and follies he would expoſe.

(*a*) Damaſippus begins with blaming Horace for writing verſes ſo ſeldom, yet at the end of the Dialogue alledges, as a proof of his madneſs, his writing verſes at all. This contradiction was probably deſigned, in order to place the Stoick in the moſt ridiculous point of view.

The learned Reader will obſerve I have not followed the Reading of Bentley (*Sic raro ſcribes, &c.* continuing the ſentence to the end of the Interrogation, *Quid fiet?*) thinking, with Baxter, that the common Reading has far more ſpirit and humour, the other being rendered tame and feeble by the protraction of the ſenſe.

(*b*) The Romans wrote fair copies of their works either on the ſkin of ſome animal, prepared for the purpoſe and anſwering nearly to our parchment (which was called *membrana* and is mentioned here) or on a kind of paper made of the rind of the Ægyptian plant called *Papyrus*. The firſt rough draughts were written on tablets covered with wax; which admitted more eaſily of their eraſing a word or ſentence by turning the Stylus or pen.

(*c*) *Retexens,*

(*c*) *Retexens*, the word in the Original, is properly *unravelling* a web, like Penelope.—*Bax.*

(*d*) The Feſtival called *Saturnalia* began on the 16th of December, and laſted three (ſome ſay ſeven) days; during which time every ſpecies of riot and exceſs was permitted at Rome. Horace, being a lover of quiet, uſually took this opportunity to retire into the country.—*Dac.*

(*e*) The Ancients, and eſpecially Authors, had, we are told, the walls of their rooms covered with wax, that, if any thought occurred to them, they might write it down immediately. Horace therefore is ſaid to uſe his wall unjuſtly by throwing on it the blame due to himſelf.—*Lamb.*

(*f*) In the Original *Plato* (the Philoſopher) *Menander* (the Comick Poet) *Eupolis* (a Writer of the Old Comedy) and *Archilochus* (the Iambick Poet) are named. I deſpaired of getting them into any tolerable Engliſh verſe. Horace recommends, in the Art of Poetry, an intimate acquaintance with the Socratick Writers; of whom Plato was the Chief. The Greek Comick Poets, he elſewhere ſays, furniſhed materials for the Roman Writers of Satires; and the Iambick meaſure of Archilochus was imitated, and indeed firſt introduced at Rome, by Horace himſelf.—See Epiſt. 19. Lib. 1.

(*g*) A manifeſt ridicule on the Stoicks; who prided themſelves on their long beards.

(*h*) In the Original, "*Janum ad medium, &c.*" There are different explanations of this expreſſion. The old Scholiaſt and others tell us there were three ſtatues of Janus in the Forum, one at each end and one in the middle, and that near the middle ſtatue the Money-lenders uſed to aſſemble to tranſact their buſineſs. Others ſay there were only two ſtatutes, one at

at each end, and that *medius Janus* ſignifies the ſpace between them. A third claſs of Commentators tell us there were three arcades, or porticos, and that Horace means the midmoſt of them. The tranſlation rather follows this laſt ſenſe.

(*i*) The literal tranſlation would be "*In what brazen veſſel the ſhrewd Siſyphus had waſhed his feet.*" Corinthian veſſels being in the higheſt eſtimation, and Siſyphus being the ſuppoſed founder of Corinth, this, of courſe, means a veſſel of the higheſt antiquity.

(*k*) In the Original *millia centum*, or a hundred thouſand Seſterces.

(*l*) Mercury being the God of traffick and gain.

(*m*) Damaſippus probably exemplifies what he deſcribes, by putting himſelf into a boxing attitude; which occaſions Horace's apprehenſion, and makes this part of the Dialogue truly dramatick.

(*n*) There ſeems not to be any thing known of Stertinius; except that he was a Stoick Teacher of that period. He is mentioned in the Epiſtle to Iccius. Lib. 1. Epiſt. 12.

(*o*) The Fabrician Bridge joined the City of Rome with the Iſland of the Tiber.

(*p*) Chryſippus is mentioned at the latter end of Satire 3. See the Note on that paſſage. The Portico means the Portico at Athens, in which the Stoicks held their diſputations.

(*q*) In the Original it is *caudam trahat*, a metaphor, taken from the trick Children have of tying a tail behind perſons who

who are not aware of it. So at the latter end of this Satire, "*Reſpicere ignoto diſcat pendentia tergo.*"

(*r*) Fuſius Phocæus (ſays the Scholiaſt) was a Player, who when he was to appear aſleep on the ſtage, in the character of Illiona, fell really aſleep. What is ſaid of Catienus ſeems to imply that when an Actor of that name, playing with him at the time, called to Fuſius, in the words of his part, *Mater te appello*, the audience, perceiving what was the matter, humorouſly joined in the exclamation. The ſpeech (which is in a Tragedy of Pacuvius) is quoted by Cicero in his Tuſculan Diſputations, Lib. 1. c. 44.

(*s*) In the Original, *Scribe decem a Nereo*; which ſome Criticks explain, as it is here tranſlated, ſuppoſing not only *talenta* but *accepta* to be underſtood, and that Nereus is the name of the Banker through whoſe hands it paſſes from the lender to the borrower. Others take the meaning to be "Write ten ſuch *Acknowledgments*, or Securities, as Nereus would draw," conſidering Nereus as ſome Lawyer, or ſhrewd Money-lender.

(*t*) Cicuta muſt have been either a Lawyer eminent for his ſkill in drawing ſuch Securities, or ſome cautious and knowing Uſurer of the time. His tablets muſt have either contained the rules for framing, or ſome forms and precedents of them.

(*u*) This ſeems only to mean that an Inſolvent Debtor has as many ſhifts as the God Proteus. But the Scholiaſt carries the ſenſe ſtill further, and explains it to mean, "He will be "ſavage as a boar, volatile as a bird, or mute as a ſtone or "a tree."

(*w*) *Perillius*

(*w*) *Perillius* muſt mean the Creditor of Damaſippus, not (as ſome ſuppoſe) the Lawyer, or Notary, who drew the Bond, it being of no conſequence to the latter whether the debt be diſcharged or not.

(*x*) *Scribere*, in the Roman Law, was to enter into and *reſcribere* (the word here in the Original) to cancel it.

(*y*) The length of the Roman gown made it neceſſary to gather it up in a crowded aſſembly, that the care of it might not divert attention from what was paſſing. Stertinius therefore, to ſignify to his hearers that attention was neceſſary, bids them gather up their gowns.—*Dac. Sau.*

(*z*) The root of Hellebore was deemed the ſovereign remedy for madneſs. It grew in the greateſt quantities in the Iſland of Anticyra.

(*aa*) He gives Staberius as an inſtance of a man who thought wealth comprized every thing.

(*bb*) Combats of Gladiators were frequent at the funerals of men of rank amongſt the Romans.

(*cc*) It was alſo the cuſtom to give a publick feaſt at the funerals of very wealthy perſons. Arrius is probably one of the two Brothers of that name ſtigmatized afterwards in this Satire for their luxury. The treat therefore, if ordered by him, muſt be of the moſt expenſive kind.

(*dd*) Africk was ſo productive of corn as to be deemed the granary of the Romans.

(*ee*) Staberius,

(*ee*) Staberius, according to the dramatick ſtile of this Satire, is made to requeſt a hearing. Stertinius then explains the object of the Will to be perfectly conſiſtent with the temper and opinions of the Teſtator.

(*ff*) Ariſtippus of Cyrene, (of whom a character is given in Epiſt. 17. Lib. 1.) was a diſciple of Socrates and founded the Cyrenaick Sect, who carried the doctrine that "every thing ſhould be ſubſervient to pleaſure," further than even the followers of Epicurus. He is ſaid to have been a flatterer of Dionyſius of Sicily, and to have written a book in ſupport of the voluptuous principles he profeſſed, and alſo a Hiſtory of Libya. Horace calls him *Greek*, though born in Africa, becauſe his native town was a Colony from Greece.

(*gg*) The Freedmen ſeem often to have inſinuated themſelves into the confidence of their Maſters, and thus became their heirs.

(*hh*) So in Sat. 2d of this Book Avidienus is repreſented as uſing the rankeſt oil with his vegetables.

(*ii*) This probably is an alluſion to ſtories, known at the time, of ſome huſband who had hanged his Wife, and of a Son who had been ſuppoſed to poiſon his Mother.—Dacier concludes the latter to mean Scæva, who is ſtigmatized for that crime in the firſt Satire of this Book. This may be the caſe. But why Scæva ſhould therefore be introduced as reaſoning with Stertinius (as Dacier introduces him) is not eaſy to conceive. The Dialogues in this Satire are ſufficiently involved within each other without the introduction of a new ſpeaker.

(*kk*) The Stoick, in conformity to his principles, maintains the madneſs of Oreſtes to have been the *cauſe*, not the *conſequence* of his killing his mother.

(*ll*) This

(*ll*) This ſtory of Opimius ſeems to have ſuggeſted to Pope his deſcription of a dying Miſer in the Ethick Epiſtles (Ep. 1.), though he has intirely varied the circumſtances.

(*mm*) The wine produced in the country of the Veii, a part of Tuſcany, was little eſteemed by the Romans. The wares of Campania were plain and in the moſt common uſe. Horace (in Sat. 6. Book 1ſt.) gives as a proof of his own frugality that he uſed Campanian ware at ſupper by himſelf. But this the Miſer did on feaſt days, when the Romans always produced the beſt things they poſſeſſed.

(*nn*) This vapid wine ſeems to have been the common drink of the loweſt order of the Romans. See Sat. 5. Book 1ſt. where the Boatman and Mule-driver are deſcribed as being drenched with it.

(*oo*) *Ptiſanarium oryzæ* is more properly a decoction of barley.

(*pp*) Craterus was a celebrated Phyſician in the time of Auguſtus, and is mentioned in Cicero's Letters to Atticus.

(*qq*) I have adhered to the common reading, *barathone*, ſignifying *the gulf of luxury*. Bentley propoſes *balatroni*, *to ſome raſcal*.

(*rr*) This next ſtory is of a wiſe father warning his ſons equally againſt avarice and prodigality; the latter of which, however, is not made a direct object of cenſure till afterwards.

(*ss*) Theſe, and ſometimes money, were, in the latter and corrupt times of the Republick, given to the Roman people by thoſe who were Candidates for their favour.

(*tt*) For the character of Agrippa (perhaps the greateſt man of that period) ſee Notes on Ode 6. Book 1.

(*uu*) Stertinius (having gone through his arguments againſt Avarice) now comes to the ſecond diviſion of his ſubject, and chuſing the character of Agamemnon as his inſtance of extravagant Ambition, enters into a whimſical Dialogue with him. In the Ajax of Sophocles, Menelaus, on the part of Agamemnon, forbids the burial of Ajax. From this circumſtance Stertinius takes occaſion to expoſtulate with Agamemnon, proving the King of men himſelf to be equally mad for ſacrificing his daughter Iphigenia to his ambition. The conception of this Dialogue is ingenious, but perhaps rather too remote from our habits to pleaſe the Engliſh Reader.

(*ww*) Imitated from the ſpeech of Chryſes to Agamemnon in the firſt Book of the Iliad; as are alſo the lines reſpecting Priam and the Trojans from a ſubſequent paſſage in the ſame Book.

(*xx*) I have endeavoured to make this paſſage clear (according to my conception of it) in the tranſlation. The Original has given riſe to diſputes not neceſſary to be diſcuſſed here. But thoſe who remove the comma from after *veri* to after *ſceleriſque*, ſeem to confound *guilt* with *falſhood*; ſince not the former, but the latter, is the oppoſite to *truth*. I would alſo read not *veri*, but *veris*.

(*yy*) The Roman Prætor (like our Lord Chancellor) had the appointment of Guardians to Minors, and of Curators (as they were called in the Roman Law) to Lunaticks.

(*zz*) A thouſand Talents is about 187,000l. of our money.

(*aaa*) Theſe

(*aaa*) Theſe trades were deemed infamous both in Greece and at Rome (in their better days) as miniſtering to luxury.

(*bbb*) The Tuſcan Street was chiefly inhabited by Slave-merchants and Perfumers; who, at Rome, were generally men of infamous characters.

(*ccc*) Velabrum had been a piece of marſhy ground near the Tiber. Auguſtus drained it; and it became in his time a market place.

(*ddd*) Lucania was famous for it's boars. The Roman mode of hunting boars was with toils, near which they watched ſometimes through the whole night and in the ſevereſt weather. This employment appears (by the paſſage before us) to have been followed by many as a livelyhood.

(*eee*) The old Scholiaſt ſays that a Slave-merchant at Rome would ſometimes, in order the better to ſell a female Slave, pretend ſhe was his wife.

(*fff*) Æſopus, the Tragick Actor, left great wealth to his Son, Æſopus, a luxurious young man; who (in order to ſhew he had a greater ſoul than his Father) is ſaid to have determined to make an end of ten hundred thouſand Seſterces (between 7 and 8000l.) at once, and, for that purpoſe, to have diſſolved in vinegar the pearl ear-rings of his Wife, Metella.—*Schol. Bax.*

(*ggg*) Nightingales, it ſeems, were extremely dear, on account of the beauty of their ſong. But theſe young men bought them in large quantities for the purpoſe of eating.

(*hhh*) That is, ſhall we acquit or condemn him? a mark made with chalk denoting acquittal, one with coal, condemnation.

(*iii*) Having done with the Miſer, the Ambitious Man, and the Prodigal, Stertinius now attacks the Lover, though he had not before announced ſuch an intention.

(*kkk*) The ſtory is in Valerius Maximus.—Polemo, in a drunken frolick, went into the room where Xenocrates, the Philoſopher, was lecturing, and, hearing him diſcourſe on temperance and ſobriety, was ſo affected by the power of his arguments, that firſt he threw off the garland (which debauched young men wore in their drinking parties) then drew his arm within his robe (a mark of attention) and in the end, from a profligate debauchee, became a great philoſopher.—*Geſn.*

(*lll*) In the Original the articles are mentioned *Faſciolæ, Cubital, Focalia.* There is much diſpute whether theſe were articles of the Lover's dreſs, to pleaſe his Miſtreſs, or parts of the dreſs uſed by ſick perſons, and in *that* ſenſe badges of diſeaſe.

(*mmm*) This paſſage is copied from the firſt Scene in the Eunuch of Terence, changing the Iambick into Hexameter verſes.

(*nnn*) This it ſeems was a cuſtom of Lovers, in order to learn whether they ſhould be ſucceſsful in their purſuit. They ſqueezed the ſeeds out of an apple, and threw them upwards. If they ſtruck the cieling, it was an omen of good fortune.—*Geſn.*

(*ooo*) This is proverbial, from a ſaying of Pythagoras, Πυρ σιδηρῳ μη σκαλευειν. But the Greek maxim was applied differently, meaning that "*anger ſhould not be oppoſed to anger.*" Here it ſignifies "do not add the cruelty of revenge to the folly or madneſs of love!"—*Bax.*

(*ppp*) A

(*ppp*) A perſon of the name of Marius, being deſpiſed by his Miſtreſs Hellas, ſtabbed her, and afterwards threw himſelf headlong from ſome ſteep place, and thus deſtroyed himſelf.—*Schol.*

(*qqq*) Stertinius now attacks, as he had promiſed, the ſuperſtitious part of mankind, giving two ſtriking inſtances; the one of a man who implores the Gods that he might never die; the other of a woman who vows, if her ſon ſhall recover of a fever, to throw him naked into the Tiber.

(*rrr*) Menenius was a well-known madman of the time: from whence (the Scholiaſt tells us) aroſe the expreſſion of Meneniæ ſtultitiæ.

(*sss*) The heathens had their Faſts; which they probably copied from the Jews. Thoſe in honour of Jupiter were uſually on Thurſdays, that day being conſecrated to him.—*Dac.*

(*ttt*) Damaſippus now ſpeaks in his own perſon.

(*uuu*) The Original (which would have appeared too much like burleſque in a literal tranſlation) is *Reſpicere ignoto diſcat pendentia tergo.* See Note 16.

(*wwww*) See Ov. Met. Book 3. for the ſtory of Pentheus, King of Thebes; whom his Mother, Agave, inſpired by Bacchus, tore in pieces.

(*xxx*) Moſt of the Commentators take *ædificas* here and in Epiſt. 1ſt. (Diruit, *ædificat*, mutat quadrata rotundis) in a literal ſenſe, ſignifying that Horace laid out too much on building at his little farm. I am apt to think it a metaphor in both places, meaning that "he ſets himſelf up too high." In the

paſſage before us the words immediately ſubjoined ſeem to explain it in that ſenſe.

(*yyy*) Turbo is ſaid to have been a Gladiator of remarkably ſhort ſtature.

(*zzz*) This well-known Fable is in Phædrus (20 Fab. Lib. 1.) It is there related ſomewhat differently. The ſeveral different Readings of this paſſage need not be diſcuſſed here; as they would not make any difference in the Tranſlation.

(*aaaa*) The inconſiſtency of Damaſippus, who at firſt blames Horace for not writing more, has been already remarked. Probably it was deſigned by the Poet.

At the concluſion our Author ſeems to admit himſelf to be hard preſſed by the Stoick; as he ends the diſpute by a retort.

SATIRE IV.

He ridicules humorously the culinary precepts of some Epicureans.

DIALOGUE.—HORACE AND CATIUS.

HOR.—CATIUS, whence come you last, I pray?
Where bound?—CAT.—"I scarce have time to say,
In haste to minute some wise rules,
Surpassing far whate'er the schools
Of famed Pythagoras e'er taught,
Or Socrates, or Plato wrought.
HOR.—I own, 'tis an improper time
To stop you,—nay almost a crime.
But some indulgence you'll allow.—
Should aught by chance escape you now,
Such is your genius, or your art,
You'll soon regain it all by heart.
CAT.—I strive to keep it all in mind.
Matter so subtile and refined,
Discussed in so refined a strain,
No memory can with ease retain.

HOR.—Tell me this Sage's name: relate
In Rome, or any foreign ſtate,
His native country?—CAT.—I'll reveal
His precepts, but (a) his name conceal.
" Firſt then, fix deeply in thy breaſt
" This rule: (b) The longeſt eggs are beſt,
" Moſt nouriſhing, moſt full of juice:
" Chuſe ſuch, and lay them by for uſe.
" For this remark will ſeldom fail:
" They're hardeſt and their yolk is male.
" (c) Cabbage will ſpring in a dry field
" More ſweet than what the ſuburbs yield.
" For nothing is more taſteleſs found
" Than roots that grow in watered ground.
" If ſuddenly a gueſt appear
" At evening to partake your cheer,
" Leſt a tough hen, ſerved up in haſte,
" Should little ſuit his nicer taſte,
" Whilſt yet alive the care be thine
" To ſouſe her in Falernian wine:
" 'Twill make her tender. (d) The beſt kind
" Of muſhrooms you in meadows find:
" Truſt not the reſt.—Through ſummer heats
" His life will healthful paſs, who eats
" Black mulberries, when dinner's done,
" If gathered ere the noonday ſun.

" It

" It pleaſed (*e*) Aufidius to combine
" With honey ſtrong Falernian wine.
" Here that great man was wrong, I think:
" For (*f*) empty veins require a drink
" More gentle far. 'Twill better ſuit
" With ſoft emulſion to dilute.
" Should aught digeſtion's courſe delay,
" Cheap muſcles drive it ſoon away.
" With theſe ſhould ſhort-leaved dock be joined,
" And white wine of the (*g*) Coan kind.
" (*h*) All fiſh incloſed within a ſhell
" As the young moon increaſes, ſwell.
" But think not that a generous kind
" In every ſea alike we find.
" (*i*) Thoſe from the Lucrine lake exceed
" Whate'er the Baian waters breed.
" Circæan oyſters beſt are thought,
" And Urchins at Miſenum caught.
" But large wide cocles none may boaſt
" So fine as ſoft Tarentum's coaſt.
" Who hopes to ſhine whene'er he treats
" Muſt know the ſubtile taſtes of meats.
" 'Tis not enough you can afford
" (*k*) To ſweep the market's deareſt board,
" Unleſs you know what ſauce is beſt,
" What, if well roaſted, tempts the gueſt,

" Once more (*l*) upon his arm reclined,
" To eat, though he before had dined.
" Who loves not food of weaker taſte,
" On his round table ſhould be placed
" A weighty boar, in (*m*) Umbria bred,
" And, from her oaks, with acorns fed.
" For bad's the ſort Laurentum breeds,
" Fattened with ruſhes and rank weeds.
" Goats who the vine have uſed to eat
" I deem not always proper meat.
" Your real Sage ſelects with care
" (*n*) The ſhoulders of the breeding hare.
" None till myſelf by taſte could find
" Of fiſh and fowl the age and kind.
" There are whoſe genius, ſeldom ſhewn,
" Some rich new pye-cruſt has made known.
" To no one point your thoughts confine;
" Like one attentive to his wine,
" Yet little caring if he ſpoil
" His fiſh by ſauce of rancid oil.
" (*o*) All night your Maſſick wine ſhould lie
" Expoſed beneath a cloudleſs ſky.
" For the night air, when wine appears
" Too thick, attenuates and clears,
" And every ſtrong unwholeſome ſmell,
" Foe to the nerves, will ſoon diſpel.

" No

" No genuine taſte can be obtained
" When through a flaxen bag 'tis ſtrained.
" A clever genius, when the juice
" Surrentum's poorer vines produce
" He mixes with Falernian dregs,
" Will fine it with a pigeon's eggs:
" For, as the yolk ſinks downwards, all
" Groſs particles adhering fall.
" Cocles and roaſted ſhrimps excite
" The worn-out drinker's appetite.
" For lettuce, which can ne'er combine,
" Swims on the ſtomach after wine.
" Hams, ſauſages and ſavoury meat
" Alone can tempt him then to eat.
" Nay, all the ſmoking diſhes dreſt
" At greaſy taverns pleaſe him beſt.
" Sauces may well employ our minds,
" Clearly to mark two different kinds.
" The ſimple is ſweet oil—'twill mend
" It's taſte and quality to blend
" A portion of the richeſt wine
" Well mixt with ſtrong (p) Byzantian brine.
" When, boiled with herbs and ſprinkled o'er
" With ſaffron from (q) Cilicia's ſhore,
" It ſtands to ſettle, add the juice
" (r) Venafran olive-trees produce.

" (s) Picenian

" (*s*) Picenian apples moſt delight
" The taſte, though Tibur's pleaſe the ſight.
" (*t*) Large earthen pans ſome raiſins ſuit;
" Smoke hardens beſt the Albanian fruit.
" (*u*) This grape with apples to combine,
" With pickles and the dregs of wine,
" I taught the way: the art I found
" In clean neat diſhes to ſet round
" White pepper, carefully refined,
" With ſalt of black and common kind.
" But oh, this ſhocks me paſt repeating!
" To ſpend enormous ſums in eating,
" Yet, after all, the wandering fiſh
" (*w*) Confine in one ſmall narrow diſh.
" But if, when it's contents he ſtole,
" A greaſy ſlave has pawed your bowl,
" Or an old cup's with filth incruſted,
" My ſickening ſtomach turns diſguſted.
" How much would napkins, ſawduſt, brooms,
" Coſt for your furniture and rooms?
" Yet, idly ſparing this expence,
" You're guilty of a great offence.
" What, with a palm-bruſh, filthy, mean,
" Would you the fineſt marble clean?
" Would you rich Tyrian veſture ſpread
" To deck a dirty unwaſhed (*x*) bed?

" Heedleſs

" Heedleſs that, ſince ſo ſmall th' expence,
" Neglect admits of leſs defence
" Than if you ſcrupled to afford
" The dainties of a ſplendid board."
HOR.—(*y*) Oh learned Catius! by the love
You bear me! by the Gods above,
Whene'er theſe lectures you attend,
Do take me with you, as a Friend!
For, though each ſentence, every word,
You ſtate correctly as you heard,
Yet maxims ſo refined as theſe
At ſecond-hand leſs highly pleaſe.
Add too the Sage's air and dreſs;
Which you, who know them, value leſs,
As one familiar with the pleaſure,
I long to ſearch that ſacred treaſure,
And from true wiſdom's genuine ſource
Draw precepts for life's future courſe.

NOTES ON SATIRE IV.

A PHILOSOPHER, of a different kind but not leſs ridiculous than the pretended Stoick, is introduced in this Satire. Horace (as Dacier has obſerved) here attacks that ſpecies of Epicureans who conſtrued the doctrine of their founder that "*pleaſure is the chief good*" as applying ſolely to *ſenſual* pleaſure, and that of the loweſt kind, the pleaſure of eating. This

Catius,

Catius, who is introduced as laying down with ſuch ſolemnity the rules of good living, is by ſome ſuppoſed to be *Catius Inſuber*, mentioned in Cicero's Letters. But it ſeems more probable he was ſome perſon of leſs note; as that Catius wrote ſome elaborate treatiſes on Philoſophy, and was ſcarcely ſo contemptible as to be a proper ſubject for this Satire.

(*a*) Catius affects to conceal the name of his teacher, to give greater weight to precepts which were probably his own. This makes it the more likely that he was not a Philoſopher of much note.

(*b*) This firſt precept is ſaid to be totally falſe. But Horace certainly did not mean to give any of theſe maxims as his own, nor care whether they were falſe or true. It is the ſolemnity and minuteneſs of the rules that conſtitutes the ridicule of this Satire; and it is perfectly immaterial whether they are right or wrong.

(*c*) This ſecond Rule, whether right or wrong, ſeems clearly to mean a preference of cabbage growing in a natural ſoil to that which is raiſed artificially in gardens near town. For Catius ſays the former is ſweeter than the latter. Sanadon, taking *dulcis* to mean *inſipid*, ſays the rule is contradicted by the very argument produced in the next ſentence to ſupport it. But it is plain he ſuppoſes Catius to prefer vegetables raiſed near town to thoſe which grow in the country.

(*d*) Every one who knows the leaſt of muſhrooms will proteſt againſt this Rule, thoſe which are gathered on downs, or in commons or foreſts, being far ſuperior to ſuch as grow in meadows.

(*e*) Marcus

(*e*) Marcus Aufidius Lurco was a man of very delicate taſte and fond of good living. This is the ſame man who maintained large flocks of pea fowl; which brought him (ſays Dacier) 7,000 Livres (about 300l.) annually.

(*f*) The Romans, if they had eaten nothing during the day, began their ſupper with a drink called *mulſum*; which was compoſed of wine mixed with honey. Thoſe who were careful of their health uſed a ſtrong ſort of wine. But the Epicures, like Catius, thought this too rough, and preferred the oldeſt Falernian wine; which had loſt all it's ſtrength.—*Dac.*

(*g*) The Iſland of Cos was one of the Cyclades, ſituate near the coaſt of Aſia about 15 miles from Halicarnaſſus. It gave birth to Hippocrates and Apelles, and was famous for it's fertility and for the wine and ſilk worms which it produced.

(*h*) This opinion, that ſhell-fiſh are more full during the increaſe of the moon, is very ancient, but erroneous.—*Dac. Sau.*

(*i*) Two kinds of Oyſters are mentioned, viz. the *Peloris*, found in the Lucrine Lake, and highly eſteemed, and the *Murex*, caught on the coaſt of Baiæ, which Catius pronounces to be inferior. The Circæan promontory (now called *Monte Circello*) the Cape of Miſenum, and the coaſt of Tarentum, appear alſo by this paſſage to have been famous for ſhell-fiſh.

(*k*) Bentley explains *mensâ*, in the Original, to mean the table of the perſon who gives the entertainment. But the ſenſe followed here is the moſt generally adopted, and ſeems the moſt probable.

(*l*) It

(*l*) It is hardly neceſſary to ſay that the Romans did not *ſit*, as we do, at meals, but lay on couches, ſupporting themſelves upon one elbow whilſt eating, and lying quite along when they ceaſed.

(*m*) Umbria was ſeparated from Etruria by the Tiber, bounded on the North by the Adriatick ſea, Eaſt by Picenum and the country of the Sabines, and South by the river Nar. Laurentum was the ancient Capital of Latium. The Commentators tell us this rule of Catius is erroneous. But quære whether the Epicure may not be, in this inſtance, right.

(*n*) Nothing can be more contrary to the general taſte than this rule. Yet it is reported of ſome famous Glutton, that, on his death-bed, he gave this maxim, as his laſt admonition and beſt legacy, to his Son.

(*o*) All this paſſage relates to the Roman method of treating their wines; which thoſe who wiſh to underſtand minutely will find very fully diſcuſſed in Barry's learned and ingenious Treatiſe on the Wines of the Ancients.

(*p*) Byzantium was ſupplied with ſeveral ſorts of fiſh in great abundance. The liquor or brine from ſome of theſe ſeems to have been preſerved in caſks, probably for the purpoſe here ſuggeſted. This appears more likely to be the conſtruction than that, as ſome ſuppoſe, a large Byzantian fiſh (called *Orca*) had ſtood till corrupted (putruit) in the brine.

(*q*) The term in the Original is Corycian ſaffron. Corycus was a mountain in Cilicia, a country of Aſia Minor, extending from Weſt to Eaſt the whole length of the Mediterranean oppoſite to the Iſle of Ciprus. It is now Caramania.

(*r*) Venafrum

(*r*) Venafrum in Campania was celebrated for it's Oil. See Ode 6. Book 2.

(*s*) Picenian Apples are mentioned in the preceding Satire, in the Original.—Picenum, or Picenus Ager, was a country in Italy near the Umbrians and Sabines.—Tibur was famous for its Orchards; which are celebrated in Ode 7. Book 1.

(*t*) *Venucula* is the name applied (in the Original) to the ſpecies of grape that hardens beſt in pots or pans. The Scholiaſt ſays *Venucula* is the ſame as *Venuſina*. Dacier thinks the former name can hardly be derived from the latter, and is perſuaded *Venucula*, or *Venuſcula*, is a name given to that ſort of grape on account of it's beauty. This derivation, Sanadon properly obſerves, is incompatible with the quantity of the word. Baxter derives it from *Ve* and *nucula*; ſuppoſing this kind of grape to have larger, or perhaps more, ſeeds than any other.

(*u*) This ſeems to be a ſtrange mixture. But Horace, meaning to ridicule Catius, makes him, though right on ſome points, highly abſurd in others.

(*w*) Dacier ſays the meaning here is not that the diſh is in itſelf ſmall, but that too many fiſh are crowded upon it.

(*x*) More properly the couch on which the Romans reclined at their meals. They ſpread over this, at great entertainments, the richeſt coverings they were poſſeſſed of; which generally were thoſe dyed with the Tyrian purple.—*Dac.*

(y) It has been juſtly remarked that the ironical concluſion of this Satire conſtitutes one of it's greateſt beauties. Horace humourouſly preſſes to be introduced to the unknown Philoſopher, ſhrewdly ſuſpecting that Philoſopher to be Catius himſelf.

SATIRE V.

He deſcribes the arts uſed by Legacy-hunters.

DIALOGUE.—ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

UL.—(*a*) TIRESIAS, add this counſel more
To what you kindly gave before:
How ſhall I act? what art purſuing
Retrieve my wreck'd eſtate from ruin?
But (*b*) why, great Prophet, doſt thou ſmile?
TIR.—Oh, vers'd in every roguiſh wile!
Is't not enough that heaven's command
Reſtores thee to thy native land?
UL.—Ah, never-erring Sage! behold me
Return'd, and (as you truly told me)
Naked and poor! my herds, my grain,
All waſted by the ſuitor train.
Yet, without wealth, how ſmall the worth
Of valour or illuſtrious birth!
TIR.—Since then you ſtrive not to conceal
The dread of poverty you feel,

Attend! the road to wealth I'll ſhew:
Should any friend a (*c*) thruſh beſtow,
Or other dainty, ſpeed it's flight
To greet ſome rich and aged wight.
Choice fruit, and whatſoe'er beſide
Is deemed your cultured garden's pride,
Ere for your (*d*) Houſehold Gods 'tis placed,
Your rich more honoured Friend ſhould taſte:
Though branded as a perjured knave,
Baſe born, a fugitive and ſlave,
His brother's murderer, ſpite of all
Theſe crimes, yet let him (*e*) take the wall.
Ul.—Muſt I, oh ſhame to honeſt pride!
Crouch by that raſcal (*f*) Dama's ſide?
At Troy I felt a nobler flame
Still ſtriving with the firſt in fame.
Tir.—Then poverty's your choice, I find.—
Ul.—(*g*) I'll bear it with a conſtant mind;
As oft I've borne worſe ills than theſe.—
And yet good Prophet, if you pleaſe,
Once more in earneſt tell me, which
Is the beſt mode of growing rich.
Tir.—I've ſaid, and muſt repeat it ſtill,
Watch ſlily every old man's Will;
And though perchance your deſtined prey
Bite off the hook and ſwim away,

Ne'er

Ne'er from your breaſt let hope depart,
Nor in deſpair give up the art,
(*h*) Whene'er the judges of our laws
Diſcuſs a great or leſſer cauſe,
Mark well the ſtate of thoſe who ſue!
Should one be rich and childleſs too,
Though, moſt unjuſt and fond of pelf,
He ſue one better than himſelf,
Defend his claim with all your might!
Spurn him whoſe ſole ſupport is Right,
Should he, though pure his cauſe and life,
Have children, or a breeding wife.
(*i*) "Quintus" or "Publius," (his ſoft ear
Delights theſe ſoothing names to hear)
"Your high diſtinguiſh'd worth alone
"Has made me zealouſly your own.
"I know the ſenſe of doubtful laws,
"And ſkilfully defend a cauſe.
"They ſooner ſhall pluck out mine eyes
"That dare your ſmalleſt claim deſpiſe.
"No: 'tis my care you loſe no right,
"Nor be a butt to ſcornful ſpite."
Bid him go home, his health attend,
And leave to you, his faithful friend,
Theſe troubleſome fatiguing cares.
(*k*) Yourſelf ſollicit his affairs.

Perſiſt! endure all toil and pain,
(*l*) Though "*the red Dog-ſtar cleave in twain*
"*The ſpeechleſs ſtatues*," or "*ſtretch'd out*
"*On his fat belly, Furius ſpout*
"*It's full contents of hoary ſnow*
"*Full on the wintery Alps below.*"
Mark a by-ſtander jog his neighbour!
"What active perſevering labour!
"How prompt he is to ſerve his friends!
"How zealous to promote their ends!"
More fiſh may thus be lured, and fill
Your ample ſtew-ponds at your will.'
Should ſome rich doſt with anxious care
Breed up a puny ſon and heir,
Leſt flattery too notorious paid
To batchelors ſhould hurt your trade,
With ſoft inſinuating art
Creep tow'rds the purpoſe of your heart,
In hopes that his laſt will may name
You to the next eventual claim.
Thus, ſhould ſome illneſs, or diſaſter,
Sweep to the grave *my little Maſter*,
You'll then ſtep in by this intail:
A game I've ſeldom known to fail.
Should one requeſt you to peruſe
His Will, with vehemence refuſe?

Nay,

Nay, puſh it from you!—but a glance
Caught rapidly, as if by chance,
May firſt inform you if you ſhare
The property, or ſtand ſole heir.
(m) An artful well-trained Scribe, you know,
May oft delude the gaping crow,
And ſly Naſica entertain us
Deceived by the more ſly Coranus.
UL.—Good Seer, has phrenſy ſeized your brain?
Or do you mock me by this ſtrain?
TIR.—(n) What I foretel, Laertes' Son!
Shall be, or it ſhall not be, done:
For Phœbus gives me to preſage
Th' events of every diſtant age.
UL.—But prythee ſtate, unleſs precluded,
The facts to which you've juſt alluded.
TIR.—(o) What time a youth, whoſe conquering arms
Shall ſhake all Parthia with alarms,
From great Æneas ſprung, ſhall reign
Unrivalled o'er the earth and main,
Then ſhall Naſica, loth to pay
Coranus at the appointed day,
Beſtow in wedlock on the churl
His daughter, a tall handſome girl.

The Son-in-law, more cunning ſtill,
Begs his new Sire to read his Will:
Naſica, after long refuſing,
Accepts them, and begins peruſing;
When, ah! no legacy appears
To him and his, (*p*) ſave fruitleſs tears.
Now mark me!—ſhould a Freedman rule,
Or artful dame, ſome rich old fool,
Aſſiſt: comply with all their ways,
And praiſe them, to obtain their praiſe.
And yet 'twill ſtand you moſt in ſtead
Could you but gain the fountain head.
Bad verſes does the dotard write?
Praiſe them with rapturous delight!
Loves he a wench?—his fond deſire
Prevent! nor wait till he require;
But of thine own accord make over
Thy wife to this more worthy lover.
UL.—Think'ſt thou the modeſt faithful Dame,
Penelope, would brook this ſhame?
Who, proof to every ſuitor's art,
Preſerves a pure unblemiſhed heart.
TIR.—Well may ſuch lovers find her cold.
(*r*) Her price is high: they ſpare their gold.
With them no beauty's ſo bewitching
As their heart's dear delight,—the kitchen.

'Tis

'Tis thus Penelope is chaſte.
But let one old Cully taſte,
Let her with you the ſpoil divide;
Farewel to prudery and pride!
Boldly ſhe'll daſh through thick and thin,
Like dogs that ſmell a reeking ſkin.
(s) Late in my life occurred this ſcene
At Thebes: an old malicious Quean
By her laſt Will compelled her heir,
Stript to the waiſt, her corpſe to bear
Beſmeared with oils. By this ſtrange whim
She meant, when dead, to ſlip from him
Who held her faſt whilſt yet alive.
Beware then! and with caution ſtrive:
Nor ſlacken in the means to gain
Your end, nor yet thoſe means o'erſtrain.
A prating forwardneſs will teize
One who's moroſe and hard to pleaſe.
Yet be not ſilent without a reaſon:
(t) Like humble Davus, watch the ſeaſon
Of converſe, and reſpectful bend
Your head, as fearful to offend.
With ſoft obſequious art aſſail
Your Patron: ſhould a boiſterous gale
Ariſe, with friendly anxious dread
Warn him to veil his precious head:

(u) If

(*u*) If in a crowd he's ſhoved about,
Strain every nerve to draw him out!
Loves he to prattle and relate?
Be all attention to his prate!
Should praiſe be his purſuit and pleaſure,
Lay on your flattery without meaſure!
Urge him, till, raiſing to the ſky
Both hands, "*forbear, forbear!*" he cry,
And with your puffs inceſſant fill
This bladder that increaſes ſtill.
Relieved from ſervitude and fear
At length, when, well awake, you hear
Theſe joyful ſounds: "*Of one fourth ſhare*
"*I conſtitute Ulyſſes heir*;"
"Is then, (repeat it o'er and o'er)
"My Dama, beſt of friends, no more?
"Ah, where hereafter ſhall I find
"A heart ſo generous, firm, and kind?"
Then (if you can ſqueeze out a tear)
Weep; that your grief may ſeem ſincere:
Leſt treacherous looks perchance reveal
The ſecret joy your heart muſt feel.
His tomb if you're ordained to raiſe,
Shun meanneſs. Him the neighbours praiſe
Who ſplendid funeral rites prepares.
Should one perchance of your Coheirs

Be old, and have an ugly cough,
Which threatens ſoon to take him off,
Aſſure him, ſhould he like a field
Or houſe from your bequeſt, you'll yield
With pleaſure all your right and claim
For any trifling ſum he'll name.
But lo! the imperious Queen of Hell
Has ſummoned me! ſo Fare thee well!

NOTES ON SATIRE V.

THE ſpirit and humour of this Dialogue (written, as has been obſerved, on the plan adopted afterwards by Lucian) place it very high amongſt the Satires of our Author. This may be conſidered, as it is by moſt of the Criticks, as a continuation of the interview between Ulyſſes and Tireſias in the ſhades below. (ſee Odyſſ. Book 11.) But I ſhould rather ſuppoſe, with Sanadon, that Horace means to deſcribe a ſecond interview after the return of Ulyſſes to Ithaca, when, finding (as Tireſias had foretold) all his ſubſtance diſſipated by the Suitors, he calls the Prophet again from the Shades to inform him how he ſhall repair the loſs. At the time of the firſt interview his whole thoughts were probably employed on the means of ſecuring his return. That object being accompliſhed, his poverty would ſtrike him with more force. It is not however material which ſuppoſition we adopt. The thought of putting a Satire upon the Legacy-hunters at Rome into the mouth of the grave old Theban Prophet, is equally ingenious in either caſe; and the indirect alluſion to Rome, in deſcribing practices at Thebes or Ithaca, is admirably preſerved throughout.

(a) It

(*a*) It can hardly be neceſſary to detail the ſtory of Tireſias, the blind Theban Prophet. It is indeed related differently by different Poets, ſome ſaying his blindneſs was occaſioned by having ſeen Minerva naked when ſhe was bathing, others that Jupiter and Juno having referred a diſpute between them to him, and he having decided for the former, he was puniſhed by Juno with the loſs of ſight, and rewarded by Jupiter with the knowledge of futurity.

(*b*) Some ſuppoſe Tireſias to ſay this; but it ſeems more probable that Ulyſſes aſks the queſtion, obſerving the Prophet to laugh at the notion that ſo artful a man can be at a loſs for the means to recover his fortune.

(*c*) The thruſh appears to have been deemed a high dainty by the Romans. So Martial:

" Inter aves turdus, ſi quis me judice certet,
" Inter quadrupedes gloria prima, lepus."

(*d*) The firſt fruits of the Roman farms were offered to their Houſehold Gods; who, when theſe gifts were left on their ſhrines, were ſuppoſed to taſte them. See Ode 23. Book 3.

(*e*) The Romans ſeem to have had very preciſe rules on this point. When two perſons were walking together, the perſon next the wall was conſidered as having the poſt of honour, when three, he who was placed in the middle. They had other more minute rules, detailed by ſome of the Commentators on this paſſage, but not neceſſary to be repeated here.

(*f*) *Dama* was a common name among the Slaves of the Romans.

(*g*) Much

(*g*) Much has been ſaid by the Commentators to clear Ulyſſes from the imputation of ſubmitting to the mean acts recommended to him. But if *Tireſias*, the venerable Prophet, can recommend ſuch practices, *Ulyſſes* may ſurely be permitted to liſten to him. The Criticks do not ſeem to remember that the whole is burleſque. Horace, however, even in burleſque, does not wholly change the character of Ulyſſes. He objects occaſionally to the advice given him, and does not at laſt undertake to follow it.

(*h*) The Roman Law-ſuits ſeem to have been carried on with an eagerneſs of contention much beyond ours. The friends of both parties often attended them in Court, and by every means ſhewed their intereſt in the event.

(*i*) The delicacy of this ridicule muſt unavoidably be loſt in a tranſlation. The firſt of the three names uſually born by Romans of any condition was called the *Prænomen*, ſuch as *Quintus*, *Publius*, *Marcus*, *Titus*, &c. Theſe, in ſtrict propriety, ought only to have been given to perſons of rank and family. But latterly it became a cuſtom for almoſt every man to adopt them, like our term of *Eſquire*. Even ſlaves, it is ſaid, the moment they became free, took a Prænomen. Tireſias therefore (adapting himſelf to the Roman manners) cautions Ulyſſes to addreſs this old man with a Prænomen; which, he ſays, "his ſoft ears delight in."

(*k*) Properly "Be yourſelf his Attorney or Sollicitor."

(*l*) The lines that follow are manifeſtly a burleſque on ſome bombaſt Poet, who had repreſented the Dog-ſtar as *cleaving ſtatues aſunder*, and on Furius (ſuppoſed to be the ſame perſon as Alpinus mentioned in Sat. 10. of Book 1.) who had deſcribed Jupiter as *ſpouting ſnow on the Alps*. Perhaps the former of theſe paſſages

paſſages was in Furius, as well as the latter. Dr. Bentley ſuppoſes *Canicula* not to be put here for the Dog-ſtar, but to be the name of a female Poet, in whoſe works that ſentence was found.

(*m*) The expreſſion in the Original is perhaps impoſſible to be exactly preſerved in a tranſlation. *Recoctus Scriba ex Quinqueviro* is explained in different ways, but ſeems to mean a Scribe (or Notary) who has been one of the *Quinqueviri* (a low Office at Rome) and has become a Scribe again. He was conſequently become expert at every low trick practiſed in thoſe Offices. Recoctus, Dr. Foſter obſerved, ſometimes meant "*A Rogue in Grain.*"

(*n*) This expreſſion ſeems purpoſely ambiguous in the Original. At firſt ſight "*quicquid dicam aut erit aut non*" appear a truiſm too blunt even for burleſque. But the ſentence is perhaps elliptical, and means "aut erit, *ſi dixero fore*, aut non erit, *ſi dixero non fore*."—Lamb. San.

(*o*) It ſhould ſeem by this artful compliment to Auguſtus that Horace wrote this Satire after the year of Rome 433, when the Parthians had made a kind of ſubmiſſion to Auguſtus and reſtored the ſtandards taken from the army of Craſſus. But Horace might call him "dreadful to the Parthians" ſome years before, in conſequence of the power to which he had raiſed the Roman Empire.—There ſeems to be no great humour in the ſtory which follows: but probably it was a ſubject of merriment at Rome when this Satire was written.

(*p*) In the Original, *Nil ſibi legatum præter plorare, ſuiſque.* This ſeems to allude to the proverbial phraſe *Jubeo plorare*; an alluſion which of courſe could not be preſerved in Engliſh. See the Note on a ſimilar paſſage at the end of Sat. 10. Book 1.

(*q*) Thoſe

(*q*) Thoſe Commentators who are ſo jealous for the honour of Ulyſſes, are angry that he does not take fire at this propoſal. But he objects ſufficiently for the purpoſe of this Satire; the humour and drift of which are (one ſhould think) apparent from what Tireſias in the ſucceeding lines ſays of Penelope. There is no occaſion therefore to juſtify Ulyſſes, as Dacier has done, on the ground of jealouſy, and a wiſh to know how his wife had behaved in his abſence. Ulyſſes and Penelope are mere vehicles to convey the Satire on Legacy-hunters, who, to attain their object, would expoſe even the honour of their wives.

(*r*) I cannot help adopting the Reading, "*Venit enim magno.*" The expreſſion "*parca magnum donandi,*" ſeems ſo clumſey and tautologous, that I would reſort even to a conjectural alteration (if but a ſlight one) to get rid of it.

(*s*) Whether this circumſtance happened at Rome, or whether it is a ſtory of Horace's invention, does not appear.

(*t*) This alludes to the attitude in which the Slave in Roman Comedies was uſually repreſented, viz. the head lowered, and the neck ſtretched out; which was to denote a ſubſervient and humble diſpoſition.—*Dac. San.*

(*u*) Nothing can be more ſpirited, or better worked up than this paſſage in the Original; as indeed all the ſubſequent rules of behaviour are, to the concluſion of the Satire.

(*w*) The word in the Original (*nummo*) means the leaſt ſum poſſible. Dr. Foſter ſaid it was "the ſame as *nummulo*, and "alluded to a Law which injoined Heirs not to give away "what they received from their Patron; to elude which they "would ſell it for a ſmall piece of money.—*MS.*

(*x*) The

(*x*) The ghosts were, according to the ancient Poets, under the dominion of Proserpine. Horace, it has been observed, breaks off the Dialogue abruptly, that Ulysses may not have an opportunity of answering; as he must, in that case, either refuse to follow the instructions he has received, which would weaken the force of the Satire, or assent to them, which would be inconsistent with his character.—*Dac.*

SATIRE

SATIRE VI.

That he is contented with his moderate fortune, and that eaſe in the country is preferable to the troubles and anxieties of a town life.

OFT for myſelf I wiſhed and planned
To have a moderate ſhare of land,
A garden, a clear ſtream beſide,
That near my houſe might gently glide;
With a ſmall grove. The Gods have ſent
Theſe and more bleſſings: I'm content:
Nor aſk I aught, ſave this alone:
(a) Great Mercury! make theſe gifts (b) *my own.*
If yet I ne'er was known to raiſe
My fortune by diſhoneſt ways,
Nor e'er that fortune ſhall reduce
By profligate and vicious uſe;
And, if I ne'er abſurdly teize
My guardian Powers with prayers like theſe;
" Oh, that it's owner would but yield
" That little nook to round my field;

" Oh, that propitious chance would lay
" An urn of ſilver in my way!
" As once in his, who thence was buyer
" Of the ſame land he tilled for hire."
If, thus beyond it's wiſhes bleſt,
My heart is grateful and at reſt,
My flocks and herds, of every kind,
Make fat; but (c) not my wit and mind.
And, as thou'rt wont, my ſteps attend
Through life, to guide me and befriend.
When, far from town removed, I greet
Theſe hills, and to my (d) fort retreat,
What better object can I chuſe
Than Satire's plain profaick Muſe?
There no (e) attendance damps my joys;
No leaden (f) ſouthern gale deſtroys,
Nor does the dire autumnal air,
Death's certain gain, aſſail me there.
Great (g) Matutinus! if that name
Or Janus thou would'ſt rather claim,
From thee, to whoſe high power belong
Man's earlieſt toils, begin my ſong!
At Rome ſome cauſe you bid me bail:
" Haſte! haſte! your zeal will not avail
" Should other friends, more early ſtill,
" Prevent you, and the taſk fulfil."

Though

Though the bleak north-wind ſweep the ground,
Or winter to a ſhorter round
Reduce the day deformed by ſnow,
Whate'er the toil, I needs muſt go;
Then, when I've ſpoken (*h*) what may draw
On me the penalties of law,
Haſte back, and, joſtling all the throng
Of later comers, puſh along.
"What, are you mad?" bawls out aloud
Some ſurly fellow from the crowd,
"When on Mæcenas you would pay
"Attendance, muſt we all give way?"
(*i*) This glads me (be the truth confeſt)
And, ſweet as honey, ſooths my breaſt.
Thence to the (*k*) drear Eſquiliæ led,
A thouſand cares diſtract my head,
Aſſailed on every ſide by turns,
And called to other men's concerns.
"(*l*) Roſcius intreats your kind ſupport
"Ere eight next morning at the Court.—
"The (*m*) Scribes on weighty buſineſs, pray
"You'd meet them once again to-day.—
"Pray get (*n*) Mæcenas' ſeal impreſt
"On this my grant!"—*I'll do my beſt.*
"Oh Sir! you can whene'er you pleaſe,"
He cries; and ſtill goes on to teize.

(*o*) Seven years, I think, are almoſt paſt,
And now the eighth approaches faſt,
Since by Mæcenas' kind command
I've ranked with his aſſociate band;
For this ſole purpoſe; that whene'er
He took a journey, or the air,
He'd place me in his coach, and chuſe
His leiſure moments to amuſe
With words like theſe: "How goes the day?"
"Think you (*p*) Gallina could diſplay
"Such ſkill as Syrus?"—"Without care
"(*q*) How hurtful this keen morning air!"
Such talk as all men without fear
Truſt to the leaſt retentive ear:
Since which each day, nay every hour,
I'm more expoſed to envy's power.
"Our friend was with him at the Games!
"I ſaw them (every tongue exclaims)
"(*r*) Sport in the field of Mars;—'Tis done:
"He's fortune's moſt diſtinguiſhed ſon."
If (*s*) from the Forum fame diffuſe
Throughout the town ſome chilling news,
Who meets me then is ſure to ſeize
And queſtion me in terms like theſe:
"Good Sir! I beg you to relate
"(Since you muſt know who know the Great)

"What

" What news from (*t*) Dacia?"—" *I know nott.*"
" What, will your jeſting ne'er have done?"
" *May heaven confound me, if I've heard*
" *Of what you aſk a ſingle word!*
" Well then: (*u*) will Cæſar give his bands
" Italian or Sicilian lands?"
When I proteſt I neither know
Nor aſk how all theſe matters go,
They ſtare, and vow 'mongſt all mankind
Mine in the deepeſt cloſeſt mind.
In wretchedneſs like this the day
With fruitleſs wiſhes wears away.
" Ah rural ſcenes!" (my heart repeats)
" When ſhall I view your bleſt retreats?
" When, whilſt with ancient books I pleaſe
" My fancy, or recline at eaſe,
" In ſweet oblivion loſe the ſtrife
" And all the cares of anxious life?"
" When ſhall my ruſtick table's pride,
" Beans, (*w*) to Pythagoras allied,
" And leſſer herbs, in order placed,
" Enriched with bacon, court the taſte?
" Oh nights endeared by ſocial love!
" Feaſts worthy of the Gods above!
" When many a friend with me reclines
" To ſup near my domeſtick ſhrines;

" When my familiar ſlaves I treat
" (x) With portions of the choiceſt meat.
" From (y) ſenſeleſs rules abſolved the gueſt
" Drinks as may ſuit his humour beſt,
" Fills freely, like a jovial fellow,
" Or with more moderate draughts grows mellow."
No idle topicks we debate;
How fine this houſe, or that eſtate,
How great a favourite dancer's ſkill,
Whether he caper well or ill;
But on ſome points of high concern,
Which 'twere diſgraceful not to learn:
Whether great riches, when poſſeſt,
Or virtue make us truly bleſt;
Should we from mere ſelf-intereſt chuſe
Our friendſhips? or from nobler views?
Is happineſs well underſtood?
In what conſiſts the higheſt good?
My neighbour, (z) Cervius, never fails
'Midſt theſe, to tell us ſome old tales,
Juſt as the ſubject may ſuggeſt:
Call we the rich Arellius bleſt,
Unmindful of the care within
That gnaws his heart, he'll thus begin:
(aa) A country Mouſe, as ſtories tell,
Received within his humble cell

A town

A town acquaintance, and profeſs'd
Great joy to ſee his ancient gueſt,
Cloſe, frugal of whate'er he gained,
But liberal when he entertained.
For now he grudged not to afford
Oats and choice vetches from his hoard;
Dried raiſins in his mouth he bore him,
And ſcraps of bacon ſet before him,
In hopes by dainties ſuch as theſe
His nice faſtidious friend to pleaſe;
Who, roving o'er the humble treat,
Oft taſted, but diſdained to eat.
Stretch'd on new ſtraw the Landlord ſhares
Naught but the coarſeſt wheat and tares,
Politely leaving all the beſt
And choiceſt morſels to his gueſt.
At length exclaimed the City wight:
" How can you, worthy friend, delight,
" Nay bear with patience to reſide
" On a lone mountain's craggy ſide?
" Can you prefer this ſavage den
" To cities and the haunts of men?
" No: riſe, and let me point the way!
" (*bb*) Since all terreſtrial things decay,
" Nor aught that draws this mortal breath,
" Or great or ſmall, eſcapes from death,

"Live bleſt, whilſt life can bliſs ſupply:
"Live, mindful that you ſoon muſt die."
The ruſtick, by ſuch ſpeeches caught,
Springs from his cottage quick as thought:
To Town they take their purpoſed way,
But fear to climb the walls by day.
(*cc*) Now night had run through half her race,
And held the mid celeſtial ſpace,
When, at their journey's end, they choſe
In a rich dwelling to repoſe,
Where (*dd*) robes with fineſt crimſon ſtained
On many an ivory couch remained,
And baſkets ſtood piled up with meat,
The reliques of a ſplendid treat.
There, at his eaſe, the ruſtick gueſt
Lay ſtretch'd upon a purple veſt;
While the gay hoſt, to court his taſte,
Ran to and fro with eager haſte,
Brought various meats, and, like a ſlave,
(*ee*) Firſt taſted every diſh he gave.
His gueſt, tranſported at the change,
O'er the rich feaſt delights to range:
When at the folding doors they hear
A thundering peal;—Each ſtarts with fear,
Each through the room in terror bounds
Soon as the maſtiff's voice reſounds.

" Ah!" cries the ruſtick Mouſe, " is this
" Your poliſhed life? your boaſted bliſs?
" I'll none of it: ſo fare you well!
" My lonely wood, my humble cell,
" With homely fare my life ſhall cheer
" Exempt from perils, freed from fear."

NOTES ON SATIRE VI.

THE object of this Satire was perhaps in ſome meaſure the ſame as that of the 7th Epiſtle, to account for his preferring a country to a town reſidence. He alſo expreſſes (as in other parts of his works) his ſatisfaction with the fortune he had obtained from the bounty of his Patron. The concluſion is agreeably varied by the Fable of the City and the Country Mouſe, told with great neatneſs and elegance.

Swift has imitated the firſt and Pope the laſt part of this Satire; the former with great felicity, and exactly (as I conceive) in the proper ſtile for a Tranſlation of the Satires and Epiſtles; the latter far leſs happily. Whether from a diſlike to that kind of metre, or from want of practice in it, Pope did not excel in the couplet of eight ſyllable lines.

(*a*) He addreſſes Mercury, not only as one of the guardian Gods of Poets, but alſo becauſe he was one of the Gods who preſide over fortune and confer riches.—*Dac.*

(*b*) I doubt whether the Tranſlation ſufficiently expreſſes the ſenſe of the Original (*propria hæc mihi munera faxis*) which ſeems to mean that he wiſhes only to enjoy theſe bleſſings in the manner

manner he likes beſt, viz. in eaſe and retirement. A ſimilar wiſh is in Epiſt. 18. *Ut mihi vivum quod ſupereſt ævi.*

(*c*) The ſenſe of the words *præter ingenium* has been diſputed. Dacier conſiders the Poet as excepting his underſtanding out of the Prayer, becauſe it was his own buſineſs to take care of it, not as praying it might not be fat, or dull (*pingue*): for he thinks ſuch a play on the words would be unworthy of Horace. He quotes from Epiſt. 18. the line *Det vitam, det opes, æquum mî animum ipſe parabo.* But it may be obſerved the Prayer in that paſſage refers not to *brilliancy of wit* but *contentment of mind.* Here Horace is talking only of his *genius*; and ſurely nothing is more common than for Poets to pray for inſpiration.

(*d*) He calls his country farm his Citadel, or Fort, both on account of it's mountainous ſituation, and becauſe it was inacceſſible to the cares and inquietudes that beſieged him at Rome.

(*e*) *Ambitio*, the word in the Original, is ſeveral times uſed by our Poet for "*court paid to great men.*" Thus in Sat. 6. Book 1.—*pravâ Ambitione procul*; and Sat. 10.—*Ambitione relegatâ te dicere poſſum, Pollio.*

(*f*) The Southern winds were deemed particularly unwholeſome at Rome during the Autumn. So in Ode 14. Book 2. *Fruſtra per autumnos nocentem—Corporibus metuemus Auſtrum.*

(*g*) Janus being the God of time, *Matutinus* was the name he was uſually addreſſed by in the morning.

Dacier and Sanadon ſay the material part of the Satire begins here, and that the foregoing lines may be conſidered as a Preface.

(*b*) He

(*h*) He alludes to the terms in which the Bail undertook to be reſponſible.

(*i*) Here his gratitude to Mæcenas is expreſſed with great force and feeling. He conſiders the reproach of too great eagerneſs to pay his reſpects to him, as the higheſt compliment he can receive.

(*k*) Some part of the Eſquilian hill was ſtill uſed as a Burying-ground, as appears by Sat. 8. Book 1. (where the moon is ſaid —*Poſt magna latere ſepulchra*). This ſpot Horace had probably occaſion to paſs in his way to the palace of Mæcenas.

(*l*) What Roſcius is meant in this paſſage does not appear. *Adeſſes* (the word in the Original) is generally explained by *Advocatus eſſes*. Yet there is no reaſon to think that Horace ever exerciſed the profeſſion of an Advocate. It might (as Baxter has obſerved) mean *as a Witneſs*, or poſſibly only that he would appear as one of his Partizans; for the Romans ſeem to have often attended their friends, who were parties in a Suit, to the Court, merely for the credit their countenance and ſupport could give.

(*m*) It has been inferred from this paſſage, and what is ſaid in the Life of Horace aſcribed to Suetonius, (which poſſibly is founded on this paſſage alone) that he had purchaſed the Place of a Scribe or *Clerk* in a publick Office, probably in that of the Revenue; which was under the direction of the Queſtors.

(*n*) Mæcenas never filled any public Office of *the State*. But he had occaſional Commiſſions to execute ſome part of the authority of Auguſtus. In particular he had the cuſtody of his Seal; an Inſtrument by which many powers and privileges were conferred.

(*o*) *Septimus*

(o) *Septimus, octavo propior*, is, I observe, understood by some of the Commentators to mean *nearly eight years*. The following explanation by the Delphin Editor seemed more consistent with the words of the Original:—"*Septimus hic annus prope est elapsus, et jam octavus agetur, ex quo, &c.*" It has been observed that this passage ascertains the time when this Satire was written to have been about the year of Rome 723.

(p) Gallina appears to have been a noted Thracian Gladiator. Syrus was either the name of another Gladiator, or of his country, Syria.

(q) The morning air being supposed to be most hurtful in Autumn, the Commentators conclude this Satire to have been written in that season. They forget that Horace is speaking of the time when he became acquainted with Mæcenas, or soon afterwards, not of the period when he was writing that Satire.

(r) Tennis, or a game somewhat like it, is here alluded to. In Sat. 5th of the first Book Mæcenas is described as playing at this game.

(s) The *Rostra* (for that is the term in the Original) were a species of Platform, ornamented with the beaks of vessels taken by the Romans from their enemies. From these, or rather from a Tribune elevated a little above them, the Magistrates, and all Candidates for great Offices, used to address the People. As the Forum, in which the Rostra were situated, was the great publick resort of the Romans, false rumours generally originated there.—*Dac.*

(t) The Dacians were a warlike nation beyond the Danube, inhabiting the country now called Moldavia, and seem not to have been compleatly conquered till the time of Trajan. At this

this time probably the Romans either were or expected to be, at war with the people of Dacia.

(*u*) At the close of the civil wars that had so long distracted and at length overturned the Roman Republick, the veteran Soldiers of the successful Party were rewarded by their Chief, Octavius Cæsar, with allotments of land, in Italy and the provinces, confiscated on account of the attachment of the owners to the vanquished faction, or sometimes seized without even that pretence. It was therefore matter of just anxiety at Rome, when any of these allotments was intended to be made, where it would fall, and consequently who were likely to be the sufferers.

(*w*) This expression is meant as a ridicule on Pythagoras; who not only forbad his Disciples to eat the flesh of any animal (supposing them all to be related to man) but extended his prohibition also to beans; which Horace therefore calls *his relations*.

(*x*) *Libatis dapibus* is by some supposed to mean the dishes of which himself and friends had first eaten. Others consider it as implying that these were viands, of which the *primitiæ* (or choicest pieces) had been offered to the Gods.

(*y*) The Romans, like us, had a President at their entertainments, who directed the mode of drinking, and was, like our Toastmasters, very arbitrary. He was called *Rex convivii* or *Arbiter bibendi*. See Notes on Ode 4. Book 1. and 7 Book 2. Horace, in his social parties at his Villa, had no such Office, or any formal rules of drinking.

(*z*) There is no mention elsewhere of this honest neighbour of Horace, who contributed his share to the "*Feast of reason and*

and the flow of ſoul." Neither are we informed who Arellius was.

(*aa*) Dr. Foſter uſed to ſay, Pope ſhould have imitated this fable in Heroic couplets of ten ſyllables, inſtead of concluding this Satire in the metre in which Swift had begun it. The concluſion indeed falls off very much from Swift's admirable beginning; and Pope would probably have ſucceeded far better in the metre to which he was accuſtomed and in which he ſo much excelled. Part of this Fable is, no doubt, told by Horace in mock heroick. But, upon the whole, it ſeems to ſuit with a ſhort and familiar meaſure. At all events a *Tranſlator* could not have changed his metre in the middle of a Satire.

(*bb*) The humour of Horace in making his City Mouſe an Epicurean Philoſopher, has been juſtly remarked by Dacier. It ſhews that, if he was an Epicurean, he could ridicule his own Sect when they perverted and miſapplied the principles of their Maſter.—"The Epicurean doctrine (Dr. Foſter obſerved) "prevailed at this period. He makes his Mouſe talk like a "fine gentleman of the time."—*MS.*

(*cc*) All this deſcription is manifeſtly mock Heroick in the Original.

(*dd*) Theſe ſeem to have been the coverings of couches on which the gueſts had reclined; in which article the Romans were very expenſive at their entertainments.

(*ee*) It ſeems doubtful whether Horace means here (as Baxter ſuppoſes) to ridicule perſons who gave very expenſive entertainments, by repreſenting their Slaves as ſecretly licking the choiceſt diſhes as they brought them in, or whether he means to expreſs the great attention of the Mouſe to his gueſt, in previ-

previouſly taſting the diſhes he ſet before him, as the Slaves of Princes and great men were uſed to do. In the former caſe, the common Reading (*prælambens*) ſhould be preſerved: in the latter, *prælibans* (the alteration propoſed by Bentley) ſeems to be neceſſary.

SATIRE

SATIRE VII.

One of his Slaves is introduced, who takes advantage of the liberty allowed at the Saturnalian Feaſts to ſtate and cenſure the vices of his Maſter.

HORACE AND DAVUS.

DAV.—GOOD Sir, your ſpeeches (*a*) long I've heard:—
Your ſlave would fain put in a word,
Yet fears—HOR.—What Davus? is it you?
DAV.—Yes, Sir, your Davus, good and true:
(*b*) Yet not of worth ſo rare and high,
That you need fear my death is nigh.
HOR.—Well: ſince our anceſtors decreed
This ſeaſon ſhould be free, proceed!—
DAV.—Some, to their darling vices true,
A firm determined courſe purſue:
Some fluctuate with a wavering will,
Now led by good, now prone to ill.
(*c*) Priſcus three rings would ſometimes wear,
Sometimes diſplay his left-hand bare;

So

So inconſiſtent, wild and ſtrange
That every hour (*d*) his robe he'd change;
Oft would he quit the nobleſt ſeats,
To hide himſelf in mean retreats,
Whence even a decent Freedman's face
Could ſcarce peep out without diſgrace.
(*e*) Rome and adultery now he'd chuſe,
Now Athens and the learned Muſe,
(*f*) Born when Vertumnus was averſe,
And marked by his peculiar curſe.
But (*g*) Volanerius, when the Gout
(Juſt fate!) had worn his fingers out,
Kept by him, at a daily price,
A ſlave to gather up the dice.
This ſteady conſtancy, though ſhewn
In folly and in vice alone,
Is yet leſs wretched than that wight
(*h*) Whoſe rope's now looſened, now drawn tight.
HOR.—Say, Hang-dog, ere the day ſhall end,
Whither theſe fuſty maxims tend!
DAV.—To you they point.—HOR.—How, rogue?
—DAV.—(*i*) You praiſe
The modes and ſtile of ancient days:
Yet ſhould ſome God that inſtant proffer
The wiſh'd-for change, you'd ſcorn his offer:

Whether that, ſearching your own breaſt,
You deem not what you praiſe the beſt,
Or want the firmneſs to purſue.
Thoſe maxims you approve as true,
And, wiſhing to be free in vain,
Still hampered in the mire remain.
At Rome the country you deſire,
But 'midſt the rural ſhades admire
The diſtant town, and fondly prize
It's joys, exalted to the ſkies.
To ſupper ſhould no friend invite you,
Oh, then plain wholeſome herbs delight you!
How happy that you need not roam
To drink and revel far from home!
As if the man who entertains
Muſt drag you to his houſe in chains.
But ſhould Mæcenas chance to ſend,
And bid you, though at night, attend,
" What, will none bring (*k*) the oil? no ſlave
" Hear me?"—'Tis thus you ſtorm and rave.
(*l*) Milvius, and your buffoons, depart,
Curſing in bitterneſs of heart.
" (*m*) I own (ſome folks perchance may ſay)
" I'm led by appetite aſtray;
" My noſtrils ſnuff a ſavoury feaſt.
" Call me weak, idle, drunken beaſt!

But

" But you, whoſe caſe is juſt the ſame,
" Nay worſe, dare you my failings blame,
" As if more wiſe? ſhall ſpecious art
" Gloſs o'er the vices of your heart?"
What, in worſe follies if you're caught
Than I, whom (*n*) ſome few drachmæ bought?—
Nay, ſcare me not with that fierce frown!
Keep, Sir, your hands and paſſion down;
Whilſt what (*o*) Criſpinus' porter late
Vouchſafed to teach, I boldly ſtate.
Compare the ſlave and Maſter's life:
You languiſh for your neighbour's wife:
Some ſtrolling girl my love may boaſt.
Pray, which deſerves the gallows moſt?
When fierce deſires my breaſt inflame,
A tranſient bliſs nor blaſts my fame,
Nor wounds my peace, leſt ſome rich heir
Or well-ſhaped youth ſeduce my Fair.
But when you caſt each badge of pride,
(*p*) Th' equeſtrian ring, the robe, aſide,
And, though a Judge of mighty Rome,
A ſlave or Dama's garb aſſume,
Diſguiſed to compaſs this vile ſcheme,
Say, are you not the wretch you ſeem?—
You even approach her with diſtruſt,
Trembling alike with fear and luſt.

But were you (*q*) bought and ſold to feel,
Like a poor ſlave, the laſh and ſteel,
Could you be worſe than when compreſt
And bent quite double in a cheſt,
Where ſome ſly maid has thruſt you in,
Accomplice of her Lady's ſin?
Might not the huſband of this dame
An equal right to vengeance claim
On both? or rather o'er your life,
Who baſely have ſeduced his wife.
For ſhe incurs not the diſgrace
Of mean diſguiſe, or change of place:
She fears her features to diſcover,
Nor fully truſts you, though her lover.
You wear, even of your own accord,
(*r*) The ſlave's vile yoke, and to a Lord,
Whom wrongs to fierce revenge inflame,
Commit your perſon, life and fame.
Well; you've eſcaped for once: beware!
And, warned, from crimes like theſe forbear.
Again to new alarms you run;
Again you haſte to be undone.
Ah willing ſlave! what beaſt that gains
It's freedom longs again for chains?
"(*s*) I'm no adulterer," you cry.
By the ſame rule, no thief am I,

When wiſely on the ſhelf I leave
The ſilver cup I long to thieve.
But take the curb of fear away,
Nature ſprings forth and graſps her prey.
Are you my maſter? you, whoſe ſoul
Such perſons and events controul;
Whoſe mind, bereft of ſelf-command,
Not even (*t*) the liberating wand,
Laid on your ſhoulders thrice, can free
From fear's oppreſſive tyranny.
(*u*) Add this, important as the reſt,
That, by whatever name expreſt,
(Whether the ſlave who ſerves another
Be deemed his deputy or brother)
There's but one ſtep 'twixt me and you.
Your orders I obey, 'tis true;
You what another's will requires,
A wretched puppet played by wires.
HOR.—Who then is free? —DAV.—(*w*) The wiſe alone,
Whoſe words, whoſe actions, are his own;
Whoſe courage braves the threaten'd pains
Of death, or poverty, or chains;
Who each deſire reſtrains and rules,
Scorns titles, the delight of fools,

Collected in his native force
Runs ſmoothly o'er his deſtined courſe,
Nor heeds what outward ills oppoſe,
And blunts misfortune's keeneſt blows.
But can you claim even one alone
Of theſe high virtues as your own?
(x) Five talents ſhould your nymph require,
She'll plague you if you dare deny her,
(y) Drive you in anger from her door,
Souſe you with water o'er and o'er,
Then her capricious doom revoke—
For ſhame! caſt off the ſlaviſh yoke,
Tell her you're free! aſſert, maintain
Your liberty! Alas, 'tis vain!
Paſſion, ſtern maſter of mankind,
Goads, turns and ſubjugates your mind.
Or, when in ſenſeleſs trance you view
Some picture (z) that famed Pauſias drew,
Why ſhould leſs blame on you alight
Than me, when I admire the fight
(aa) Of Gladiators ſtout and tall
Daubed with red ocre on ſome wall?
With out-ſtretch'd hams the champions ſtrive,
Strike, ward, and almoſt ſeem alive.
For this your Davus, your poor ſlave,
Is deemed a worthleſs loitering knave,

Whilſt

Whilſt all your nice diſcernment praiſe
In the famed arts of ancient days.
A rogue, a very wretch, I ſeem
Lured by a paſty's ſavoury ſteam.
Does then your high and mighty mind
Scorn feaſts luxurious and refined?
Think you intemperance hurts me moſt
Becauſe my back muſt pay the coſt?
Your gluttony's to you as dear;
The puniſhment no leſs ſevere.
(*bb*) Such feaſts, repeated every hour,
Muſt pall and turn the ſtomach ſour.
Then your weak limbs will ſtrive in vain
The pampered body to ſuſtain.
Your boy, ſhould he, for grapes, convey
A pilfered (*cc*) curricomb away,
Would you not cenſure as a knave?
But is the Maſter leſs a ſlave,
When at his appetite's command,
That tyrant Lord, he ſells his land?
Add this beſide: you've not the power
To live alone for one ſhort hour,
Nor know, whene'er you're unemployed,
How leiſure may be well enjoyed,
But, (*dd*) like a wandering exile, try
For ever from yourſelf to fly,

Now ſtriving in full bowls to ſteep,
Now to beguile your care by ſleep;
In vain: for fly where'er you will,
The fiend purſues and haunts you ſtill.
HOR.—Here, fetch a ſtone!—DAV.—Why? what's my crime?
HOR.—A dart?—DAV.—(*ee*) He's mad, or making rhyme.
HOR.—Fly hence, thou rude preſumptuous knave!
Fly! (*ff*) or I'll ſend thee, the ninth ſlave,
In Sabine fields to turn the ſoil,
Doomed to ſevereſt ruſtick toil.

NOTES ON SATIRE VII.

IN this Satire (one of the moſt uniformly ſpirited of our Poet) there appears to be an intention, ſomewhat like that in the 3d, to ridicule the Stoicks, by putting their doctrines into the mouth of a raſcally Slave, and yet to impreſs thoſe doctrines by ſtriking and juſt applications. The Reader hardly need be told that during the Feaſt of the Saturnalia which began on the 16th or 17th of December, and laſted three (or as ſome ſay ſeven) days, the Slaves of the Romans were deemed equal to their Maſters, and had the liberty of ſaying almoſt any thing they choſe. Horace takes occaſion from this to introduce one of his ſlaves preaching morality, and reproaching him with ſome of the vices of thoſe times. We muſt not ſuppoſe him to mean he was actually guilty of half what is imputed to him. Indeed Davus admits the contrary. But theſe vices are meant

to

to be reprobated as frequent vices of the age: and the Poet, to anticipate the retort that might be made on him, admits at leaſt his *inclination* to ſome of them.

Pitt has imitated this Satire in a neat and humorous Dialogue with his Servant. But the want of a cuſtom correſponding with the *Saturnalia* of the Romans, makes it far leſs natural and probable than this converſation between Horace and Davus.

(*a*) Dr. Bentley ſuppoſes Davus to allude to the laſt Satire, and that this is a continuation of it.

(*b*) There can ſcarcely, I conceive, be a doubt but that this paſſage refers to the notion ſo prevalent both in ancient and modern times, that perſons of the moſt promiſing talents and perfect virtue are the ſhorteſt lived; according to the line—*Optima prima ferè manibus rapiuntur avaris.*

(*c*) The ring was a frequent ornament.—Juvenal mentions it—*Ventilat æſtivum digitis ſudantibus aurum.*

(*d*) The word in the Original *clavus* is conſtrued by the Scholiaſt, Baxter and others, to mean not his *robe*, but his *mode of life*. Geſner ſeems to agree to the literal ſenſe, as adopted in this Tranſlation, but thinks it may be alſo underſtood as a metaphor.

(*e*) The implication that Rome was the fitteſt place for an Adulterer, conveys, as has been obſerved, a keen Satire on the profligate manners of the Capital.

(*f*) Vertumnus was the God who preſided over all the changes of Nature. As he was adored under many different forms, Horace (in the Original) ſpeaks in the plural number.

Being

Being the God of change, thoſe whoſe nature was changeable and capricious were ſaid to have been born under his curſe.—*Schol. Cruq. Dac. &c.*

(*g*) In the Original Volanerius is called *Scurra*; which is uſually tranſlated *a Buffoon*, but ſeems to have a more extenſive ſenſe, and to mean a man who lives upon the Publick.

(*h*) This metaphor is ſuppoſed to allude to a wild beaſt in chains, who ſometimes draws it's chain tight, and ſometimes relaxes it. But it rather ſeems to advert to a man working with a rope at ſome engine, or drawing ſome weight; who, from idleneſs or caprice, ſometimes lets the rope get too looſe, and ſometimes ſtrains it tighter than is neceſſary, inſtead of working in an even ſteady manner. See the Notes on Ode 10. Book 3. where perhaps ſomething of a ſimilar kind is alluded to.

(*i*) Horace does this in many paſſages of his Odes and ſome of the Satires. An occaſionally diſcontented and changeable diſpoſition is alſo avowed in the Epiſtle to Celſus (Epiſt. 8. Book 1.) and in that to Vala. (Epiſt. 15. Book 1.)

(*k*) The old Scholiaſt and Cruquius tell us that Horace calls for oil, in order to anoint himſelf before he goes out to ſupper, as was the cuſtom of the Romans. Baxter thinks he means oil for the lamps, with which he was to be lighted on his way; as there muſt have been ſufficient accommodations for bathing and oiling at the houſe of Mæcenas. The former opinion, however, ſeems the moſt probable.

(*l*) Some read Mulvius; which is immaterial, as the perſon is unknown. The tranſlation follows the moſt common opinion that theſe Buffoons were waiting to get a ſupper with Horace; though

though there is another notion, that they expected to ſup with Mæcenas, had not Horace been invited.

(*m*) Bentley and Geſner ſuppoſe the firſt part of this ſpeech to come from Milvius. Yet, as Davus ſpeaks again ſo ſoon in his own perſon, it is better perhaps to conſtrue *ille* as *ſome* or *any perſon*.

(*n*) The Drachm (a Greek coin) was worth from 7 to 8 pence of our money. Davus ſays he was purchaſed for five hundred Drachmæ; which would, conſequently, make about 16l. This ſeems to have been a very low price for a Slave.

(*o*) The arch ridicule contained in this paſſage has been juſtly admired. Criſpinus is repreſented, in ſeveral paſſages, as a trifling contemptible Philoſopher and Poet, and even as an *attendant* on a poor Stoick Philoſopher. His *porter* therefore, from whom Davus had learnt his leſſon, muſt have been one of the loweſt of human beings; which, of courſe, weakens the attack on Horace, as coming from the ſervant of a contemptible fellow, who was his enemy. Geſner has, however, juſtly obſerved (what has been already noticed) that theſe reproaches, though *addreſſed* to Horace, are meant as a general declamation againſt the adulterers and debauchees of the time.

(*p*) It is ſuppoſed that Horace had received from Auguſtus the privilege of wearing the ring, which was the badge of Roman Knights, and conſequently of ranking amongſt them. —*Dac. Delph.*—The Judges were ſelected (in part at leaſt) from amongſt the Knights. It is therefore that Davus, if he means any application of this to his Maſter, calls him a Judge, not that Horace appears ever to have acted as ſuch.

(*q*) This

(*q*) This paſſage (expreſſed in technical words that cannot be rendered into Engliſh) alludes to the terms of the contract when a Slave was ſold to be a Gladiator, or when any unfortunate man (as ſeems to have been ſometimes the caſe) ſold himſelf for that purpoſe.

(*r*) The Furca, or Yoke, appears to have been put on the neck of Slaves as a puniſhment for any offence. By ſome it is ſaid to have been a gallows, which they carried as a mark of diſgrace. The application appears ſufficiently obvious.

(*s*) Here, it is to be obſerved, Davus acquits his Maſter of any *fact*, but takes upon himſelf to cenſure his inclinations and diſpoſition: ſo that Horace, whilſt he clears himſelf of any actual vice, inſinuates an important moral, that even the internal affections and wiſhes ſhould be regulated and controuled.

(*t*) When a Slave was manumitted by his Maſter in his lifetime, (for a manumiſſion by the laſt Will does not ſeem to have required that ceremony) he was brought to the Prætor, who laid a kind of rod, or wand, on his head, and by this act made him free.

(*u*) The drift of this paſſage may be eaſily underſtood; though the terms in the Original apply peculiarly to the ſtate of ſervitude among the Romans; there being, in all families which had many ſlaves, gradations of rank amongſt them. Davus therefore ſays, "Call me your *Deputy*, or your *Fellow* "*Servant*, whichever you will, we are both equally Slaves. "I obey you, whilſt you obey your paſſions."

(*w*) The Stoick doctrine of *Self-command* was never perhaps ſo well expreſſed as it is here in the Original; which confirms the

the opinion that although the *manners* and *cuſtoms* of the Stoicks are here ridiculed, their principles are ſeriouſly enforced.

(*x*) Five Talents make 937l. 10s. of our money, reckoning the Talent at 187l. 10s.

(*y*) This paſſage is ſomewhat ſimilar to that in Sat. 3. (*Excluſit, revocat, redeam, &c.*) which is copied from the Eunuch of Terence.

(*z*) Pauſias was a celebrated Painter of Sicyon in Greece, and contemporary with Apelles. He was deemed particularly excellent in painting flowers.

(*aa*) Three Gladiators are named in the Original. *Nil admirari* (the maxim with the 6th Epiſtle begins) was, Dr. Foſter obſerved, one of the Stoick doctrines.—*MS.*

(*bb*) See a ſimilar deſcription of the effects of intemperance in Sat. 2. of this Book, v. 75, &c. of the Original.

(*cc*) The inſtrument named in the Original, though called in the tranſlation a Curricomb (for want of a better term) was a ſort of *Scraper* uſed by the Romans to clean themſelves at the Baths.—*Schol. Dac. Delph.*

(*dd*) This paſſage is very like that in Ode 16. Book 2.

——— Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?
Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura, &c.

(*ee*) The

(*ee*) The abrupt concluſion of this Satire reminds us (like ſome other paſſages) of the 3d Satire of this Book, but is more ſpirited. Here alſo Horace is reproached for making verſes, and breaks off the Dialogue ſuddenly, either wearied with the Stoick arguments, or feeling the attack too perſonal.

(*ff*) This threat was probably a very ſerious one. The Romans employed the loweſt of their Slaves in huſbandry, and often chained them. They appear to have fared worſe in every reſpect than the houſehold ſlaves.

SATIRE VIII.

He ridicules a ſupper given by Naſidienus for its inelegant luxury.

DIALOGUE.

HORACE AND FUNDANIUS, A COMICK POET.

HOR.—HOW pleaſed your ſupper with the (*a*) bleſt
(*b*) Naſidienus, when his gueſt?
I ſought you to partake my fare,
But heard you drank and revelled there
Even (*c*) from mid-day. — FUND.—The ſport was ſuch,
I ne'er enjoyed myſelf ſo much.
HOR.—What firſt produced he to aſſuage
Your appetite's devouring rage?
FUND.—Firſt a Lucanian boar was brought:
'Twas in a (*d*) genial ſouth wind caught:
So ſaid our Hoſt. Around were placed
Lettuce and roots of pungent taſte,

Such as the jaded ſtomach pleaſe,
With parſnips, pickles, Coan lees:
This diſh removed, (*e*) a ſlave in haſte
Tuck'd up his garments to the waiſt,
And a fine purple napkin bore
To wipe the maple table o'er.
A ſecond gathered every cruſt
And uſeleſs ſcrap that might diſguſt.
(*f*) Next the black ſlave, Hydaſpes, ſtalks,
And, as the Athenian Virgin walks
With ſacred gifts to Ceres' ſhrine,
Bears on his head Cæcubian wine.
Next Alcon, of the attendant train,
Brought (*g*) Chian that ne'er croſſed the main.
" Should Alban or Falernian pleaſe
" Your taſte, Mæcenas, more than theſe,
" They're at your ſervice;" ſaid our Hoſt.
HOR. — (*h*) What wretched wealth! how vain a boaſt!
But ſay, what other gueſts were there,
Fundanius, theſe delights to ſhare?
FUND.—Thus then had he arranged each gueſt:
(*i*) Myſelf, and next me (*k*) Viſcus, preſs'd
The upper couch; near us reclined
Varius, if naught eſcape my mind.

(*l*) Vibidius

(*l*) Vibidius the next ſeat aſcends
With Balatro, whom as his friends
Mæcenas brought; then (*m*) Nomentanus
Sat by our Hoſt, to entertain us;
Next Portius, a diverting droll,
Who ſwallowed cakes and puddings whole:
But Nomentanus could diſplay
All dainties which unheeded lay.
For we, a wretched ſtupid herd,
Ate many a fiſh and many a bird,
Nor could diſcern their taſte refined,
But deemed them of the uſual kind.
This ſoon appeared: a curious diſh
He reached me, (*n*) the inſide of fiſh;
A dainty I ne'er tried before,
Then taught me this important lore;
That honey-apples look more fine
If gathered at the moon's (*o*) decline.
All theſe diſtinctions to diſcern
From his own lips you beſt may learn.
Vibidius then: "(*p*) *Let's drink him dry,*
"*And take ſome vengeance ere we die:*"
Then calls for cups of larger ſize.
A deadly pale began to riſe,
And ſoon our Landlord's face o'erſpread.
Hard drinkers are his greateſt dread:

Whether becauſe they freely looſe
Their tongues to unreſerved abuſe;
Or that the taſte, though e'er ſo fine,
Is deadened by ſtrong draughts of wine.
With Balatro Vibidius fills
Large draughts, and in a moment ſwills.
We follow: (q) neither of the gueſts
On the laſt couch the flaſk moleſts.
Next, on a mighty diſh ſtretch'd out,
A lamprey comes: prawns ſwim about.
"(r) This," ſays our Hoſt, "with young was caught;
"For afterwards her fleſh is naught.
"The ſauce to theſe is formed of oil,
"Firſt crop of rich Venafrum's ſoil,
"And ſavoury pickle, made from juice
"Which the Iberian fiſh produce,
"With wine that five years keeping knew,
"But on this ſide the ocean grew.
"(This whilſt 'tis dreſſing, but when dreſt
"Then Chian ſuits it far the beſt)
"With theſe white pepper I combine,
"And vinegar from Leſbian wine.
"Rockets and roots of bitter zeſt
"I firſt with oil of ſhell-fiſh dreſs'd.
"But wiſe Curtillus taught the uſe
"Of urchins in their native juice."

(q) But

(s) But now with dire terrifick fall
The canopy alarms us all;
While, borne by it's reſiſtleſs force,
Clouds of black duſt attend it's courſe,
Thick as, when ſouthern tempeſts riſe,
O'er Capuan fields the whirlwind flies.
We, who at firſt feared ſomething more,
Reſume our ſeats, the fright once o'er.
But (t) Rufus ſtrove his face to hide
Weeping, as if his child had died,
Till Nomentanus tried to end
This ſcene, and thus conſoled his friend:
" Oh Fortune! of the Powers divine
" What cruelty can match with thine?
" To thee, whoſe ſport is human woe,
" To thee this dire miſchance we owe."
Varius from laughter unreſtrained
Scarce, with a napkin's aid, refrained.
Then Balatro, whoſe ſneering jokes
Each little circumſtance provokes,
Cries, " ſuch is life, 'twere vain to claim
" For generous toils the meed of fame.
" Muſt you be racked with anxious care
" That I, your gueſt, may richly fare?
" Diſtracted with inceſſant dread
" Leſt ſauce ill made, or half-burnt bread,

" Diſgrace your board, leſt any ſlave
" Offend in dreſs, or ill behave?
" Add theſe miſhaps: what juſt we've known,
" The wide-ſpread canopy o'erthrown,
" Or diſhes broken, when ſome clown,
" (*u*) Your groom perhaps, falls headlong down.
" But, as in adverſe fortune's courſe
" A Chief diſplays his mind's reſource,
" So, though in proſperous times 'tis loſt,
" A Landlord's genius ſhines when croſſed."
" (*w*) For this, Naſidienus cries,
" May all your prayers aſcend the ſkies!
" May you in every wiſh be bleſt!
" So good a man, ſo kind a gueſt:"
Then (*x*) calls for ſlippers.—Whiſpers ran
O'er every couch from man to man.
No publick ſhew has e'er delighted
My fancy more.—Hor.—What next excited
Your laughter?—Fund.—Whilſt Vibidius aſks
The ſlaves around if all the flaſks
Were broken? ſince, though oft deſired,
They bring him not the wine required,
And whilſt, on feign'd pretexts, we ſport
And laugh, with Balatro's ſupport,
Naſidienus takes his place
Returning with a brighter face;

As one who, by a lucky thought,
Repairs the ills mischance had wrought.
On a huge dish his slaves behind
Support a crane, whose limbs (disjoined)
With salt and flour were overspread;
A gander's liver richly fed,
With figs; (y) hare's shoulders, far more sweet
Than such as with the loins you eat,
Blackbirds, with breasts half burnt, he brings,
And pigeons without rumps:—good things,
Did not their owner in a speech
Recount the properties of each;
From whom in a revengeful fit
We fled, and scorned to taste a bit;
As if the hag Canidia's breath,
With baneful pestilence and death
As Africk's poisonous snakes replete,
Had spread infection o'er the meat.

NOTES ON SATIRE VIII.

FUNDANIUS (the principal speaker in this Dialogue) was one of the Wits of the age, and well known for his Comedies; which are highly commended in the 10th Satire of the former Book. He is on that account properly chosen to relate the circumstances of this ridiculous entertainment. It is generally considered as the description of a Miser's feast. But I cannot help inclining to the opinion of those who think the character

of Naſidienus (as it appears here) is marked only by falſe pretenſions to taſte, and a vulgar oſtentation of the profuſe but ill ſerved delicacies which his wealth procured him. Mæcenas ſeems to have accepted his invitation merely to laugh at his abſurdity, and to have brought with him a ſet of Wits thoroughly diſpoſed to ſecond his inclination.

(*a*) The epithet in the Original (*beati*) ſignifies either *bleſt* or *rich*. Here, perhaps, as has been obſerved, it is uſed ironically; as Naſidienus, knowing ſo little how to uſe his riches, could only be ſaid to be bleſt with them in his own conceit.

(*b*) His name was alſo Rufus; as appears by a ſubſequent paſſage.

(*c*) The Roman Supper, which was their principal meal, uſually began in the evening. But it appears that entertainments at which they meant to ſit long, were, on that account, fixed for an early hour, not, like ours, protracted to a late one. In the firſt Ode Horace ſays, of a man fond of drinking, that he loves *partem ſolido demere de die*.

(*d*) This ſeems to imply that it ſtunk, and that Naſidienus endeavoured to turn a fault into a merit. In Satire 2d, Book 2d, Horace intreats the South winds to *dreſs*, or *ſeaſon* the favourite diſh of a Glutton.

(*e*) The ridicule in this deſcription cannot be ſo ſtrongly felt by us as by Horace's contemporaries, to whom the moſt minute of the Roman cuſtoms was familiar. For inſtance we know (as I imagine) ſolely from what is ſaid here, that it was unuſual for Slaves at an entertainment to be *alte cinctî*, "with their garments tuck'd up." Yet this ſeems to be mentioned as a ridiculous circumſtance. It is not even quite certain whether the wood called by the Romans *acernum* (which is tranſlated

tranſlated maple) was of a common or precious kind; though I conceive the former, and that the ridicule conſiſts in their wiping ſuch a table with a fine purple napkin. What impropriety there was in another Slave's gathering up the ſcattered morſels does not appear. Dacier thinks it a proof of the avarice of Naſidienus.

(*f*) The ſlow pace of the Prieſteſs of Ceres, who carried a baſket on her head, was proverbial. *Baxt.* See alſo what is ſaid reſpecting the Prieſt of Juno. Sat. 3. Book 1.

(*g*) There are two explications of the words of this paſſage (*Chium maris expers*) the one that Naſidienus had not mix'd his Chian wine with ſea water, as was the cuſtom, in order to make it more wholeſome; the other (which is adopted here though with ſome heſitation) that it was not really Chian, but ſome home-made wine, given to the gueſts as Chian by their Landlord; who poſſibly, from his ignorance of good living, might have been deceived himſelf.

(*h*) Theſe words are put by ſome into the mouth of Naſidienus, as ſpeaking of his Alban and Falernian wine as nothing in compariſon of his Cæcuban and pretended Chian. But they appear (as Dr. Foſter obſerved) more likely to be ſpoken by Horace, being a natural reflection of the Poet upon what Fundanius has related.

(*i*) In Sanadon's Horace the Triclinium of Naſidienus is repreſented by a print, which makes the form of the table like the half of an oval. The three couches, with three perſons on each, are placed round the oval part, and the remainder is left open for the Slaves to remove the diſhes. Each perſon is numbered and referred to at the bottom of the print. Francis has a ſimilar print in his Edition. It ſhould have been

inſerted here; but that, however ingenious, it appears to reſt on mere conjecture.

(*k*) In the Original *Viſcus Thurinus*, to diſtinguiſh him from the other Viſcus; there being two of that name who were intimate friends of Horace.

(*l*) Neither Vibidius nor Servilius Balatro are known in hiſtory. By their activity in ridiculing their hoſt we may gueſs how Mæcenas was diſpoſed, though he is not repreſented as taking any active part himſelf. In the original they are called his *Umbræ*; which means perſons not invited by the Maſter of the feaſt, but brought by one of his gueſts.

(*m*) Nomentanus is mentioned in other paſſages of the Satires (Sat. 8th of Book 1. 1ſt of Book 2d and 3d of Book 2.) but in thoſe places he is ſtigmatized as a Prodigal. Here he is deſcribed as a Paraſite, having probably been reduced to poverty by his extravagance. Porcius ſeems to have been a Buffoon of the loweſt kind.

(*n*) In the Original the fiſh are mentioned, viz. *Plaiſe* and *Turbot*.

(*o*) Dacier ſeems to be right in conſtruing *minorem ad lunam*, "at the *decreaſe* of the moon;" though the Scholiaſt, Cruquius, and Baxter, all take it to mean the *increaſe*.

(*p*) This ſeems at firſt as if they thought Naſidienus grudged his wine. But the two reaſons immediately given why hard drinkers were dreaded by him, ſeem to prove he was not a Miſer, but a vulgar and abſurd pretender to taſte in eating.

(*q*) For a manifeſt reaſon. They would not encourage what was diſagreeable to their Patron.

(*r*) The

(*r*) The ridicule on Naſidienus here ſeems to be nearly the ſame as on Catius in Sat. 4th. His rules of eating are ludicrouſly minute, and perhaps, to real Connoiſſeurs in Roman luxury, appeared totally falſe.

(*s*) The ſtile and rhythm of theſe lines in the Original ſhew them to be mock-heroick; which is attempted to be imitated in the Tranſlation.

(*t*) The other name for Naſidienus. The ſerious endeavours of Nomentanus to conſole him, contraſted with the ironical compliments of Balatro, form the moſt dramatick and entertaining part of this Satire.

(*u*) Theſe inſtances ſeem not to furniſh any proof of avarice in Naſidienus, but of want of taſte and judgment in arranging an entertainment.

(*w*) Nothing could ſo effectually compleat the ridicule of this paſſage as Naſidienus taking the ſpeech of Balatro, ſo manifeſtly ironical, as a ſerious ſpeech of condolance.

(*x*) This implies that he roſe from his couch; as the Romans took off their ſlippers when they reclined on their couches to eat, and put them on again when they roſe from table.

(*y*) Naſidienus adopts the rule of Catius,—*Fœcundæ leporis ſapiens ſectabitur armos*, but carries it ſtill farther, by not allowing the loins of a hare to be even *dreſs'd* with the ſhoulders. In both paſſages the rule ſeems to be given as a proof of bad taſte.

(*z*) Horace takes every opportunity of expreſſing his deteſtation of Canidia. Probably there were ſome circumſtances in her ſtory beſides thoſe which appear in his writings.

THE

THE
EPISTLES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

BOOK I

EPISTLES OF HORACE

THE EPISTLES, &c.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

To Mæcenas.

He profeſſes to have relinquiſhed Poetry for Philoſophy, ſtates the advantage of philoſophical ſtudies, and cenſures the falſe eſtimation men form of riches and honours, and their inconſtancy.

THOU (*a*), who inſpired my earlieſt ſong,
To whom my lateſt ſtrains belong,
(*b*) Mæcenas, ſeek'ſt thou to engage
In it's old ſports my peaceful age,
Ev'n now, when all my trials paſt,
The (*c*) *wand* has made me free at laſt?
May I not ſome indulgence claim,
My years, my mind, no more the ſame?

Veianius, whilſt his arms remain
(*d*) A trophy at Alcides' fane,
At his ſnug farm delights to lie
Concealed, and ſhuns the publick eye,
Leſt, at the ring's extremeſt ſpace,
(*e*) Again he aſk the people's grace.
With ſounds impreſſive, frequent, clear,
(*f*) A warning voice aſſails mine ear:
"Be wiſe at laſt! (*g*) your ſteed releaſe
"From the ſwift car, as years increaſe;
"Leſt in the race he lag behind
"With faultering limbs and broken wind."
Now then the verſes, late my pride,
And ſuch light ſports I caſt aſide,
(*h*) And my whole mind henceforth apply
To learn where truth and virtue lie.
With care I gather up and treaſure
The ſtores I may expend at pleaſure.
But ſhould you aſk, (*i*) what leader's rules
I follow? which my favourite ſchools?—
To none I'm ſlaviſhly reſigned,
But rove, inconſtant as the wind.
(*k*) Now, fondly bent on active life,
Plunge in the waves of civil ſtrife,
Attached to publick virtue's cauſe,
And faithful guardian of her laws:

Now

Now ſoftly, from this rugged guide,
To Ariſtippus' precepts glide;
Nor bend as circumſtances ſway,
But make each circumſtance obey.
(*l*) Long as the night, when pines in vain
For his falſe Fair th' expectant ſwain;
Tardy, as creeps the lingering day
To workmen who have had their pay;
Or, if his guardian proves ſevere,
Tedious as drags the minor's year,
Such is my courſe: dull, heavy, ſlow,
To my vex'd mind the moments flow,
Whilſt ſtill it hopes, and ſtill intends
To do what rich and poor amends
Alike; what, failing to purſue,
Young men and old alike ſhall rue.
By theſe firſt principles my ways
I'll guide, and cheer my lateſt days.
If nature the rare gift refuſe
To ken as far as (*m*) Lynceus views,
Would you the uſeful aid deſpiſe
Of ointment for diſordered eyes?
Or would you not, becauſe leſs ſtout
Than (*n*) Glyco, keep away the gout?
'Tis ſome advantage, at the worſt,
To get thus far, though not the firſt.

Does

Does av'rice, or ſome fierce deſire,
Your breaſt with reſtleſs torment fire?
(o) Some myſtick words your pain may eaſe,
And baniſh much of the diſeaſe.
Or does your ſwelling boſom own
Ambition?—thus the crime atone:
One little book, if thrice read o'er,
Shall ſoon relieve you, and reſtore.
For none ſo envious, ſlothful, wild
With rage, by wine or love beguiled,
But grows more gentle, if he hear
True learning's voice with patient ear.
In ſhunning vice ſome virtue lies:
Who caſts off folly ſoon grows wiſe.
With what enduring anxious ſtrife
(p) You fly thoſe fancied ills of life,
A ſmall eſtate, and the diſgrace
Of vainly ſuing for a place!
A fearleſs merchant, you explore
For wealth remoteſt India's ſhore,
And, leſt dire want o'ertake you, brave
Rocks, flames and the devouring wave.
But will you not the worth inquire
Of what you fooliſhly admire?
And learn to ſcorn this paltry pelf
From men far wiſer than yourſelf?

What

What common boxer, who his feats
Diſplays in villages and ſtreets,
Would ſcorn the ſplendid high renown
Of thoſe who gain the Olympick crown,
Could he to ſuch diſtinction riſe,
And (q) without toil enjoy the prize?
Silver in leſs eſteem I hold,
But prize fair virtue more than gold.
" *Wealth, citizens, let wealth be gained!*
" *Seek virtue when dear gold's obtained.*"
This lore (the favourite theme of all)
Reſounds through (r) Janus' buſy hall;
Young men and old repeat this rule;
(s) Nay boys are taught it whilſt at ſchool.
You've ſenſe, good morals, honour clear,
A fluent tongue, a heart ſincere,
Yet want (t) the ſum that rank and place
Confers,—you're a plebeian baſe.
Now boys in ſport this maxim ſing:
" (u) *Do right, and you ſhall be a King!*
" *Be this your tower, your firm defence;*
" *Undaunted, conſcious innocence!*"
Decide, I pray you, which is wrong,
(w) The Roſcian Law, or School-boy's ſong;
That ſong which promiſes a throne
To great and virtuous deeds alone;

Whoſe lore, with manly freedom fraught,
(x) The Curii and Camilli taught.
Does he adviſe you beſt, who ſays,
Get money, Friend, by honeſt ways,
If poſſible; but if that plan
Should fail, get money as you can,
(y) That you may gain a nearer view
Of the ſad ſcenes that Pupius drew?
Or he, whoſe counſels arm your ſoul
'Gainſt fortune's inſolent controul,
To virtue prompt, to freedom guide,
And fire the heart with generous pride?
But ſhould Rome aſk, why one, who loves
It's porticos and publick groves,
Rejects contemptuous the dominion
Of publick judgment and opinion,
Nor follows what itſelf admires,
Nor hates whate'er it's hate inſpires,
(z) I'd anſwer what the fox once ſaid
To the old lion ſick in bed:
"I'm frightened, Sir, that every track
"Points tow'rds your den, but none turns back."
(aa) The town itſelf, to ſay the leaſt,
Is but a many-headed beaſt.
What ſhall I follow then? or whom?
(bb) Some farm the taxes paid by Rome;

(cc) Some

(*cc*) Some with the choiceſt dainties part
To buy a greedy widow's heart,
Or angle with ſome favourite diſh
For aged dotards, as for fiſh:
Some practiſe uſury by ſtealth,
And thus increaſe their ill got wealth.
Grant then that various taſtes we find;
That each man's of a different mind:
How oft has that ſame man the power
To keep his mind, though but an hour?
"Naught vies," ſhould ſome rich fool declare,
"With (*dd*) far-famed Baiæ's genial air,"
The lake, nay ocean's ſelf, ſhall prove
This eager Lord's oppreſſive love.
But ſhould the power that guides him ſtill,
Capricious fancy, change his will,
"Quick, with your tools, ye builders, fly!
"To-morrow to (*ee*) Teanum hie!"
If at his houſe he own a wife,
"How bleſt (he cries) is ſingle life!"
But if unmarried, he'll proteſt
A huſband's lot alone is bleſt.
With what ſtrong chain can I o'erpower
This Proteus, changing every hour?
What ſays the Poor? Now laugh your fill!
He ſhifts, ſo varying is his will,

His ſupping, ſleeping, bathing place,
Nay even the ſhaver of his face:
(*ff*) He'll hire a boat, and play the trick
Of ſeeming, like the rich, ſea ſick.
(*gg*) If, through the barber's want of care,
You ſee me with uneven hair,
You laugh; or if my ſhirt you view
Thread-bare beneath a veſt that's new.
You laugh too, if by chance my gown
Hang awkward and unſeemly down.
(*hh*) What, if in ſentiments and life
I'm ever with myſelf at ſtrife?
Spurn what I longed for, when obtained,
Return to what I late diſdained?
If, in a conſtant ebb or flow,
My mind no ſettled purpoſe know,
Deſtroy, build caſtles in the air,
Now love the round, and now the ſquare?
All this you little heed, and find
My madneſs of the uſual kind;
Nor laugh, nor deem in that condition
I need a keeper or phyſician:
Yet, when at ſome unlucky time
My nail's ill cut, 'tis deemed a crime
By you, the kind protecting friend
Whom I revere, on whom depend.

In

In ſhort, by every proof 'tis ſhewn,
The wiſe man yields to Jove alone;
In riches, freedom, beauty, worth,
Above the mightieſt kings on earth.
Nay, of ſound mind, and ſelf poſſeſt;
(*ii*) Save where a cough and phlegm moleſt.

NOTES ON EPISTLE I.

THE Epiſtles of Horace have the ſame general caſt of ſtile as the Satires; though the conſtruction is, for the moſt part, eaſier, and the verſification more fluent. Many of them are likewiſe upon ſimilar topicks, relating chiefly either to the manners or morals of the age. In this firſt, after an apology to Mæcenas for his diſinclination to write, on account of his age and determination to apply chiefly to philoſophy, he deſcants on the various purſuits of life, cenſuring alike the man of buſineſs for his avarice, and the man of pleaſure for his extravagance and caprice.

Pope has imitated this Epiſtle with his uſual ſpirit and elegance.

(*a*) So Virgil (Ecl. 8. v. 11.) "*A te principium, tibi deſinet.*"

(*b*) Profeſſor Wielan, in a long Note on this paſſage, takes pains to ſhew that the common opinion of Mæcenas is ill-founded, and that he has obtained far more credit for his protection of men of genius than he deſerved. His arguments, which are very ingenious, are too long to be inſerted here.—

Yet one affectionate expreſſion of Horace towards his great Friend will ſurely outweigh with poſterity a thouſand arguments of his Criticks and Commentators, and the benefactor who foſtered ſuch talents will hold the next place in fame with the poſſeſſor of them. That Mæcenas had ſome failings, may be readily allowed, and that he owed a part of his celebrity to good fortune. But it ſurely cannot be doubted that the man, whoſe counſels (as Wielan admits) chiefly ſupported the young Octavius through the difficult part he had to act, poſſeſſed talents far above the common level of mankind. Nor does the protection he afforded to men of genius (though ariſing in part perhaps from motives of policy) appear, like the conduct of many a modern Mæcenas, to have been blended with oſtentation. He was leſs the *Patron* of Virgil and Horace than their *companion* and *friend*; and the latter often expreſſes himſelf reſpecting him in terms which could ſcarcely have been ſuggeſted by pecuniary favours alone.

(*c*) It ſeems probable that the friends of our Poet took occaſion, from the ſucceſs of his Odes, Epodes and Satires, to make claims upon his Muſe, and to expect greater things of her than he felt either call or inclination to comply with. Perhaps it was then, as well as ſince, thought to be paying a compliment to Poets, who had the happineſs or misfortune to pleaſe, however much they might have written, never to be ſatisfied, but to be always requiring more: a kind of compliment by which the Author is given to underſtand, though in a civil way, that he is but a vaſſal of the Publick: ſomewhat like the *Gladiators* at Rome; who were looked upon as a ſet of people, who, for their petty ſhare in the four elements, could never ſufficiently labour for the pleaſure of the indolent part of the world.—Horace, in the exordium of this Epiſtle, ſeems to amuſe himſelf with the humiliating compariſon; but turns it immediately to his advantage, maintaining that

that he is of an age to pretend to the privilege of Gladiators; who, when they had ſerved the term preſcribed, were preſented with the ſtick of diſmiſſion.—*Wielan.*

(*d*) With the Antients every Profeſſion was aſſigned it's tutelar Deity; and he who had exerciſed an art with reputation, hung up the implements of it in ſome temple of the guardian God. That the Gladiators were under the patronage of Hercules, as Turnebus imagines, is perhaps not demonſtrable. At leaſt this deified *Athlete* was ſufficiently qualified for that purpoſe; or Veianius might have choſen him for his particular patron, and conſecrated to him his ſword; as the Lais of the Poet Plato, in the *Anthologia*, devotes her looking-glaſs to the Goddeſs of Love. *Ib.* See alſo Ode 23, Lib. 3. and the Notes thereon.

(*e*) It has been doubted whether the expreſſions in the Original (*Ne populum extremâ toties exoret armâ*) mean, that Veianius had often been obliged to beg his *life* of the people (as the Gladiators when vanquiſhed were obliged to do) or that he had only begged his *diſmiſſion*. The latter (which is the opinion of the old Scholiaſts, Acron and Porphiry) ſeems far the moſt probable; for if he had often been vanquiſhed, he muſt have been (as indeed the ſupporters of the other interpretation contend) a *bad* Gladiator. Why then ſhould he be afraid of being forced from his retirement to combat again? This opinion is ſupported by Torrentius, Dacier, and Wielan. We may add that Horace, after all the praiſes his Poetry had received, would hardly compare himſelf to a *bad* Gladiator.

(*f*) Horace is ſuppoſed to allude here to the notion of Socrates that he had a Dæmon within, who gave him advice on all occaſions. Perhaps however he means only to ſpeak generally of

the internal monitor which every man has in his own reflection. He very probably had in view the paſſage which is cited from Herodotus, wherein (ſpeaking of the *Deus in Nobis*) he ſays, εν ωσι των ανθρωπων οικεει. "*It has it's ſeat in the ears of men.*" The epithet *purgatam* could not, I conceive, be tranſlated by any epithet that would give it's exact meaning; which is generally thought to be, "*cleared from all imperfections.*"

(*g*) The compariſon here of his Muſe to a Courſer grown old and leſs fit for the chariot race, is obvious. He is ſuppoſed to have in view two lines of Ennius, to the ſame effect, quoted in Cicero de Senectute, c. 5.—*Lamb. Delph. Bax.*

(*h*) We ſhould do wrong (ſays Wielan) to adduce this pretended confeſſion of our Poet in favour of the opinion of thoſe who hold poetry to be an idle paſtime, unworthy of a wiſe man, particularly at a certain age; for that Horace could have made the exerciſe of poetry very well conſiſt with the *verum atque decens*, we ſee from his Epiſtle to Lollius, from his recommending the Socratick philoſophy to young Poets in his Epiſtle to the Piſos, and from many other paſſages of his works. The generality of his Interpreters have the fault of taking too ſeriouſly and dogmatically whatever he ſays, ſo as frequently to forget to whom, in what circumſtances, in what tone, and with what deſign he ſays it. His principal buſineſs here is to get free from the importunities of a great man, who thought he had ſome claims on him. Perhaps Mæcenas urged the celebrity Horace had gained by his lyrick works as a motive for him to continue in that courſe, and he might have expreſſed himſelf as if that applauſe had laid him under an obligation to ſatisfy the expectations of the publick and his friends by new productions. Horace loved too well his liberty

liberty not to guard himſelf by all means againſt ſuch exactions. He therefore ſpeaks of his poetry, with a contempt which did not proceed from his heart, as of mere verſifying and amuſement (as it partly was) and affirms that it would be more becoming one of his age to have done with it. We ſhall ſee from other Epiſtles (and particularly from that to Julius Florus) how much cauſe a man of his delicate turn of mind had not to become a *Bel-eſprit* by profeſſion, according to the faſhion of the times: and the more we ſtudy him, the leſs ſurprizing will it appear that, although he owed his fame, the favour of Mæcenas and the happy leiſure of his life, principally to his poetical talent, yet he had ſuch an averſion to being looked upon as an ordinary member of the fraternity of Poets, as to make no ſcruple of aſſerting that mere neceſſity firſt compelled him to make verſes, and that now, ſince he was no longer at a loſs for a dinner, all the hellebore in the world would not cleanſe him, if he would not rather paſs his life in ſleeping than in verſe-making.

That, however, in the like paſſages there was more of the humour of the moment than of ſerioufneſs and truth, is apparent from hence, that, amidſt all his aſſurances that he will make no more verſes, yet his inclination that way was too ſtrong for his reſolution:

Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior, &c.

(*i*) The expreſſion in the Original (*jurare in verba magiſtri*) alludes, as is generally ſuppoſed, to the military oath taken by Soldiers at enliſting, and dictated by their commander. Horace therefore means to ſay, "I am not ſo enliſted with any Sect of Philoſophers as to be compelled to follow all its dictates, or continue in its ſervice." Wielan ſeems rather to think the

alluſion

alluſion is to the Αὐτὸς ἔφα (*He has ſaid it*) of the Pythagoreans; who thought that was a ſufficient anſwer to all who preſumed to queſtion any of the doctrines of their Maſter.—"There "runs (he ſays) unleſs my feelings deceive me, a fine ſhade "of humour throughout this paſſage, by which Horace pre- "vents the expected ſneer of Mæcenas, and averts the ridicule "that the faſhionable world are apt to throw upon Philoſo- "phers by profeſſion. Yet I do not think that the *perſiflage* "is carried ſo far as Batteux extends it in his explanation of "this paſſage; for that Horace is in earneſt as to the philoſo- "phy he delivers in this Epiſtle, is apparent from it's being "the very ſame that breathes through all his works."

(*k*) Horace, in this beautiful paſſage, places the Stoick philoſophy in contraſt with the Ariſtippick, not ſo much for the ſake of the compariſon as for pointing out the reaſon why he finds the latter more adapted to his own ſituation and frame of mind. The Stoick was, in his opinion, the philoſophy of the Politician, and man of buſineſs; who as a Patriot and Coſmopolite, applied all his talents and powers to the advancement of the general welfare. The ariſtippick was ſuited to the private man, who does not feel himſelf called to any high appointment, and, in the repoſe of an innocent indolence, is contented to keep himſelf free and happy.—*Wielan.*

This paſſage has been tranſpoſed and otherwiſe altered by Sanadon, thus:

Nunc agilis fio, et merſor civilibus undis;
Nunc mihi res, non me rebus ſubmittere conor
Virtutis veræ cuſtos rigiduſque ſatelles:
Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim præcepta relabor.

This

This is done wholly without authority from old MS. or Editions. It ought therefore to be proved to be abſolutely neceſſary; i. e. that the paſſage, as it ſtands, cannot be made ſenſe by any fair mode of conſtruction. But Wielan has, I think, ſhewn that Sanadon miſunderſtood the paſſage, and that the common mode of reading it is the beſt. "The funda-" mental maxim of the Stoicks, (he obſerves) was, that the " wiſe man always ſubmits to the eternal and neceſſary laws " of the nature of things: he frames his way of thinking and " acting upon this rule, and his ſovereign freedom conſiſts in " this, that he wills what he muſt, and does what he ſhould. " The unalterable nature of things preſcribes to him what is " right in every moment and act of his life. The wiſe man " therefore conſiders himſelf at all times as a part of the " whole; the welfare and perfection whereof is ſo neceſſarily " connected with his own, that he only ſo far lives in confor-" mity with his nature, and is perfect, as he co-operates to " the perfection of the whole. Thus it is clear why Horace " makes the *ſe rebus ſubmittere* the diſtinctive character of a " Stoick; for that he ſpeaks of *them* in the two firſt verſes, " though he does not expreſsly name them, cannot I think " admit of a doubt."

He then goes at large and with great ingenuity into the ſyſtem of Ariſtippus, in order to ſhew that *he*, and not the Stoicks, conſidered himſelf as Maſter of the things without him; ſince he held that the generality of things make us happy or unhappy not by what they *are*, but by what we attribute to them, and that a wiſe man accuſtoms himſelf to view external things on the moſt agreeable, or at leaſt on the moſt tolerable ſide.

(*l*) The impatience of his deſire to apply himſelf ſolely to philoſophy is finely deſcribed in the Original, and at leaſt as finely imitated by Pope. The firſt inſtance given by our Poet

is

is ſuppoſed to allude to the well known paſſage in Sat. 5. "*Hic ego mendacem ſtultiſſimus uſque puellam, &c.*"

(*m*) Two perſons of the name of Lynceus are mentioned by ancient writers as remarkable for their length of ſight. The one is ſaid to have been an Argonaut; conſequently the ſtories reſpecting him muſt be conſidered as fabulous. What is ſaid of the other ſeems ſufficiently extraordinary; viz. that from the Lilybæan Promontory in Sicily he could count the ſhips that ſailed out of the harbour of Carthage, or *vice verſâ*.

(*n*) This Glyco, the Commentators tell us (on the authority of Diogenes Laertius) was not only a celebrated Wreſtler, but an eminent Philoſopher of the Peripatetick School. He is ſaid to have been a native of Troas.

(*o*) Long ago, ere the Hippocratick School had fix'd the art of healing on a rational foundation, and even notwithſtanding this, a ſuperſtitious method of cure was in vogue with the Greeks, as well as with the Orientals and all other nations of the world to this day, which drove away by magical words and incantations the diſeaſes that were ſuppoſed to be cauſed by ſpirits, or angry deities, who muſt either be expelled or appeaſed. — Horace, in his uſual alluſive manner, employs phraſes borrowed from this necromantick art of healing, and, by the application of them to Philoſophy, as the medicine of the ſoul, gives to his ſerious Ethics the tranſparent varniſh of delicate raillery. Moreover, he ſeems to have had particularly in view that paſſage in the Hippolytus of Euripides where the compaſſionate Nurſe tells her love-ſick Queen, Εισιν γαρ ωδαι και λογοι θελκτηριοι. "*There are incantations and pain-ſoothing words, &c.*" The injunction to read the books of Philoſophy *thrice*, ſtill keeps up the alluſion to magick, *three* being a favourite number in all incantations.—*Wieland.*

(*p*) Here,

(*p*) Here, as it has been obſerved, Horace apparently addreſſes himſelf, but really his reader: as in the latter part of the Epiſt. to Florus in the 2d Book.

(*q*) In the original *without duſt*; for the area of the Amphitheatre being covered with a very fine ſand, the conteſts were attended with clouds of duſt. When therefore no one would venture to engage with a champion who offered himſelf, he was ſaid to have gained the prize without duſt. The application (Wielan obſerves) is this: "He who gains the prize of wealth "muſt undergo much trouble, fatigue and danger. Who "would not rather ſtrive to win the infinitely nobler prize of "wiſdom and virtue? eſpecially, as it is ſo eaſily obtained; "ſince it depends ſolely on our own earneſt deſires."

(*r*) See the Note on the paſſage in Sat. 3. Lib. 2. "*Poſtquam res mea Janum ad medium fracta eſt.*" It is perhaps not quite accurate to tranſlate this paſſage *the hall* of Janus. The God Janus is ſaid to have been the patron of all imports and exports. The Money-changers had their tables near his middle Statue, or Portico.

(*s*) It did not appear juſtifiable to omit, as ſome have done, the line *Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto*; although it ill accords with the *juveneſque ſeneſque* of the preceding line. It is therefore tranſlated conformably to Markland's reading; who inſerts *et* at the end of the preceding line, and thus makes a third deſcription of perſons, viz. School-boys, to be characteriſed by the line in queſtion.

(*t*) Four hundred thouſand Seſterces (or about 3,125*l.* of our money) was the ſum neceſſary at that period to qualify a man to be a Roman Knight. This ſum is expreſſed in the Original but did not ſeem tranſlateable into Engliſh verſe, except in general terms.

(*u*) No way can be more effectual to bring into contempt the ſelfiſh maxims he is expoſing than contraſting them with the more noble and generous rules of Boys in their play, who confer their little diſtinctions according to merit.—Dr. Foſter thought that *Rex eris* alluded to Cyrus's School-fellows, making him their King in Xenophon's Cyropœdia.—Dacier (who is followed by Wielan) ſays the game alluded to was a Ball Play, in which the boy who caught the Ball oftenеſt was called *the King*, and he who miſſed often was called *the Aſs*. He quotes a paſſage from Plato deſcribing it.

(*w*) The *Lex Roſcia* (called ſo from Lucius Roſcius Otho the propoſer) provided that thoſe alone who were poſſeſt of 400,000 Seſterces ſhould ſit on the fourteen benches neareſt the Orcheſtra. *Vet. Schol. Bax.* The perſons thus qualified were conſidered as *Equites*, or Knights. See Note (*t*).

(*x*) He ſuppoſes with equal ingenuity and probability that theſe maxims of children at their play were derived from, and in ſubſtance the ſame as the doctrines of the old Romans.

(*y*) See Notes *t* and *w*. It is not quite certain whether Horace means to ſpeak ironically of Pupius (who was a Tragick Poet of the time) as compoſing doleful whyning Tragedies, or to give them credit as really pathetick.

(*z*) The Fable of the ſick Lion and the Fox muſt be familiar to the Reader. The application is ſufficiently obvious. Thoſe who vehemently purſue the objects admired by the vulgar, can hardly return from ſuch purſuits with their virtue uncorrupted and their peace of mind unimpaired.

(*aa*) The foregoing Fable of the Lion and Fox ſeems to have ſuggeſted the *apoſtrophe* to the Town (*Bellua multorum es capitum*)

capitum) calling it a many-headed monſter. This leads the Poet to the various purſuits of life, and the inconſtancy of men in frequently changing their objects.

(*bb*) The various articles or publick works that were farmed, or contracted for, are thus deſcribed by Juvenal in his 3d Satire:

——— *ædem conducere, flumina, portus,*
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad baſta cadaver.—Bax.

(*cc*) Theſe arts of Legacy-hunters are fully deſcribed in the 5th Satire of Book 2d.

(*dd*) The ſplendor of the Roman Villas at and near Baiæ is well known. For a full deſcription of that charming coaſt ſee the Abbé Chaupy's ingenious Work called *Decouverte de la Maiſon de campagne d' Horace*, printed at Rome in 1767, which might rather be termed *A deſcription of ancient Italy*. The extravagance of the Romans in building is frequently cenſured by our Poet, particularly in Ode 15. Book 2. and Ode 1. Book 3.

(*ee*) Teanum, a town at the north-eaſt end of Campania, about thirty miles from Baiæ, was famous for it's warm Baths.

(*ff*) The rich Romans had their *Triremes*, or barges with three ranks of oars; which they uſed for their pleaſure: and, as on their water parties, they might be ſea-ſick, Horace ludicrouſly ſuppoſes the poor to imitate them even in that circumſtance.

(*gg*) This tranſition appears abrupt, but is not unnatural. Horace, in order to prove the advantages of philoſophy, points out ſome of the vices and abſurdities into which men fall who have not applied to it. He then delicately rallies Mæcenas for laying more ſtreſs on ſuch minute circumſtances as the dreſs of his

his friend than on the ſtate of his mind and temper. "Mæ-
"cenas (ſays Wielan) with all the qualities that fitted him for
"ſerving his friend, Octavius Cæſar, in the moſt important
"offices, was, in whatever related to his perſon and way of
"life, as elegant, and as attentive to every trifle, as the idleſt
"fop in Rome. This frequently drew upon him the raillery
"of Auguſtus; and we here ſee that even Horace made no
"ſcruple of indulging a little merriment on the minute atten-
"tion paid by his Patron to the outſide of his friends."

(*hh*) See a ſimilar account of himſelf in the Epiſtle to Celſus.

(*ii*) Horace, who appears to have hated the *manners* of the Stoicks, though he often enforces their *doctrines*, cannot conclude this Satire without a ſarcaſm upon them, inſinuating that all their wiſdom and greatneſs can be deſtroyed by the ſlighteſt indiſpoſition. Yet Wielan juſtly obſerves, that Horace, with all his facetiouſneſs, was very much in earneſt on the ſcore of his philoſophy.

EPISTLE II.

To Lollius.

From the moral of Homer's two Poems he draws the conclusion that we ſhould repreſs our deſires and apply ourſelves to the ſtudy of virtue.

WHILST, nobly emulous of fame,
At Rome, my Lollius, you (*a*) declaim,
I at (*b*) Prænesте read, enjoy
Again, the immortal war of Troy,
Told by that Bard, who marks in ſong
What's great and virtuous, baſe and wrong,
More fully, clearly, than the rules
Of (*c*) Crantor's or Chryſippus' ſchools.
Why thus I think, if nought detain
Your leiſure moments, I'll explain.
(*d*) That tale, which paints the various woes
Of Greece, when leagued 'gainſt foreign foes,
(Provoked by Paris' love to wage
A tedious war with deadly rage)

That tale the broils and conflicts ſings
Of fooliſh nations, fooliſh Kings.
To ſtop the war's deſtructive courſe
(e) Antenor would cut off it's ſource.—
Paris will ne'er ſuch terms endure:
No, not to live and reign ſecure.
(f) Old Neſtor haſtens to aſſuage
Pelides' and Atrides' rage.
This feels the pangs that love inſpires;
Both chiefs alike reſentment fires.
For all the wild and wicked deeds
Of it's mad kings the people bleeds.
All crimes that ſtain the human heart,
Luſt, rage, ſedition, treacherous art,
Spread their dire influence on all
Within, without the Trojan wall.
Next what the good and wiſe may do
He bids us in Ulyſſes view;
(g) Who, when his counſels had prevailed
And vanquiſhed Troy, obſervant ſailed
To various climes, and ſought to ſcan
Each mode and character of man;
Who, driven with his attendant train
Far o'er the rude and boundleſs main,
Unnumbered toils and woes endured
Ere he his wiſhed return ſecured;

Yet,

Yet, ever vigorous as brave,
Roſe dauntleſs o'er misfortune's wave.
(*h*) The Syren's ſong, fair Circe's draught,
Thou know'ſt; which his companions quaffed.
Had he, like them, with fond delight
Indulged a ſenſeleſs appetite,
He, like a vile and wretched varlet,
Had lived in bondage to a harlot;
Changed to a dog, to pleaſe her pride,
Or wallowing ſwine, had lived and died.
(*i*) We, a baſe herd of little worth,
Born to conſume the fruits of earth,
Are like the band profuſe and lewd
By whom Penelope was wooed;
Or the ſoft youths, Alcinous' train,
Luxurious, indolent and vain;
Who ſlept till noon, then lulled their cares
By the ſweet lyre's enchanting airs.
(*k*) Thieves riſe to kill: will you not wake
For your own ſafety, when at ſtake?
The care you now in health diſdain
When dropſical you'll uſe in vain.
If, ere the day begin to break,
(*l*) Your book and lamp you fail to take,
And ſtrain each faculty of mind
To know what beſt befits mankind,

Henceforth, eſtranged from peaceful reſt,
Envy or love ſhall rack your breaſt.
For wherefore haſten to apply
Fit remedies to clear the eye,
Yet till next year the cure delay
Of ills that on your boſom prey?
Whoe'er with ſpirit has begun
May deem that half his work is done.
Dare then be wiſe! this very hour
Begin!—that man who has the power
Yet ſtill delays to live aright,
(*m*) Is like the fooliſh ruſtick wight,
Who waited till the ſtream were gone,
Which flows, and ever will flow on.
(*n*) Wealth, as the higheſt bliſs of life,
We ſeek for, and a fruitful wife;
While woods, which ne'er the ploughſhare knew,
Are tamed, and wear a ſofter hue.
But if already you've a ſtore
For all your wants, why wiſh for more?
(*o*) Nor palace, nor eſtate, nor hoard
Of braſs or gold, can cure it's Lord,
By feveriſh diſeaſe oppreſt,
Or chaſe the cares that haunt his breaſt.
For, wanting true and genuine health,
What owner can enjoy his wealth?

Whom

Whom fierce deſires or terrors ſeize,
Him his eſtate and palace pleaſe,
As pictures eyes which weakneſs dims,
Or fomentations gouty limbs,
Or as the lute delights thoſe ears
Which long-collected matter ſears.
Unleſs the veſſel's clean, you waſte
All that's poured in, and ſpoil it's taſte.
Spurn pleaſure, miſchievous as vain!
'Tis dearly bought, when bought with pain.
Miſers are ever poor.—Some end
Propoſe, to which your hopes may tend.
An envious man, of all alive
Moſt wretched, pines when others thrive.
(p) Sicilian tyrants ne'er invented
Aught that like envy has tormented.
Who checks not rage, may do a deed
That to ſevere remorſe ſhall lead,
And ſtrive to cancel, when too late,
The wrongs of his revenge and hate.
Rage is ſhort madneſs: then controul
Your haſty and impetuous ſoul;
Which, if not tutored to obey,
Will lord it with deſpotick ſway.
But vanquiſh, break it to the reins,
And bind it with perpetual chains.

The horſe a ſkilful maſter's hand
Forms in his youth to know command:
The whelp, ere ſylvan wars begin,
Bays in ſome hall the pendent ſkin.
(q) Then take theſe maxims to thy breaſt
Dear youth! and be thy guides the beſt.
A caſk will long the ſcent retain
It chanced, when newly made, to gain.
(r) But ſhould you loiter in the race,
Or run before with eager pace,
I wait not for the ſlow, nor ſpeed
To preſs on rivals who precede.

NOTES ON EPISTLE II.

WHEN we conſider the ſtile and tenor of this Epiſtle, it ſeems ſurprizing that ſo many learned Criticks ſhould ſuppoſe it to be addreſſed to the ſame Lollius who is celebrated in the 9th Ode of the 4th Book; ſince, at the period of Horace's life when, it is admitted, his Epiſtles were written, that Lollius muſt have been of an age, experience and rank in the ſtate to ſet him above inſtructions of this kind. But admitting that Horace might have written ſome of his Epiſtles at an earlier period than is ſuppoſed, ſtill he would ſcarcely give the kind of lecture contained in this, unleſs he were addreſſing a man much younger than himſelf. But the proofs of this being the Epiſtle of a man ſomewhat advanced in life to a very young man, muſt, it is conceived, appear throughout.—Wielan ſees this

this Epiſtle in the ſame light, and argues in a very clear and convincing manner. He ſays the epithet *maxime* Lolli was probably a ſurname added to diſtinguiſh him from his younger brothers.

(*a*) Dacier admits that declaiming was an exerciſe of young men at Rome, to prepare themſelves for the Bar, and thence infers that Lollius was young when this Epiſtle was written. He might have gone a ſtep farther, and (as Lollius was probably as old as Horace) concluded, with great reaſon, that this Epiſtle was addreſſed to one of his Sons or Nephews.

(*b*) Præneſte was a town of Latium about eighteen miles from Rome. It's ſituation, on a mountain, made it very cool in ſummer: wherefore Horace in Ode 4. of Book 3. calls it *cold Præneſte*. He ſeems occaſionally to have paſſed a part of the ſummer there.

(*c*) Crantor was a diſciple of Xenocrates, and a teacher of the Academick School. Chryſippus has been ſpoken of already as a celebrated Stoick. None of the writings of either remain.

(*d*) The word Fable or Tale (μυθος) had a very extenſive ſignification with the Ancients, and implied as well an *Illiad* or *Œdipus*, as a *Fable of Æſop*.—Wielan.

(*e*) See the ſpeech of Antenor in the 7th Illiad.

(*f*) See the diſpute between Agamemnon and Achilles in the firſt Book of the Illiad. The expreſſion applied here to Neſtor (*feſtinat*) *haſtens*, is not near ſo ſpirited as in Homer; who ſays that Neſtor ανορουσε, *ruſhed* from his ſeat. It does not however reverſe the idea, as Pope has inadvertently done, by tranſlating it—"*Slow from his ſeat aroſe the Pylian Sage.*"

(*g*) This is a tranſlation of the beginning of the Odyſſey, and (though the expreſſive Epithet Πολύτροπον is not fully expreſſed) is much more compleat than what is afterwards given in The Art of Poetry.

(*h*) See Odyſſey, Book 12. v. 184. in the Original. It is to be obſerved that Ulyſſes had not all the merit Horace ſeems to aſcribe to him. He had taken care to be previouſly tied to the maſt of his veſſel. Thus with regard to the Cup of Circe: He does not refrain from drinking it, but is preſerved from it's effects by an antidote given to him by Mercury. But the Poet either means (as has been obſerved by Dacier) that Ulyſſes took theſe previous precautions, and therefore did not drink the cup *eagerly* and *fooliſhly*, like his companions, or perhaps (taking the whole as an Allegory) intends to convey in general terms, the idea that his caution and foreſight preſerved him.

(*i*) In the Original, *Nos numerus ſumus*, properly, "*we merely make up the number*;" we are, according to the *moral* eſtimation, what the *capite cenſi* are by the *political*, *ſine nomine vulgus*, people who are taken together in numbers, and of whom it may be ſuppoſed that, taken at an average, any one of them is worth full as much as another. This, to be ſure, is not much (ſays Lambinus) but *nullo numero eſſe*, as the antients called it, not to come at all into the account, is ſtill worſe.—*Wielan.*—For underſtanding the compariſon to Penelope's Suitors and the Courtiers of Alcinous there hardly is occaſion to refer the Reader to the deſcriptions of them in the Odyſſey.

(*k*) Here begin a ſtring of admonitions to the young Lollius, the drift of which ſeems to be, to excite him to the ſtudy of philoſophy, and the purſuit of important and laudable objects in life.

(*l*) According

(*l*) According to the old Roman manners every one arose at break of day to ſet about his buſineſs. To continue ſleeping far in the day, like the Courtiers of Alcinous, would have been as diſgraceful to an honourable man as to be found drunk in the ſtreet or rioting in a brothel. Even to wake before day, for giving force and direction to his mind, by reading and meditation, was not therefore too much to require of a young man, who, like Lollius, was deſtined to act a diſtinguiſhed part in publick life.—*Wielan.*

(*m*) Alluding to the well-known Fable of Æſop.

(*n*) So, in the laſt Epiſtle, " *O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum, &c.*" The drift of this is to ſhew that men are over anxious to procure external advantages, but neglect the culture of their minds; which alone can make them happy.

(*o*) This paſſage is ſimilar to ſeveral others in different parts of our Poet's works; particularly to one in Ode 1. Book 3. *Sed timor et minæ ſcandunt eodem quod dominus, &c.* Nothing can be more deſultory than the manner in which the rules that follow are given; which tends to prove that Horace did not conſider a regular method and connection as neceſſary in Epiſtolary writing. But more on that point hereafter.

(*p*) Almoſt every City in Sicily, it is ſaid, had it's petty Tyrant. But Horace probably alludes to thoſe whoſe cruelty was moſt notorious; ſuch as Dionyſius the elder and younger, and more particularly, it is thought, to Phalaris and his brazen Bull.

(*q*) In the Original—*nunc adhibe puro Pectore verba,* PUER, *nunc te melioribus offer.* That this ſhould be addreſſed to a man of the rank of the elder Lollius, and probably of the age he

he must have been, and with the experience he must have had at this period, is a supposition hardly credible.

(r) So in the 2d Epist. of the 2d Book, Horace, speaking of himself, says—*Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.*

EPISTLE III.

To Julius Florus.

He inquires respecting Tiberius Claudius Nero and the literary men in his train, and then exhorts Florus to the pursuit of wisdom, and to a reconciliation with a Friend or Brother with whom he had quarrelled.

My Florus, I would learn from you
What course great Claudius' arms pursue.
(*a*) Does Thrace, where, bound in chains of snow,
Cold Hebrus oft forgets to flow,
Or that famed strait whose waters pour
'Twixt Sestos and Abidos' shore,
Or Asia's fertile region, stay
Your course, and claim a short delay?
(*b*) What new elaborate work is planned
By his attendant learned band?
Who, may I ask, of all the tribe
Shall great Augustus' deeds describe?
And tell, to future times displayed,
The wars he fought, the leagues he made?

Say

Say is our (*c*) Titius well? whoſe ſong
The voice of Rome ſhall cite ere long;
Who, when he plumed his daring wing,
Feared not to drink at Pindar's ſpring,
And ſcorned the publick lakes and ſtreams
Whence common Bards derive their themes.
Am I remembered? does he raiſe
His tuneful voice to Theban lays,
And, while the auſpicious Nine inſpire,
Adapt them to the Roman lyre?
Or in the Tragick art excell,
And in her buſkins rage and ſwell?
How does our Celſus? whom before
I warned, and ſtill muſt warn once more
To ſeek for genuine wealth at home,
Nor rifle great (*e*) Apollo's dome;
Leſt, (*f*) when the plundered birds reclaim
Each feather from his ill-got fame,
All ſhould the wretched daw deride
Stript of his gay but pilfered pride.
What dares my Florus' ſelf to ſing?
(*g*) Around what wild thyme does he wing
His airy flight?—Your active mind
Genius has warmed and taſte refined.
Whether you ſharpen for ſome Cauſe
Your eloquence, or doubtful laws

With

With juſt and happy ſkill explain,
Or breathe a ſoft enchanting ſtrain,
To you alike in proſe and ſong
Victorious ivy's wreaths belong.
But could you bravely caſt behind
All paſſions that inflame the mind,
Bright wiſdom's heavenly courſe you'd run,
Her nobleſt moſt diſtinguiſhed ſon.
(*h*) All ſhould in this great work engage,
Whate'er our rank, condition, age,
If of the ſlighteſt weight we deem
Our country's, nay our own eſteem.
Write this too: is (*i*) Munatius dear?
Were ye, when reconciled, ſincere?
Or was this effort of your friends
Mere (*k*) patchwork, which a moment rends.
But, whether warmth your reaſon blind,
Or inexperience of mankind
Have bid your angry paſſions riſe,
Who ne'er ſhould break fraternal ties,
Where'er ye live, a ſteer I feed,
Doomed at your ſafe return to bleed.

NOTES ON EPISTLE III.

IT was uſual, among the Romans, for great men, even in the time of the Republick, and much more under the Cæſars, to have about them, beſides their Slaves and Freedmen, a number of perſons devoted to them, eſpecially when they went to their Governments or travelled on publick buſineſs. Theſe gentlemen were called *Comites*, *Amici*, *Cohors amicorum*, and *Commenſales* or *Contubernales*, and had certain Offices near the Patron, ſuch as *Private Secretary*, *Phyſician*, *&c.* or ſometimes attended merely to ſwell the number of his table company, and obtain his favour by their attentions.—*Wielan.*

Julius Florus, to whom this Epiſtle and the 2d of the 2d Book are addreſſed, was one of theſe attendants on Tiberius Claudius Nero (afterwards the Emperor Tiberius) the Son-in-Law of Auguſtus; who in the year of Rome 733 or 34 was ſent by the Emperor at the head of an army into Armenia. He there reſtored the King, Tigranes, who had been depoſed, and (on a Treaty being concluded with Parthia) received back the Standards which had been taken from the Romans at the defeat of Craſſus. We have therefore the date of this Epiſtle to a reaſonable certainty, viz. one of the years above-mentioned.

(*a*) From this paſſage it appears that the route of Tiberius was through Macedonia and Thrace, and that he croſſed into Aſia by the ſtrait of the Helleſpont, now the Dardanelles.

(*b*) It is ſaid Tiberius addicted himſelf much to the literature of both languages, and always affected to have about him a Court of learned men; which gave his houſe the appearance of an Academy, and occaſioned an opinion that he paſſed his hours of recreation in the company of the Muſes; though the moſt

most important questions he discussed were "what was the name of Hecuba's Mother," "what name Achilles assumed while he passed for a Girl at the court of Lycomedes;" and the like. Suet. in Vet. Tib. a. 70. cited by Wielan.

(c) It has been remarked that no work of Titius, who is so highly commended, or of Florus himself, is extant, and that Quintilian (who characterizes all the principal Roman Poets) has not mentioned either of them. It is therefore probable that the praise given by Horace arose rather from the partiality of his friendship, than a sober judgment of their merits. Some think that by the word *ampullatur* (which is imperfectly rendered by *swell*) Horace meant a gentle irony, and a warning to Titius to avoid bombast.

(d) This appears to be the same Celsus to whom Epist. 8th is addressed, and who, from that Epistle, appears to have been Secretary to Tiberius. As Horace here laughs at him as a plagiarist, and in that Epistle hints that he is proud of his elevation, it may be supposed that he was rather an insignificant and ridiculous character.—Baxter thinks the expression "Quid *mihi* Celsus agit?" implies this.

(e) The Temple of Apollo and Library built by Augustus on Mount Palatine have been already mentioned in the Notes on Ode 31. Lib. 1. and in Sat. 4. Lib. 1.

(f) An allusion to a well-known Fable of Æsop. Horace's peculiar manner of omitting the terms of comparison, and inserting the subject of comparison in the place of the object, gives his Metaphors, Allusions and Similies a singular spirit, and is to be reckoned among the most ingenious elegancies of his stile.—*Wielan.*

(g) So

(g) So in Ode 2, Book 4.

Ego, apis Matinæ More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem Plurimum, &c.

(h) "This paſſage (ſays Wielan) in an occaſional letter to "a *commenſal* of Tiberius, appears to me extremely remark- "able. It ſhews, I think, that Horace had virtue more at "heart than, according to the vulgar prejudices againſt his "principles, is uſually imagined. As he was one of thoſe "Romans who had ſeen the Republick and zealouſly wiſhed "it's preſervation; ſo he could not eaſily accommodate him- "ſelf to the alteration which left *nihil priſci et integri moris* "remaining; and at every moment, ſo to ſpeak, there eſcaped "from him a ſentiment that was too generous, too much of "the old Roman, for ſuch corrupted times. He cannot part "with the illuſion that a Roman had ſtill a country; and "accordingly he felt it not at all ridiculous to ſpeak to a "young Courtier of wiſdom and virtue with warmth, and in "the ſame tone of confidence as an experienced phyſician "talks to a patient concerning the diet he is to keep and the "medicines he is to take. With a moderate ſhare of atten- "tion we may obſerve this way of thinking apparent through- "out his works."

(i) This Munatius might probably be Son of Munatius Plancus, to whom Ode 7, Book 1, is addreſſed. It could ſcarcely be Plancus himſelf; who, having been Conſul in the year of Rome 712, muſt have been an old man when this Epiſtle was written; whereas all that is ſaid here, both of Florus and Munatius, implies they were both at this time very young.

(k) Wielan ſays the metaphor of *male ſarta gratia* need not be fetched from a Taylor's workſhop (as Baxter thinks it ought) but that the whole *Dilogy* ſuits juſt as well to a wound.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

To Albius Tibullus.

He inquires how Tibullus employs himself, exharts him to content and philoſophical tranquillity of mind, and invites him to his Villa.

ALBIUS, in whom my Satires find
A candid critick, juſt yet kind,
How ſhall I ſay your time's employed
When at your (*a*) Pedan farm enjoyed?
In writing verſes, which in number
May vie with (*b*) Caſſius' learned lumber?
Or ſtealing through (*c*) the healthful groves
Which ſilent meditation loves,
And duly ſtriving to acquire
All that the wiſe and good deſire.
To you the Gods have not aſſigned
A lifeleſs form without a mind.
They gave you beauty, wealth, and bleſs'd
(*d*) With the rare ſkill to uſe them beſt.

(e) What, for her much lov'd darling, more
Could even the fondeſt nurſe implore,
Than to think juſtly, and excel
In language that his thoughts may tell;
Than favour, fame, good health, a board
Well-furniſhed, and a purſe well-ſtored.
But when deſires or cares moleſt,
When fear or rage diſtracts your breaſt,
Think every day the laſt you'll greet!
The hour unhoped for comes more ſweet.
And would you mirth and laughter ſeek,
Come ſee me, whilſt I'm fat and ſleek.
Well fed, well cloathed, at eaſe I lie,
(f) A hog of Epicurus' ſtye.

NOTES ON EPISTLE IV.

THAT this Epiſtle is addreſſed to the celebrated Elegiack Poet, Tibullus, can admit of little doubt; nor that the object and deſign of it have been miſunderſtood by moſt of the Commentators. They ſuppoſe it to have been written to conſole Tibullus under the loſs of his fortune; which appears to have been much reduced in conſequence of the civil wars, and which, Dacier (on what authority I know not) tells us Tibullus himſelf had alſo waſted by extravagance.—Wieland has, with great force and juſtice, combated this opinion, and ſhewn that Tibullus (after his loſſes by the civil wars) remained poſſeſt of at leaſt a competence, that there is

no reaſon to think he was diſſatisfied with his fortune; and that this Epiſtle of Horace has for it's chief object to inform himſelf reſpecting his Friend, to acknowledge the handſome manner in which Tibullus had ſpoken of his Satires, and to invite him to his Villa.—Even Wieland, however, conſiders this Epiſtle as containing "*an indirect admonition to be content with all that nature and fortune had done for him, and not to diſturb his ſatisfaction by vain endeavours to increaſe it.*" This, therefore, was probably *one* of the objects our Poet had in view; and, altho' the Commentators have grafted on that paſſage ſuppoſitions which it does not warrant, the notion that ſome diſcontent preyed at this time on the mind of Tibullus, was not intirely without foundation.

(*a*) Pedum was a little town between Tibur and Præneſte. Tibullus had probably an eſtate near it.

(*b*) Caſſius (mentioned in the Original as *of Parma*) is no doubt the ſame Poet, whom Horace characterizes, and, as I conceive, ridicules in Sat. 10. Book 1. for his extreme rapidity in writing, and the immenſe quantity of his works. He there ſtrongly conveys the idea of his being a very inaccurate writer, and ſays nothing of the merits that are ſuppoſed to have balanced this fault. I do not therefore imagine Caſſius to have ſtood very high as a writer in the opinion of Horace, and conceive the paſſage reſpecting him in this Epiſtle to be merely a banter on Tibullus. "Are you going (he ſays) in your retirement, to write what may exceed (in quantity) the works of Caſſius of Parma!"—It is needleſs to diſcuſs here the exact meaning of the word *opuſcula*. If it muſt neceſſarily mean works of a leſſer kind, they might be, from their number, voluminous.—Wieland, who argues that a compliment on Caſſius is meant here, firſt Crequius has diſcovered an irony in this paſſage diſcernible to no one elſe. I confeſs it always appeared

to me to be, if not ſtrictly ſpeaking an irony, yet a *perciflage*, or banter; and I have ventured to follow that notion in the *Tranſlation*. Dacier, I obſerve, ſaw it in the ſame light.

This Caſſius of Parma was one of the Conſpirators againſt Julius Cæſar, and appears to have ſurvived all the others, at leaſt all who were of any eminence, for in the war between Octavius Cæſar and Anthony (uſually called the Actian war) he ſided with the latter, and, after the death of Anthony, and taking of Alexandria, retired to Athens; where he was put to death by order of the conqueror. Wieland (on the authority of Valerius Maximus and Velleius Paterculus) has juſtified Varius, the Poet, and Friend of Horace, from the charge of having been the executioner of Caſſius; a charge which has been admitted, from the Scholiaſt, by ſeveral of the Commentators on Horace, and is alſo adopted by Dr. Blackwell in his Memoirs of the Court of Auguſtus; though the aſſertion of the Scholiaſt appears on the face of it a miſtake, and had been long ſince corrected by Dacier. Thoſe who, by their familiarity with the writings of Horace (ſuch as a Tranſlator or Commentator muſt acquire) have become partial and attached even to his Friends (*animæ quales neque candidiores terra tulit, &c.*) will excuſe, nay honour the warmth of Wieland on this occaſion.

(*c*) The figurative ſenſe, given to this paſſage by Dacier and others, in ſuppoſing *ſilvas* to mean books of philoſophy, ſeems forced and unneceſſary. The idea of philoſophical meditation is ſufficiently expreſſed by the ſubſequent part of the paſſage,—*Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt.*

(*d*) "This verſe (ſays Geſner) ſhould be an admonition to "learned men not to ſuppoſe Horace is here conſoling Tibullus "as a Spendthrift, who, in a contracted farm, lamented his "former folly."

(*e*) "We

(e) "We are imperceptibly impelled by a neceſſity within "to take ourſelves, and our own way of thinking and acting, "for the ſtandard, whenever we would ſay ſomething handſome "to another perſon, or ſuggeſt to him with a good grace what "he ought to be. Horace ſeems throughout this Epiſtle to "put himſelf in the place of Tibullus. Indeed there was a "great ſimilarity between them, eſpecially in the propenſity "to an idle and independent country life, and in the deſirable "poverty, as they both call it, of being exactly ſo rich, and "no richer, as was neceſſary to gratify their inclinations. But "the difference in the modification of it, and indeed in the "main feature of their minds, ſeems to be greater than that "ſimilarity: and, though in the Elegies of Tibullus we meet "often with ſentiments of the greateſt tenderneſs, yet, in my "opinion, they contain nothing of that philoſophical ſpirit "that breathes throughout the works of Horace, and gives "them ſo peculiar a character of ſagacity and refined common "ſenſe."—*Wieland.* He goes on with a very ingenious compariſon of their characters too long to be inſerted here.

(f) Horace, in calling himſelf "a hog of Epicurus' ſty," means only a banter on himſelf (as Wieland juſtly argues) and not a formal profeſſion of Epicuriſm.

EPISTLE V.

To Torquatus.

He invites Torquatus to a frugal ſupper, and celebrates the delights of mirth and conviviality.

IF, when my gueſt, you'll not deſpiſe
Seats of (*a*) plain ſhape and moderate ſize,
Nor think it ſuch a grievous matter
To eat your herbs from one ſmall platter,
At home, Torquatus, I will ſtay
To greet you (*b*) at the cloſe of day.
You'll drink (for I've no better cheer)
Wine made (*c*) in Taurus' ſecond year,
That 'twixt (*d*) Minturnæ's marſh abounds
And Sinueſſa's rocky grounds.
Should you have aught more choice and fine,
E'en ſend it, or (*e*) or take up with mine.
My hearth long ſince a chearful light
Diſplays, my ware is clean and bright.
Quit idle hopes, deceitful, vain!
All ſtruggles and all toils for gain;

(*f*) Quit

(*f*) Quit Moſchus' cauſe! To-morrow, bleſt
By (*g*) Cæſar's birth, allows us reſt,
That friends in converſe may unite
To lengthen the ſhort ſummer's night.
(*h*) Why have I fortune, but to uſe
The liberal bleſſing as I chuſe?
How near to mad is he whoſe cares
Tend only to enrich his heirs!
I'll drink, and ſcatter flowers, nor care
Though I the name of madman bear.
(*i*) What tranſports flow not from the bowl?
It gladdens, it expands the ſoul,
Gives to each hope enjoyment's charms,
Bids even the coward ruſh to arms,
Of every care the anxious heart
Relieves, and teaches every art.
Whom has not briſk enlivening wine
Inſpired with eloquence divine?
Whom has it not from ſorrow freed
When pinched by hard oppreſſive need?
Theſe points, which I can beſt obtain,
Mine be the willing taſk to gain:
That no foul napkin, dirty ſeat,
Offend you by a ſmell unſweet;
That every diſh and cup I place
At table may reflect your face;

That, among friends, whate'er we ſay
None ſhall be near that will betray;
That our arrangements pleaſe each gueſt,
Placed near the man that ſuits him beſt.
(*k*) Septicius ſhall await you here,
And Butra: if no better cheer,
Or favourite girl, detain Sabinus,
He too, I truſt, will gladly join us.
(*l*) There's room for more unbidden friends,
But that a noiſome ſmell offends
At crowded feaſts: ſo quickly write
What number you would meet to-night.
For this one time at leaſt give o'er
All cares; and through a private door,
Whilſt Clients wait you in the hall,
Steal ſoftly, and deceive them all.

NOTES ON EPISTLE V.

TORQUATUS, who is addreſſed in this airy and elegant Epiſtle, may have been the Son of Manlius Torquatus, in whoſe Conſulſhip our Poet was born. The 7th Ode of the 4th Book is alſo addreſſed to him. This invitation is ſuppoſed by Dacier to have been written in the year of Rome 728. Sanadon places it in 734. The latter opinion ſeems the moſt probable; as Horace dates his wine from the ſecond Conſulſhip of Statilius Taurus; which was in the year of Rome 727, or, according to another chronology, 728; and we muſt ſuppoſe the wine

to

to have been of a tolerable age. Wieland thinks the Ariſtippick morality which Horace, between jeſt and earneſt, has interwoven in this invitation, has reference to an oppoſite fault of his Friend; (viz. a cloſeneſs of diſpoſition) which is alſo glanced at in the above-mentioned Ode to Torquatus:

Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis amicæ
Quæ dederis animo.

"I know not (he adds) how many will ſympathize with me "on this occaſion: but to me the ſimplicity of manners, the "domeſtick turn, the ſatisfaction the Poet has in being able to "give his Friend a little treat, in ſhort that he thinks himſelf "ſo rich and happy in his plain and frugal houſekeeping, and "the good humour this ſentiment diffuſes over the whole "Epiſtle—all this makes him infinitely more eſtimable to me, "and ſhews me his moral character in a far better light, than "any thing he could have written in the dogmatick or raptu-"rous tone of a Virtuoſo or Philoſopher."

(*a*) The reading *Archiacis lectis* ſeems now pretty well eſtabliſhed, in preference to *Archaicis*; which might ſignify *old-faſhioned*, but the ſecond ſyllable of which is unfortunately long.—*Archias* is ſaid by the Scholiaſt to have made couches of a plain faſhion and ſhort ſize. It ſeemed better to expreſs this in the Tranſlation than to give his name.

(*b*) The *cœna* of the Romans (which we uſually tranſlate *ſupper*, though according to our preſent cuſtom it anſwers rather to our dinner time) was about three or four in the afternoon. This muſt have been at a much later hour; as Horace tells us it was in ſummer.—Baxter accounts for this by ſaying that private parties were appointed at later hours than great feaſts, ſuch as that deſcribed in Sat. 8. Book 2.—Wieland, with more

more reaſon, ſuppoſes it was appointed late to give his Friend Torquatus (who was an eminent Orator) ſufficient time for the buſineſs of the day.

(*c*) See the Introductory Note.

(*d*) Minturnæ was a Village near Sinueſſa. As both theſe towns were in Campania (though on the borders of it) and Sinueſſa lay at the foot of Mount Maſſicus, the wine might be called Falernian, though not perhaps the beſt ſpecies of that favourite wine. This, and the manner in which Horace mentions it, induce Wieland, with great probability, to ſuppoſe that Horace characteriſes it ſo preciſely only that his friend might not draw unfavourable concluſions of the wine from the frugality of the entertainment. He juſtly thinks "ſo polite a man would not invite a Manlius to get drunk with him on bad wine." Poſſibly the Commentators may have been miſled by the Ode to Mæcenas (20 of Lib. 1.) *Vile potabis Sabinum, &c.* But in that Ode the wine is recommended by a circumſtance peculiarly flattering to the perſon addreſſed. And probably Horace was then at his farm where he took up with common wine (*Rure meo quidvis poſſum perferre*) whereas this invitation is to ſup with him at Rome.

(*e*) The expreſſion in the Original (*imperium ſer*) is conſtrued by ſome of the Criticks—"ſuffer me to be *Toaſtmaſter* (as we ſhould call it) and conſequently to dictate what wine you ſhall drink." But the more plain and probable ſenſe ſeems to be—"*ſubmit to my dictates*, i. e. *acquieſce in the terms I propoſe.*"

(*f*) This Moſchus, it is ſaid, was a Rhetorician of Pergamus, who, being accuſed of poiſoning, was defended by two of the greateſt Orators of the time, Torquatus and Pollio.—*Schol. Bax.*

(*g*) As Horace tells us, in the next line but one, that it was ſummer, and Auguſtus Cæſar was born on the 23d of September, this feſtival has been, with reaſon, applied to the birth of *Julius Cæſar*; which happened on the 12th of July, and was kept during the reign of Auguſtus with great pomp and ſolemnity.

(*h*) It is from this paſſage, compared with that already cited from the Odes, that Wieland conceives Torquatus to have been rather diſpoſed to parſimony. Dacier has the ſame notion.

(*i*) Notwithſtanding this humorous Panegyrick on drunkenneſs (" in which," ſays he, " for all the joke there is a great deal of truth"), Wieland thinks this was not intended for a Bacchanalian feaſt. He quotes a ſomewhat ſimilar paſſage in the *Knights* of Ariſtophanes; which perhaps Horace had in view.

(*k*) The company mentioned here (unleſs Septimius be one) are found no where elſe in Horace; nor are the Commentators agreed about their names. But it ſignifies little whether we read Brutus and Septimius, or Butra and Septicius.—Sabinus has kept his name unqueſtioned, and his character, Wieland obſerves, is ſufficiently marked by the line—

" *Ni cœna prior, potior*[1] *puella*, &c.

(*l*) The perſons who were not invited by the Maſter of the houſe, but brought by any of his gueſts, were called *umbræ*, the *ſhadows* of thoſe who introduced them. See Sat. 9. Book 2.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VI.

To Numicius.

That happineſs conſiſts in deſiring nothing and fearing nothing.

NOT to admire I deem the beſt
Nay only method to be bleſt.
There are, Numicius, (*a*) who can gaze
On this bright Sun without amaze,
On ſtars and ſeaſons of the year,
Which at fixt periods diſappear.
What deem you of all things below?
Gifts that earth's region can beſtow,
Or ocean, whoſe full treaſure pours
On Indian and Arabian ſhores?
Of games? of Rome's applauding voice,
(*b*) And honours that attend her choice?
Should we with rapture view, or pleaſe
Our thoughts, with trifles ſuch as theſe?
Who dreads their oppoſites, admires,
Like him who theſe vain things deſires.

Anxiety

Anxiety of either kind
Is ever painful to the mind,
And ſudden diſappointments ſtrike
Each fond and doating fool alike.
Whether he joys, grieves, hopes or fears
What real difference appears?
Should he in life's events ſee aught
Or worſe or better than he ſought,
By admiration's ſtrong controul
He's petrified in mind and ſoul.
(c) The beſt of men may be eſteemed
Unjuſt, the Sage a madman deemed,
Should he beyond ſound reaſon's laws
Purſue even virtue's ſacred cauſe.
(d) Go then, and view with beating heart
Silver, old marbles, works of art!
On diamonds fix your wondering eye,
And garments ſtained with Tyrian dye!
Rejoice too that, whene'er you raiſe
Your voice in publick, thouſands gaze!
(e) Seek at the morning's earlieſt light
The Forum! nor return till night;
Leſt (f) Mutus (what a vile diſgrace!)
Sprung from a far leſs noble race,
Should from his wife's poſſeſſions reap
More corn than you perchance can heap,

And

And thus more admiration gain
From you, than you from him obtain.
But time ſhall bring the obſcure to light,
And bury all that now are bright,
What though your well known face and mien
Oft in the (g) Portico be ſeen,
Or Appian road, you ſtill muſt hie
(i) Where Numa and great Ancus lie.
Whene'er your reins or ſide endure
Acute diſeaſes, ſeek the cure.
Chuſe you by reaſon's rules to live,
(Who would not chuſe?) if virtue give
The only power, purſue her plan;
Scorn lux'ry, as becomes a man!
But deem you that, well underſtood,
(i) Virtue's mere words, as groves are wood;
Haſte! let no other ſhip before
Your freighted veſſel put from ſhore;
Leſt all your traffick ſhould be loſt
(k) To Phrygia, or Bithynia's coaſt.
As a round ſum, you firſt muſt gain
(l) One thouſand talents, then obtain
A ſecond, then a third, and keep
This courſe, until you've ſquared the heap.
(m) For what procures a dowered wife,
Firm faith and active friends through life,

Diſtinguiſhed beauty, noble birth,
But wealth, imperial Queen of earth?
Or whom, without a well filled cheſt,
Has Venus or Suadela bleſs'd?
(n) The Cappadocian King may boaſt
Of ready ſlaves a numerous hoſt:
In caſh his Majeſty is poor.
Then from his lot thyſelf ſecure.
(o) Lucullus anſwered (as they ſay)
When aſk'd to lend, for ſome new play,
A hundred robes the ſcene required,
" How ſhould I have the amount deſired?
" But I'll examine all my ſtore,
" And ſend it, be it leſs or more."
But ſoon he writes in different ſtrains:
" Five thouſand robes my houſe contains.
" Whiche'er you chuſe, the whole or part,
" I'll ſend it you with all my heart."
That man's eſtabliſhment is mean,
Where no ſuperfluous things are ſeen;
Things, which no Maſter's eye perceives,
Which yield large profit to his thieves.
If fortune then alone can gain
True happineſs, alone maintain,
Firſt to this great purſuit attend,
Nor leave it till your life ſhall end.

If

If publick favour, ſplendid ſhew,
Alone can happineſs beſtow,
Let's buy a ſlave, who in the ſtreets
(p) Can tell the names of all he meets,
And jog us, that we reach our hands
Acroſs whatever cart withſtands:
" (q) This man the Fabian Tribe can ſway;
" This the Velinian oft obey.
" This fellow's intereſt can with eaſe
" Beſtow the Faſces, if he pleaſe:
" Of that ſame active rogue beware!
" He'll drive you from the Curule chair."
Slyly adopt, and call him Sire,
Or Brother, as his years require.
If he lives well who makes good chear,
Soon as the morning rays appear
Let's riſe, and fly with eager ſpeed
Where'er our appetite ſhall lead!
Fiſh, hunt for dainties! and repeat
The vain (r) Gargilius' fooliſh feat;
Who, with nets, ſpears and ſlaves that bore them,
Marched early through the crowded Forum;
That, at his proud return ere night,
On one of many ſlaves, in ſight
Of gaping thouſands, might be brought
The ſolitary boar he bought.

Void of all ſhame, when ſcarce we've dined,
(*s*) Bathe, full of crudities and wind,
Well worthy of the (*t*) Cœrites' doom,
Who loſt the franchiſes of Rome,
Or like the looſe abandoned train
Who rowed Ulyſſes o'er the main,
Who (*u*) loved forbidden pleaſures more
Than their dear country's long loſt ſhore.
If, as (*w*) Mimnermus has expreſt,
True life is but to love and jeſt,
Let us his jocund rule approve,
And live for pleaſantry and love.
Farewell! and, if you know an art
Better than this, it's rules impart:
But, if no other plan you chuſe,
Theſe ſentiments adopt and uſe.

NOTES ON EPISTLE VI.

THIS philoſophical Epiſtle (which might more properly have been claſſed with the Satires) is addreſſed to a perſon mentioned in no other part of Horace's works, and of whoſe life or character no particulars are known. The celebrated Imitation by Pope has in this reſpect a peculiar advantage over any tranſlation, the diſtinguiſhed perſon whom he addreſſes being then in the dawn of that reputation which we have viewed in it's meridian luſtre. But the prophecy of our Engliſh Poet (who ſaw

in the young and brilliant Orator the future ornament and oracle of juſtice) is, alas, fulfilled in every part! and

Murray, long his country's pride,
Is now no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

The doctrine of this Epiſtle, that we ſhould admire nothing, leſt we too eagerly covet it, is derived from the ſchool of Pythagoras. It is alſo a maxim of the Ariſtippick Philoſophy; but the illuſtrations appear to be chiefly Horace's own, and ſuggeſted by the ſtate and manners of the Romans when he wrote.

Wieland ſuppoſes, with ſome probability, that Numicius was a man of a reſtleſs diſpoſition, fluctuating between ambition, the love of pleaſure, and philoſophy. Yet poſſibly this moral Eſſay, as we may properly call it, may have ariſen, as ſome other of our Poet's Epiſtles ſeem to have done, from ſome converſations with his friend on the topick diſcuſſed, rather than from any peculiar view of his character.

(*a*) This is ſuppoſed to allude to the Epicureans, or (which was nearly the ſame) to the Atheiſts of his time.

(*b*) The forms of the Republick were preſerved under Auguſtus: ſo that the people ſtill elected the principal Magiſtrates, and, though ſometimes under his influence, were at times left wholly to their own choice. See Note (*q*).

(*c*) Here he manifeſtly reproves the Stoicks for carrying even the idea of virtue to an extravagant height.

(*d*) So in the 2d Epiſtle of the 2d Book,—

Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant, eſt qui non curat habere.

Horace

Horace (as Wieland obſerves) has in this paſſage brought together all that the rich were at that time moſt ſmitten with. Their pomp and prodigality in coſtly veſſels of ſilver almoſt exceeds imagination.—Lucius Craſſus, the famous Orator, had ſilver veſſels which ſtood him in a hundred and ſixty crowns the pound, and a pair of beakers, for which he paid above four thouſand crowns, wrought by the artiſt Mentor. The paſſion for cut ſtones, cups of onyx with figures in relief, jewels and pearls, and the like, began at the time when Pompey triumphed over Mithridates, and in a ſhort time roſe to the ſame height of extravagance as all other branches of their luxury.

(*e*) It has been doubted whether the recommendation to ſeek the Forum early, in order to acquire a fortune, is for the purpoſe of pleading Cauſes, of exerciſing commerce, or of intriguing for publick Offices. — Dacier thinks the firſt could not be meant; as the Roman Orators did not take Fees from their Clients. But it cannot, I think, be doubted that no road to wealth, as well as power, was more common than that of pleading cauſes. The Patron very frequently (it is ſaid) received preſents and legacies from his Clients, and by their votes and intereſt he obtained high Offices in the State; which generally (in the latter days of the Republick) enabled him to amaſs a conſiderable fortune. This ſenſe therefore ſeems preferable, as that which moſt naturally occurs on reading the paſſage.

(*f*) Who *Mutus* was we are not apprized. Some Editions have *Mutius*.

(*g*) Agrippa (for a character of whom ſee the Notes on Ode 6. Book 1.) embelliſhed the City by publick buildings more than any one before or after him. The *Portico* here

mentioned is probably the magnificent hall with which Agrippa ornamented the Pantheon built by him in 727. This, or the area belonging to it, was at that time the place to which the great world at Rome uſually reſorted. The Appian Road was the road moſt frequented by travellers.—*Wieland.*

(*b*) So in Ode 7. Book 4.—

Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pater Æneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra ſumus.

(*i*) Horace alludes here to the ſacred groves dedicated to the heathen Divinities; which the common people reverenced, but which the philoſophers, or free-thinkers, conſidered as mere clumps of trees, like any other wood.—Wieland thinks the Poet puts theſe two predicates together, the holding virtue for a mere name, and a grove for mere wood, becauſe ordinarily he who does not believe in virtue, does not believe in religion; but he who believes in neither, can know no higher good than riches; which procure him all other things that are of value in his ſight.

(*k*) In the Original, "*Leſt you ſhould loſe your Cibyratican or your Bithynian commerce.* There appear to have been two Cities called *Cibyra*, the larger was in Phrygia, the leſſer (as it was called) in Pamphylia.—Sanadon ſuppoſes this latter to be meant, as moſt favourably ſituated for commerce.

(*l*) A thouſand Talents make about 187,000l. of our money.

(*m*) Horace ſpeaks here according to the ſentiments of the Miſer. So in Sat. 3. Book 2.—

Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulchris
Divitiis parent.

(*n*) The

(*n*) The people of Cappadocia, a region of Aſia Minor, appear to have been in an abject ſtate of poverty and ſlavery.

(*o*) The ſuperfluity which Horace ſuppoſes to be requiſite in order to conſtitute a man truly wealthy, is probably exaggerated for the purpoſe of ridiculing the inordinate purſuit of riches. Lucullus, though a great general, ſullied his laurels by luxury and extravagance; of which he ſet the moſt conſpicuous example at Rome.

(*p*) Every great man at Rome who aſpired to public Offices, to obtain which it was neceſſary to gain the votes of the people, was attended by a Slave, whoſe buſineſs it was to tell him the names of all the Citizens he met, that he might know how to addreſs them. A Slave poſſeſt of this extraordinary talent was called a *Nomenclator*.

(*q*) Theſe were two of the Tribes into which the Roman people was divided. The Faſces and the Curule Chair, the reader hardly need be told, were ſymbols of the Roman magiſtracy.

Wieland remarks that "although Auguſtus left ſtanding the "whole *facade* of the old Republican ædifice, yet it muſt ap- "pear ſingular that Horace throughout this Epiſtle, whenever "he touches on the Conſtitution of Rome, ſpeaks of it as if he "had lived half a century ſooner. The higheſt Poſts in the "State he calls *amici dona Quiritis*, and the commoneſt Citizen "is ſtill of that conſequence that he can incline the Votes in "the *Comitia* to whomſoever he pleaſes. Auguſtus and his "influence have no more to do with it than if no ſuch perſon "exiſted." He accounts very ingeniouſly, and I think, truly for this, by detailing the means uſed by Auguſtus to deceive the people into the notion that they ſtill retained their ancient liberty. "The people (he obſerves) held their *Comitia*, as in

" the days of the Scipios, and elected their Tribunes, Ædiles,
" Prætors and Conſuls: in ſhort, the Romans fancied them-
" ſelves ſtill Romans, and ſaw in Auguſtus (who behind the
" ſcenes held all the ſtrings of the puppet-ſhew) only the guar-
" dian of their liberty, and the reſtorer of peace and happi-
" neſs. But could he hope that ſo groſs an illuſion would be
" of long duration? that his fellow-citizens would not (after a
" time) perceive that a man who united in his own perſon the
" dignity of Prince of the Senate, firſt Tribune, Conſul, and
" Commander of the army, could do what he would in the
" State? He therefore took new meaſures to ſtrengthen the
" deception, and to convince them by freſh experience that the
" liberty of their forefathers was no longer good for them. To
" this end, in the year of Rome 731, he ſolemnly laid down the
" Conſulſhip, which he had held nine years; and ſuch was the
" high idea the Romans ſtill annexed to the name of Conſul, that
" in their eyes he had returned to a private ſtation, though he
" remained Maſter of the Republick under ſo many other titles.
" They ſoon repented of having accepted his reſignation, and, as
" an atonement, wanted to force upon him the Office of perpe-
" tual Dictator. But he recollected the fate of his great uncle,
" and diverted the effects of a momentary effervescence in ſuch
" a manner as to make him more than ever the idol of the peo-
" ple. He removed (in the year 732) from Italy, under ſome
" plauſible pretext, and paſſed almoſt three years in Sicily, Greece
" and Aſia, in ſuch a manner as at once eſtabliſhed his renown
" among foreign nations, and left the world no longer in doubt
" who was properly it's Ruler. Theſe three years may, in a cer-
" tain ſenſe, be conſidered as the laſt wherein the Romans enjoyed
" the illuſion of liberty. The whole of his behaviour, in regard
" to the internal affairs of Rome during this long abſence would
" be inexplicable, unleſs we admit that he left the Romans to
" themſelves to ſhew them how little they could do without him.
" The policy of his conduct was juſtified by the event. The

" Romans,

" Romans, who had been too long diſuſed to being kept within " bounds ſolely by a reverence for the laws, employed the free- " dom of the comitial Aſſemblies and the right of electing their " ſupreme Magiſtrates in ſo licentious and tumultuous a manner, " that the city was ſplit into factions, and more than once in the " utmoſt danger." He then gives a hiſtory of theſe diſturbances; in conſequence of which the Senate gave the Conſul, Sentius Saturninus, the old Republican commiſſion: *Videret Conſul ne quid detrimenti reſpublica capiat*; by which he was inveſted with an extraordinary authority, with no other limits than his own diſcernment of what was neceſſary for the ſafety of the State. —Wieland adds that, " as the preſent Epiſtle, according to " Bentley's very probable calculation, was not written before " the year 735, we find it explained, by what has been ſaid, " why Horace ſpeaks of the all powerful effects of popular " favour, and of the way of intriguing for the higheſt ſtations, " in a tone which only a few years later would not have been " ſuitable." His expreſſions were well adapted to what paſſed before his eyes, and whether he was impoſed upon, or deſcried the ſecret motions of Auguſtus, the manner in which he expreſſes himſelf was ſuitable to the moment.

(*r*) This ſtory of Gargilius' wiſhing to appear a great hunter and taking this mode to paſs for one, was probably a recent topick of mirth when this Epiſtle was written.

(*s*) This, it is ſaid, was a practice of gluttons, in order to get a ſecond appetite.

(*t*) Cære was a Town in Etruria; the inhabitants of which, in conſequence of their having hoſpitably received many of the Romans who fled on the taking of the city by the Gauls, were honoured with the privileges of Roman Citizens, except that of voting; or, as ſeems more probable, forfeited that right by a

ſubſequent revolt) in conſequence of which excluſion, the Cenſor's tablets, in which were entered the names of ſuch as had forfeited the right of ſuffrage, were called *Cærites tabulæ*; and Horace, in the Original, ſays the perſons he is ſpeaking of were worthy, *Cærite cerâ*, of the *Cærite wax*; with which theſe tablets were covered.

(*u*) The companions of Ulyſſes are alſo ſtigmatized for their folly and cupidity in the 2d Epiſtle of this Book.

(*w*) Mimnermus, the celebrated Elegiack Poet, was born at Colophon, and was the contemporary and friend of the wiſe Solon. Horace, by what he ſays in Epiſt. 2. Book 2. appears to have preferred him as a Poet to Callimachus.

> Quis niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus,
> Fit Mimnermus.——

He was indeed generally deemed the firſt of the Greek Elegiack Poets. A few fragments of Elegies ſaid to be his are preſerved by Stobæus.

EPISTLE VII.

To Mæcenas.

He excuſes himſelf for not having come to town to Mæcenas, as he had promiſed, expreſſes his gratitude for the wealth conferred on him, but declares he would relinquiſh it rather than give up his independence.

I PROMISED, at my farm, I own,
To tarry for five days alone:
Yet my return is ſtill deferred
Through Auguſt; thus I break my word.
But would Mæcenas have me live
In health, in ſpirits? would he give
Indulgence if an illneſs ſeize?
Grant it whene'er I fear diſeaſe;
Now, when the ripening fig, the weather,
Sultry, unwholeſome, draws together,
Ranged at their ſolemn chief's commands,
(*a*) The undertaker's rueful bands;
When parents watch with anxious dread
The offspring of their nuptial bed;

And

And (*b*) court to our ſuperiors paid,
The bar's laborious buſy trade,
And ſuch hard toils, with fevers fill
The town, (*c*) unſealing many a Will.
But ſoon as dreary winter reigns,
And ſpreads with ſnow the (*d*) Albanian plains,
Your Poet (*e*) to the ſea ſhall ſpeed,
Nurſe his weak health, and (*f*) ſnugly read.
You with the zephyrs, deareſt friend,
And earlieſt ſwallow, he'll attend.
You gave the little wealth I boaſt
Not (*g*) as the rude Calabrian hoſt
Preſents his pears:—"*Eat, eat I pray!*"
"Enough."—"*Then carry ſome away!*"
"No thank you." "*Nay, without a joke,*
"*Take them! they'll pleaſe your little folk.*
"Sir, I'm obliged by what's beſtowed
"As much as if I took a load."
"*Well, as you pleaſe: if you decline*
"*My fruit, you leave it to the ſwine.*"
Fools give whate'er they hate and ſpurn.
What can they hope for in return?
In every age from ſuch rank ſeeds
Ingratitude alone proceeds.
The man of wiſe and liberal ſpirit
Is prompt to cheriſh real merit;

And

And yet (*h*) full well he weighs and knows
The worth of all his hand beſtows.
The grateful ſenſe your bounties raiſe
Shall even deſerve my Patron's praiſe.
If I muſt ne'er depart, reſtore
The vigour I poſſeſſed before;
Reſtore the thick dark hair that ſpread
In flowing ringlets o'er my head;
Give me to ſpeak with grace and eaſe,
With briſk becoming laughter pleaſe,
And, in my cups, lament the flight
Of (*i*) Cyn'ra, volatile though bright.
(*k*) Lured by a bag of corn, when thin,
Through a ſmall hole a rat crept in;
But, when well-fed, with toil and pain
He ſtruggled to eſcape in vain.
To whom a weazel: Would you 'ſcape
This place, you muſt reduce your ſhape,
Grow lean, and by the ſelf-ſame door
Creep out, where you crept in before.
Should you apply this caſe to mine,
My all I chearfully reſign;
Nor praiſe, as one with dainties cloyed,
The ſlumbers by the poor enjoyed,
Nor for the wealth Arabia knows
Would change my freedom and repoſe.

Oft

Oft it has pleaſed you to commend
My modeſty; as oft your friend
You, as his generous father, bleſs'd,
Nor in your abſence leſs expreſs'd.
Try then, if with a chearful heart
From all you gave me I can part.
(l) Telemachus is ſurely wiſe
When thus, in Homer, he replies:
" Our Ithaca's unfit to breed
" Or exerciſe the generous ſteed:
" A rugged iſland, it contains
" Few paſtures, no extenſive plains.
" Thy gift, Atrides, I reſign,
" As fitter for thy uſe than mine."
Small things ſuit humble men: my mind
No joy in mighty Rome can find;
But (m) Tibur charms my vacant hours,
Or ſoft Tarentum's peaceful bowers.
(n) Philip, whoſe eloquence might claim
For manly force diſtinguiſhed fame,
As from the Courts he took his way
Tow'rds evening of a buſy day,
And, being grown from age leſs ſtrong,
(o) Complained the walk was ſomewhat long,
Chanced, as around he caſt his eye,
A wight (p) new-ſhaven to deſcry;

Who in a barber's ſhop reclined,
(q) And clean'd his nails with vacant mind.
" Demetrius haſte (he cries) and crave
(Demetrius was a ready ſlave)
" To know his name, connexions, worth,
" His fortune, patron, and his birth."
He flies, and brings back this relation:
" *His name's Vulteius, and his ſtation*
" (r) *A cryer, vending petty ware;*
" *Not rich, of reputation fair;*
" *Who loves by turns, as ſuits his views;*
" *To buſtle, reſt, acquire and uſe,*
" *Delights in one abode alone,*
" *And choice ſnug parties of his own,*
" *And, buſineſs once diſpatched, reſorts*
" *To ſee the games and martial ſports.*"—
" All this I'd hear himſelf recite:
" Go, bid him ſup with me to-night."
Vulteius, at this meſſage ſcared,
Sat ſilent for a while, and ſtared:
At length, he begged to be excuſed.—
" What, has the fellow then refuſed?"
" *Yes, Sir; your invitation's ſlighted:*
" *The rogue contemns you, or he's frighted.*"
Betimes next morning, in the ſtreets,
Philip his new acquaintance greets;

Who

Who to ſurrounding boors diſplayed
His paltry wares, and plied his trade,
And bids him firſt good morn.—He pleaded
The toils and buſineſs that impeded
His wiſh the proper court to pay
To his great friend at dawn of day,
And that he had not ſooner known
And firſt ſaluted him.—" Atone,"
Cries Philip, " for all former ſlight
" By ſupping at my houſe to-night."
" *Juſt as you pleaſe.*" " At three attend.
" Go now, your fortune ſtrive to mend."
The gueſt, at ſupper having ſaid
Whate'er firſt came into his head,
Is ſent to his repoſe, though late.
At length, when the repeated bait
Allures him, and the fiſh each day
Runs to the hook, a willing prey,
A client at the earlieſt light,
A ſure and conſtant gueſt at night,
He's called his Patron to attend,
And at his neareſt villa ſpend
(*t*) The Latin feaſts; well-mounted there
He praiſes Sabine fields and air.
Philip, who gaily thus beguiles
His vacant hours, obſerves and ſmiles,

(*u*) Seven

(*u*) Seven thouſand ſeſterces in ſtore,
With promiſe of as many more,
Beſtows, and prompts him with the thought
To buy a farm. The farm is bought.
But to be brief: this ſmart in town
Becomes a farmer and a clown,
For ever talks of corn and wines,
Prepares his (*w*) elms and trains his vines;
And thus his ſpirits youth and health
Wear out in anxious toil for wealth.
But when ſome thief his ſheep had ſeized,
When half his goats had died diſeaſed,
When every crop his hopes belied,
When over-worked his oxen died,
Vext at ſuch ills, with furious ſpeed
At midnight ſeizing on his ſteed,
Reſolv'd his rage and grief to vent,
To Philip's houſe his courſe he bent;
Who, when he viewed in ſuch a plight
The dirty and unſhaven wight,
Exclaimed, "Vulteius you appear
"In thrift and labour too ſevere."
"*Ah Patron, call me Wretch!—With ſhame*
"*I own it is the fitteſt name.*
"*But, by your ſacred faith I pray!*
"*The* (*x*) *Power that bleſs'd your natal day,*

"*And*

" *And all your guardian Gods, once more*
" *My former happy life reſtore.*"
Who finds how much what he diſdained
Excel whate'er he ſought and gained,
Let him in time with prudent mind
Return to what he left behind.
(*y*) For human life alone is bleſt
When each man knows what ſuits him beſt.

NOTES ON EPISTLE VII.

MANY of the Criticks prefer this to all the other Epiſtles of our Poet.—Wieland ſays, " It is an Epiſtle which only a Horace " could write to a Mæcenas: but he ſeems to have written it, " in the name of all his brethren, to every Mæcenas."—This learned Tranſlator and Commentator explains the occaſion of this Epiſtle in a manner equally ingenious and ſatisfactory, but which it is difficult to abridge.—" Mæcenas, (he ſays) in his " ſplendid palace, amidſt his voluptuous gardens, and amidſt the " Paraſites that thronged his princely table, doubtleſs felt at " times a depreſſing languor of ſpirits. Superfluity of the gifts of " fortune is often of itſelf a kind of miſery; but this delicate " child of proſperity muſt have found numberleſs either real or " imaginary cauſes of diſagreeable feelings. The coolneſs of " Auguſtus (though ſcarcely perceptible to others yet ſenſibly " felt by him) a Wife whom he could neither live with nor " without, increaſing infirmities of body, want of ſleep, the " emptineſs of a ſoul relaxed by all kinds of enjoyment, which " his ordinary friends could not always fill up; all this makes it

" very

" very conceivable that Mæcenas might long for ſuch a com-
" panion as Horace with all the impatience of a great man ac-
" cuſtomed to admit of no delays where his wiſhes were to be
" indulged. And what excuſes could our Poet make, who lived
" in the moſt perfect leiſure? or how could he decline the ſacri-
" fice of a part of that leiſure to him to whom he owed it all?"

No doubt Horace was ſenſible of this; but unfortunately neither his inclinations nor his wants correſponded with the wiſhes of his friend. The farther he advanced in life, the more neceſſary he found retirement and eaſe, and the more did thoſe ſacrifices coſt him, which had been eaſier in his earlier years. His tender health rendered the country air and a more regular diet daily more neceſſary: the ardour of his blood was cooled; and the void which the diſſipations of the great world had left in his ſoul, made it neceſſary for him to be happy in his own way; and this was widely different from the manner of life in the houſe of Mæcenas. In ſhort, the days of illuſion were over; and how deſirous ſoever he might ſtill be of pleaſing the man who had ſo great a ſhare in his affections, however he might feel himſelf bound by gratitude to do ſo, yet he felt the neceſſity of not ſacrificing himſelf intirely to his gratitude, and of putting the duties of friendſhip in an equipoiſe with the duties he owed himſelf. The whole ſtile and manner of the Epiſtle before us imply that Mæcenas had, either by a letter or through ſome common friend, inſinuated ſomething like a reproach of ingratitude. The warmth with which Horace explains himſelf on this point, ſeems to ſhew that his heart was full, and that, in an emotion which he could not reſtrain, he gives vent to it in ſtronger expreſſions than he would have choſen in cooler moments. At leaſt I cannot otherwiſe explain what he ſays of returning what he had received from him. He could only ſpeak in this manner to Mæcenas in an involuntary ebullition of heart, and when he found it neceſſary, once for all, to come to an explanation. For though he tells

it him with all poſſible delicacy, yet there is ſo much earneſtneſs in the propoſal that Mæcenas would put him to the proof, that if he had been leſs warm, he muſt have felt it rather injurious. This is the point of view from which this Epiſtle ſhould be ſeen. In none does he more ſtrongly expreſs the peculiar temper of his mind; and none of them are written in ſo peculiar a ſituation. I think the way in which he extricated himſelf from this difficulty does equal honour to his underſtanding, to his heart, and to his urbanity.—*Wieland.*

(*a*) During the month of Auguſt malignant fevers were frequent at Rome. As the Undertakers had then moſt employment of any perſons, Horace (as Wieland has well obſerved) humorouſly erects them into the principal Officers in the city, by calling their journeymen *black Lictors*; an alluſion which would have no effect in a tranſlation.

(*b*) The reciprocal duties of Patron and Client are here alluded to. They were, if performed according to the ſpirit of the Roman Inſtitutions, very laborious to both parties. The former was a ſpecies of guardian to the latter, and was bound to adviſe him in all caſes of difficulty and to defend him in all Suits. Conſidering how many Clients belonged to each of the great men of Rome (and indeed that they eſtimated their greatneſs by the number of their Clients) this muſt have been, at times, a very fatiguing duty. On the other hand, the Client, beſides various ſervices he was bound to perform for his Patron, was obliged to a daily attendance on him.

(*c*) Meaning that, from the number of deaths, more Wills than uſual were opened.

(*d*) It ſeems, by this expreſſion, doubtful whether Horace was at this time at his Sabine Villa, or ſomewhere in the Alban territory.

(*e*) I

(*e*) It appears from ſeveral paſſages in Horace that he was fond of paſſing a part of the year (and particularly the winter) at Baiæ, Velia, Tarentum, and other places on the ſea coaſt; which were deemed much warmer than the inland parts of Italy. See Epiſtle 15. of this Book.

(*f*) The ſenſe of *contractus* (the words in the Original) has been much diſputed. The moſt probable ſeems to be, *drawn within himſelf*, alluding perhaps to a ſnail getting within his ſhell.

(*g*) Wieland thinks this ſcene happened to the Poet himſelf on ſome viſit he made in Calabria. But if this were ſo, it could not have paſſed exactly in the manner related; as Horace had no *young family* to whom he might carry the fruit. But probably there was ſome ſtory of an ungracious Calabrian hoſt well known at the time, or it may have been introduced on the ſtage.

(*h*) In the Original, *He knows the difference between money and lupines*, a ſort of pulſe, which was uſed as money on the ſtage.

(*i*) Cynara has been mentioned in Odes 1. and 13. Book 4. as a favourite Miſtreſs of Horace, and we ſhall hear of her again in the Epiſtles. — Wieland thinks it probable that the ſcene of which he here reminds Mæcenas happened, on ſome jovial occaſion, in that great man's houſe.

(*k*) This Fable is cited by St. Jerome as from Æſop. It is there told of a *rat*, not a fox, as in the common Editions of our Poet. This and the circumſtance that a fox is not a frugivorous animal, have induced me to follow Bentley's reading of *nitedula*; which is approved by moſt of the later Commentators.

The application of the Fable ſeems to be, that Horace has been pampered by the bounty of Mæcenas till he is grown forgetful of his Benefactor, and that if he were poor again, he would be glad to get out the way he came in, viz. become attentive and humble. He declares his readineſs to reſign all the fortune he had received, if he deſerves this imputation.

(*l*) This is taken from the 4th Book of the Odyſſey, v. 601, &c. in the Original, and thus tranſlated by Pope:

> Thy courſers for the champain ſports retain:
> That gift our barren rocks will render vain.
> Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
> Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browſe,
> But neither mead nor plain ſupplies, to feed
> The ſprightly courſer, or indulge his ſpeed.

(*m*) Tibur and Tarentum were two favourite ſpots with our Poet. The former is celebrated particularly in Ode 7. of Book 1. and the latter in Ode 6. Book 2. — Wieland ſays *vacuum* Tibur means *thinly peopled*. The luxurious effeminate manners of the people of Tarentum are alluded to in other paſſages of Horace.

(*n*) The Philip here meant is ſuppoſed to be Lucius Marcius Philippus, who was Conſul in the year of Rome 667. He is mentioned with great praiſe, as an Orator, by Cicero. His Son (who was Conſul in 697.) was Father in Law to Auguſtus, having married his Mother Atia. Some Commentators ſuppoſe the Son to be meant; but probably it is the Father; as he is characterized by Cicero as *facetus*; which agrees with the ſtory told of him here.—Swift has applied this ſtory to himſelf and Lord Oxford, and has done it with great eaſe and humour.

(*o*) In

(*o*) In the Original *complained the Forum was too far from the Carinæ*. This was a diſtrict of ancient Rome between the Eſquiline, the Palatine and the Cælian Mounts; where alſo Pompey and Cicero had their houſes.

(*p*) Different explanations are given of the word in the Original, *adraſus*. Dacier thinks it means a *Freedman*; as when Slaves were made free they were ſhaved.—Lambin ſuppoſes it a piece of raillery, denoting a certain metropolitan elegance in this Pedlar. Some ſay it is *ſhaved to the ſkin*, indicating that he ſhaved himſelf, though badly, to avoid the expence of a Barber.—Dr. Foſter thought it the ſame as *nitidus*; which nearly agrees with Lambin's interpretation.—Wieland alſo inclines to this opinion; which ſeems confirmed by a ſubſequent ſentence, *ex nitido fit ruſticus*.

(*q*) Perhaps the line in the Original, ſo expreſſive of indolence, and eaſe of mind, and at the ſame time of frugality, (*Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues*) cannot be adequately rendered in Engliſh.—Dr. Foſter obſerved, "He ſays *proprios ungues*, becauſe the Barbers uſed to cut the great men's nails for them."—*MS*.

(*r*) This occupation is mentioned in Sat. 6. as what Horace's father thought likely to be his lot. It is alſo alluded to at the end of the Art of Poetry.

(*s*) The Original text ſays, "*when the Latin Holydays were announced*," namely by the Conſul, on whom it depended to fix the time of theſe Holydays. Men of buſineſs, ſuch as Philippus, uſed to take this occaſion to ſpend ſome days at their country houſes. Theſe feſtivals were inſtituted, in honour of Jupiter, by *Tarquinius Superbus*, in memory of a Peace concluded by him with the people of Latium.

(*t*) Rather more than fifty pounds.

(*u*) To which they uſed in Italy to ſet their vines, as they continue to do at preſent.—*Wieland.*

(*w*) Properly none but *Vaſſals* uſed to ſwear by the Genius of their Maſter. It afterwards however grew into a compliment which Clients paid to their Patrons.—*Ib.*

(*x*) In the Original, "*Every one ſhould meaſure himſelf by his own rule and foot.*"

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VIII.

To Celsus Albinovanus.

He inquires after Celſus, and obliquely reminds him of ſome of his failings.

WITH kindeſt wiſhes, Muſe, attend
Celſus, great Neroe's Scribe and Friend.
Should he inquire my preſent ſtate,
Say, (*a*) though my promiſes were great,
Yet, ſtill by reſtleſs paſſions teized,
I live nor rightly, nor well pleaſed:
Not that my vines are cruſhed by hail,
Or, parched by heat, my olives fail;
Nor that my herds, which ſcattered lie
In diſtant fields, fall ſick and die;
But that my body's health I find
Far leſs affected than my mind,
Yet will not hear of or endure
The means that may effect a cure.
The juſt well-meant advice offends
Of kind phyſicians, faithful friends;

Who ſtrive to chaſe, with honeſt zeal,
The fatal lethargy I feel.
I ſeek things hurtful to my reſt,
Avoid what I believe the beſt:
(b) At Rome 'tis Tibur I admire;
At Tibur, Rome's my ſole deſire.
Aſk if he's well: inquires beſides
How his affairs and ſelf he guides?
If he contrives th' eſteem to gain
Of the young Prince and courtier train.
Should he ſay "yes," with zeal ſincere
Give joy! then whiſper in his ear:
"As, Celſus, with the temper due
"You bear your lot, ſo we ſhall you."

NOTES ON EPISTLE VIII.

CELSUS, to whom this Epiſtle is addreſſed, is no doubt the perſon mentioned in Epiſtle 3d, and ridiculed as a plagiariſt. Here the Poet (who ſeems to have liked him with all his faults) inquires after him, and inſinuates ſome good advice. What he ſays of himſelf is perhaps meant likewiſe of Celſus. He alſo appears to ſuſpect the Secretary of Tiberius of being too much elevated by his new appointment. Nothing more is known of Celſus than what is ſaid of him by Horace. This Epiſtle appears to have been written in the year of Rome 733 or 734, when Tiberius commanded in Aſia.

(a) So

(*a*) So in the 3d Satire Damaſippus tells him,

" *Atqui vultus erat multa et præclara minantis.*"

(*b*) The reproach that Horace here caſts on himſelf in his own perſon he had already, in the 7th Satire of the 2d Book, put into the mouth of one of his Slaves:

Romæ rus optas, abſentem ruſticus urbem
Tollis ad aſtra levis.

The hypochondriack humour, therefore, of which he here complains was nothing new to him.—*Wieland.*

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IX.

To Claudius Nero.

He recommends Septimius.

(a) SEPTIMIUS of all men can ſee
How much eſteem you have for me,
Great Claudius: by his ſtrong requeſt
I'm urged, by his intreaties preſt
And even compelled, to recommend
And introduce him, as a Friend
Worthy to ſhare your houſe, your breaſt;
Who chuſe the nobleſt and the beſt.
When thus he fancies me as near
Your heart as thoſe you hold moſt dear,
Beyond myſelf he ſees and knows
How far my power to ſerve him goes.
I argued long, and long refuſed,
And ſtruggled hard to be excuſed:
But feared leſt he perchance ſhould gueſs
I feign my little intereſt leſs,

And,

And, whilſt no influence I own,
Reſerve it for myſelf alone.
Thus, to avoid a worſe diſgrace,
I've e'en put on a Courtier's face.
But, if perchance you would commend
Even impudence to ſerve a friend,
Enrol that Friend with your's! and truſt
You'll find him generous, brave and juſt.

NOTES ON EPISTLE IX.

" THIS elegant recommendatory letter is written (Wieland " obſerves) in a ſtile that nothing but intercourſe with polite " company can give; and, under the appearance of eaſe and " frankneſs, every word is weighed as in a diamond ſcale. " No one, he adds, knew better than Horace what was becom- " ing himſelf, the perſon whom he addreſſed, and him whom " he intended to ſerve. The more earneſt he was in his re- " commendation, the more delicacy was neceſſary to a man of " Tiberius's character. Too much importunity, too warm a " ſtrain of praiſe, would only have hurt his friend; as coldneſs, " pride, reſerve and diſtruſt, were ſtriking features in the cha- " racter of Tiberius, even in his youth. As little would it " have been proper for Horace to have aſſumed an air of im- " portance, and to have ſpoken in the tone of a man who " thought his recommendation of ſome weight, from his con- " nection with ſeveral great perſonages and from the good " footing he was on with Auguſtus himſelf, to a young man, " who, though far from the expectation of ſucceeding to the " empire, was one of the firſt perſons in the ſtate, as eldeſt Son

" of

" of the all-powerful Livia. This however was not all. He " muſt ſay ſomething to Tiberius that would flatter his ſelf- " love without looking like flattery: and Horace, who, with " all his dexterity, knew how to keep himſelf clear of flattery, " was determined to ſay nothing but what all Rome muſt ac- " knowledge to be true. The turn he takes for avoiding all " theſe perils, is the beſt his genius could have inſpired. He " dreſſes up the whole in a ſimple narration, how his friend " Septimius had ſo far got the better of his baſhfulneſs as to " prevail upon him to take a ſtep which gave him the appear- " ance of thinking he had a great intereſt with Tiberius. The " manner in which he expreſſes himſelf on this head is equally " free from baſeneſs and affectation. All that he ſays in com- " mendation of his friend is in the three laſt words of the " Epiſtle; but theſe contain the qualities which Tiberius af- " fected moſt to prize. All that he ſays flatteringly to that " Prince himſelf, lies in the ſingle verſe:

" DIGNUM MENTE DOMOQUE LEGENTIS HONESTA NERONIS."

" Doubtleſs this is much praiſe in few words. But in com- " pariſon of the high opinion entertained at that time of Ti- " berius, it would appear rather too little; unleſs we can be- " lieve that the Poet, by being thus ſparing of his praiſe, meant " to employ the moſt delicate mode of flattering a Prince who " had important political reaſons for affecting a mortal anti- " pathy to adulation of every kind."

(*a*) This probably is the ſame Septimius to whom the 6th Ode of the 2d Book is addreſſed. Wieland juſtly remarks that the apparent coldneſs with which he recommends him to Tiberius might be occaſioned by his knowledge of the cold and diſtruſtful character of that Prince.

(*b*) *Frontis ad urbanæ deſcendi præmia* is not uſually explained exactly as it is tranſlated here; though Sanadon gives it the ſame ſenſe. Moſt Commentators ſuppoſe it to allude to the manners of the Buffoons of that time; who in Horace, and other writers are called *urbani*. But I feared this might not have been intelligible to the Engliſh Reader.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE X.

To Fuscus Aristius.

He praiſes a country life and recommends philoſophical independence and content.

TO Fuſcus, who in Town delights,
His Friend, who loves the country, writes.
In this one point unlike, all others
Might fairly ſtamp us as twin brothers.
What one rejects and hates, 'tis ſure
The other never can endure:
Each the ſame things prefers and loves.
(*a*) Like the old fable's well-known doves,
You keep the neſt; my favourite themes
Are the ſweet country's groves and ſtreams
And moſs grown rocks. Need I explain
This circumſtance?—I live, I reign,
When far from ſcenes you fondly raiſe
E'en to the ſkies by partial praiſe.
Like ſome (*b*) prieſt's ſlave who lately fled,
I ſpurn ſweet cakes, and long for bread.

If

If he's moſt rational who lives
By the plain rule that nature gives,
If he who builds would deem it right
To chuſe a fit convenient ſcite,
Where can he better fix his ſeat
Than in ſome rural bleſt retreat?
Where are the winters milder? where
Does a more ſoft refreſhing air
The Dog-ſtar's deadly heat aſſuage,
And mitigate the Lion's rage,
When once the Sun's acuter rays
He feels, and maddens with the blaze?
Say, where do fewer cares moleſt
And wake us from delightful reſt?
Does (*c*) Lybian marble much excel
Th' enamell'd mead in tint or ſmell?
Are waters that impetuous force
Through leaden pipes their turbid courſe,
(*d*) Pure, as the rivulet's murmuring tide
That guſhes from the mountain's ſide?
Ev'n 'midſt your columns and alcoves
You cheriſh artificial groves,
And praiſe the houſe whoſe ſtation yields
A proſpect of far diſtant fields.
Drive nature out, in faſhion's ſpite
She'll conquer, and aſſert her right.

(*c*) The

(*e*) The merchant who no diff'rence ſpies
'Twixt Tyrian and Aquinian dyes,
Nor greater loſſes can ſuſtain,
Or know more deep and heart-felt pain,
Than he whoſe ignorance confounds
Falſhood and truth's eternal bounds.
Whoe'er when proſperous grows elate,
Trembles at every change of fate.
Who aught admires, with heavy heart
Will ſee the favourite bliſs depart.
Shun greatneſs! in a lowly cot
Who dwells, contented with his lot,
May (*f*) Kings and friends of Kings excel
In the great art of living well.
(*g*) A ſtag, by his ſuperior force,
Had from their paſtures driven a horſe;
Who, begging aid, to man ſubmitted,
And by his new ally was bitted.
But when, victorious in the field,
Elate he ſaw his rival yield,
Alas, no artifice or pains
Could doff the rider or the reins!
Thus whoſoe'er, when want alarms,
Quits freedom's bright celeſtial charms,
(Charms that excel gold's ampleſt hoard)
Muſt bear a ſtern oppreſſive Lord,

And,

And, if he ne'er the art obtains
To live on little, lives in chains.
A ſtate ill ſuited to our views
Is troubleſome as ill-made ſhoes:
If large, we loſe our tread and fall:
They pinch and pain us if too ſmall.
Then good Ariſtius, timely wiſe,
(*b*) Live bleſt with what your lot ſupplies:
Nor, ſhould I cheriſh vain deſire
Beyond what moderate wants require,
Amaſſing fortune to no end,
Without reproof diſmiſs your Friend.
The wealth that art or fortune gave
Is each man's tyrant, or his ſlave.
(*i*) 'Tis ſurely better to reſtrain
Than let it hold and guide the rein.
This, near (*k*) Vacuna's Fane reclined,
I dictate with a careleſs mind;
A mind, with this exception, gay,
That you, my Friend, are far away.

NOTES ON EPISTLE X.

FUSCUS ARISTIUS (to whom this Epiſtle is addreſſed) appears to have been one of the moſt intimate friends of Horace. The 22d Ode of the firſt Book is addreſſed to him. He is mentioned amongſt our Poet's literary friends in the 10th Satire of the 1ſt Book, and in the 9th as particularly dear to him. By his conduct, as deſcribed in the laſt-mentioned Satire, he appears to have been a man of a facetious turn; as he amuſed himſelf with the ſufferings of Horace from his troubleſome companion. From this Epiſtle we may collect, as Wieland has remarked, that he was not free from the contagion of ambition and the deſire of riches; which was epidemical in thoſe days at Rome. The admonition of Horace, on this point, is given with his uſual good humour and delicacy.

(*a*) The Original is ſuppoſed to allude to an old Fable of two Doves; one of which remained in the neſt, the other went out to travel.—*Dac.*

(*b*) Wieland thinks this an alluſion to ſome ſtory that had lately happened and was well known to Ariſtius and to Horace. More probably perhaps it was ſuggeſted by ſome ſcene in a Play. Theſe cakes were made of meal and honey, and preſented at ſacrifices. After the ſacrifices they remained as the Prieſt's portion, and the quantity was ſo large, that their ſlaves were fed with them inſtead of bread. They were therefore ſatiated and diſguſted with them, as Horace was with the luxuries of Rome.

(*c*) Numidia (which Horace here calls Libya) produced marble in high eſteem at Rome.

(*d*) This

(*d*) This paſſage, in the Original, is almoſt the ſame as one in Ode 3. Book 2. — *Obliquo laborat Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.*

(*e*) He now, rather abruptly, changes his ſubject, and lays down certain aphoriſms of morality, in detached ſentences, ſomewhat ſimilar to the concluſion of Epiſtle 2.

The reader hardly need be told how highly purple of the Tyrian dye was valued by the Romans. There was, it ſeems, a counterfeit ſort, made at Aquinum, a city of Latium; which ſometimes impoſed on perſons who were not judges, but was of much inferior value when detected.

(*f*) Perhaps *reges et regum amicos* rather means *great men and their friends*; a ſenſe, in which it is often uſed in Horace.

(*g*) This is the famous Apologue, by which the Poet Steſichorus pointed out to his countrymen, the Himerenſians, the folly of conſtituting Phalaris, Prince of Agrigentum, whom they called to their aſſiſtance againſt their neighbours, to be their commander with unlimited powers. — *Wieland.* We may, I think, infer from this paſſage (if there were not many other proofs in his works) how much the ſpirit of our Poet revolted at the idea of ſervile dependence, and how much he deſpiſed thoſe whom avarice or ambition induced to ſubmit to it.

(*h*) The uncommon delicacy with which Horace treats his Friend, the modeſty with which he gives him this advice, and the caution he uſes to avoid the appearance of pretending a greater proficiency in ſagacity, merit the Reader's attention. In all this, as in the whole compoſition of this Epiſtle, there is ſomething that is better felt than deſcribed or reduced to rules. It is not the cautiouſneſs of cold politeneſs, not a reſerve ariſing

from the fear of giving offence: it is the warmth of affection, the deference arising from true modesty; a delicacy peculiar to generous minds; without which no true friendship can subsist, and which is therefore always perceivable between old Friends.

(*i*) In the Original, "more fit to follow the rope than to draw it." The Commentators are not agreed whence this Metaphor is derived. Cruquius and Dacier say it alludes to a play of children, in which one held a rope at one end, and another at the other, and each strove to draw the other along. Sanadon thinks it is taken from the rope with which beasts are led. Baxter gives a similar opinion. Gesner adopts the explanation of Dacier. Wieland appears undecided. I am apt to think it alludes to some custom or practice now unknown; or possibly the passage in Ode 10. Book 3. (*Ne currente retro funis eat rotâ.*) the line in Sat. 7. Book 2. (*Qui jam contento jam laxo fune laborat.*) and this passage, all relate to the same operation, viz. the drawing of a boat on shore, or up the stream of a river, by a machine to which a rope was affixed. If so, the meaning here is "*wealth should be the thing drawn by, not the person drawing the rope.* It should *obey* our wishes, not lead them."

(*k*) *Vacuna* (from *vacare*) was the Goddess who presided over holydays in general. Her festival was celebrated in the month of December.—*San.* Wieland says *Vacuna* had been an ancient Goddess of the Sabins, in whose country Horace's farm was situated. He takes the words of this passage in the literal sense, and not, like Torrentius, who supposes that Horace alludes to his own habitual indolence. Wieland cites Pliny, Lib. 3. c. 12. that Vacuna had an ancient consecrated grove in the district of Horace's estate, and (as appears) an ancient chapel; which had gradually fallen into decay. "I figure to myself (says he)

"our

" our Poet ſitting here on the graſs, in a wild and ſolitary
" ſpot, near this time-worn ruſtick Chapel, and communicat-
" ing to his abſent Friend the ſentiments adapted to ſuch a
" a ſcene."

EPISTLE XI.

To Bullatius.

He inquires reſpecting a voyage his Friend had made, and reminds him that the place of our reſidence has little effect on our happineſs.

SAY, my Bullatius, did you find
(*a*) Chios or Leſbos to your mind?
Declare if Samos' bleſt retreat,
Famed Sardis, Cræſus' royal ſeat,
And Colophos, and Smyrna, ſeemed
Greater or leſs than they're eſteemed.
Are they not all obſcure and mean
Compared to Rome's more ſplendid ſcene?
Or chuſe you, as a place of reſt,
(*b*) Some town by Attalus poſſeſt?
Or, tired of ſeas and tedious ways,
Even Lebedus with rapture praiſe?
"Yourſelf (methinks I hear you cry)
"Know (*c*) Lebedus as well as I."

"Not

" Not (*d*) Gabii or Fidenæ wear
" A face ſo deſolate and bare.
" Yet on this lone deſerted ſpot
" I'd live forgetting and forgot
" By all mankind, to view at eaſe
" From ſhore the rage of diſtant ſeas."
(*e*) But, think you, who from Capua ſped
To Rome, though rain has drench'd his head,
Though he's bemired in dirty ways,
Would at an inn paſs all his days?
When cold has ſeized us, though the heat
Of baths and ovens be a treat,
We ne'er extol them as poſſeſt
Of the ſole means to make us bleſt.
Nor, if the ſouth wind's mighty force
Have driven you from your deſtined courſe,
Would you from motives ſuch as theſe
Sell your good ſhip beyond the ſeas.
To minds when ſound and free from care,
Famed Rhodes and (*f*) Mitylene fair
Are uſeleſs as warm heavy cloaths
In ſummer, a light cloak in ſnows,
The Tiber on a wintery day,
A fire in Auguſt's ſultry ray.
Then, whilſt you may, whilſt yet you trace
A ſmile in Fortune's varying face,

To Samos, Rhodes and Chios give
Due praiſes, whilſt at Rome you live.
Whate'er bleſt hours the Gods impart,
Receive them with a chearful heart;
Nor, if your happineſs be dear,
Defer it to another year;
That, live in any ſpot you pleaſe,
(g) You ſtill may ſay, "*I live at eaſe.*"
For, if we chaſe not care and pain
By proſpects that command the main,
But by good ſenſe;—if they who range
Their climate, not their temper, change,
We're harraſſed and deprived of reſt
By buſy idleneſs at beſt.
(h) Mount we the car, the veſſel ſteer,
In queſt of happineſs?—'tis here.—
Nay, even at (i) Ulubræ you'll find
True bliſs, if you've a ſtedfaſt mind.

NOTES ON EPISTLE XI.

NOTHING reſpecting Bullatius is known but what is contained in this Epiſtle. It appears that he had been travelling to the Greek Iſles and the coaſt of Aſia Minor, and it may be inferred this voyage was occaſioned by ſome uneaſineſs of mind, or that he was a man of a hypochondriach and reſtleſs diſpoſition.—Horace therefore, in all probability, writes this to perſuade him to return to his friends at Rome, and not to ſuppoſe unea-

uneaſineſs of mind can be removed by change of place; a doctrine which he enforces in ſome excellent lines at the concluſion.

(*a*) Horace here names ſome of the pleaſanteſt and moſt celebrated Iſles of Greece and Cities of Aſia minor. *Chios*, *Leſbos* and *Samos*, Iſlands in the Ægean ſea, are ſo well known both in hiſtory and poetry, that it cannot be neceſſary to deſcribe them here. *Sardis* was the capital of Lydia. Smyrna, in Ionia is well known. Colophos was alſo a city in Ionia, on the ſea coaſt, between Epheſus and Smyrna.

(*b*) Attalus, King of Pergamus, dying without heirs in the year of Rome 621, bequeathed his kingdom to the Roman Republick. That kingdom extended over various provinces of the weſtern part of the Aſia.—*Pergamus*, *Myndus*, *Apollonia*, *Tralles*, *Thyatira*, and others, were it's moſt conſiderable cities.

(*c*) Lebedus, which was about twenty miles from Colophon on the Ionian coaſt, was in the time of Herodotus one of the twelve principal cities of the beautiful Ionia, famed for it's ancient Temple of Apollo, and an annual feſtival of Bacchus, where what were called the τεχνῖται of that Deity, that is, Poets, Muſicians and Actors, aſſembled from all parts of Ionia at a publick conteſt.—*Plin.* Nat. Hiſt. Lib. 5. cap. 29. Strabo, Lib. 14. Torrentius therefore wonders how Horace could compare it with the uninhabited Gabii. But he would have found it highly natural if he had recollected from Pauſanias in Att. c. 9. that Lyſimachus deſtroyed that city and tranſported it's inhabitants to Epheſus; ſo that in our Poet's time it was a miſerable depopulated ſpot much honoured by being brought into compariſon with Gabii and Fidenæ.—*Wieland.* He thinks, in the mention of theſe deſerts, a delicate piece of irony is concealed on the reſtleſs diſpoſition of his Friend; a man of that temper feeling

at

at the firſt ſtrange place he comes to, an inclination to remain there for ever, but in a ſhort time again perceiving that ſomething is wanting, and ſo going on from place to place in ſearch of what it is impoſſible he ſhould find without a change of diſpoſition.—"This was apparently the malady of Bullatius; and "this is what Horace, through all ſubſequent inductions, in a "good-humoured raillery, endeavours to make him under-"ſtand."

(*d*) Gabii, about twenty miles from Rome on the road to Præneſte, and Fidenæ, about ſix miles from Rome on the banks of the Tiber, had been formerly conſiderable Cities, but were become ſmall deſerted towns in the time of Horace.—*Dac.*

(*e*) The reaſoning here ſeems ſufficiently clear in the Original; but I know not whether it is made ſo in the Tranſlation. That in which we find a temporary convenience or pleaſure is not therefore calculated to pleaſe us always; nor, *vice versâ*, ſhould a temporary inconvenience diſguſt us with that way of life which is upon the whole moſt proper for us.

(*f*) Mitylene is ſtiled, by way of eminence, *the beautiful*, (Μεγαλη και καλη) as well on account of it's ſuperb ſituation and pleaſant diſtrict, as of the beauty of it's architecture and edifices. It had ever been, from the time of it's famous inhabitant Sappho, a ſeat of the Muſes and the arts, and was at this time once more in a flouriſhing condition; though it had been almoſt demoliſhed by Scylla about ſixty years before.—*Wieland.*

(*g*) This is the moral to which Horace continually recurs, and in which he concentrates his whole philoſophy; the rule by which he conducted his life, the *arcanum* to which he was indebted for his happineſs. Pity it is that, like taſte, like love, it ſhould be a ſecret to all who are not in poſſeſſion of it;

and

and that to ſay, *feel, love, enjoy*, to a man who cannot feel, cannot love, cannot enjoy, is the ſame as to invite a gouty man to dance, or a blind man to contemplate the riſing ſun.—Horace was, both in ſoul and body, attuned to this happy philoſophy of life. Bullatius, like ten thouſand others of his caſt, was not ſo. He was always ſeeking what he could therefore never find, becauſe he ſought ſo far for what was cloſe beſide him.—*Ibid.*

(*b*) This paſſage is very ſimilar to one in Ode 16. Book 2.

" *Quid terras alio calentes*
" *Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul*
" *Se quoque fugit.*"

(*i*) Ulubræ was, a little inſignificant town in Latium near the Pontine Marſh.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XII.

To Iccius.

He recommends the proper uſe of riches, jeſts with Iccius on his ſtudies, recommends Pompeius Groſphus to his protection, and acquaints him with the ſtate of public affairs.

IF you, my Iccius, to whoſe hands
The fruits of his Sicilian lands
(*a*) Agrippa truſts, uſe well your gain,
What more can you from Jove obtain?
Hence with complaints! can he be poor
Who all things needful may ſecure?
If ſumptuouſly you dreſs and live,
You've all that royal wealth can give.
If, placed 'midſt many a dainty diſh,
You eat poor herbs and coarſeſt fiſh,
You'd live the ſame ſhould fortune pour
Full ſtreams of gold to ſwell your ſtore:
(*b*) Whether that money wants the art
To change man's nature and his heart,

Or

Or that, by virtue's charms inſpired,
You deem naught elſe can be admired.
(c) Are we ſurprized that herds deſtroyed
The fields Democritus enjoyed,
And eat his grain, whilſt unconfined
Far from the body roved his mind?
Since, 'midſt the cares of filthy gain,
You breathe a philoſophick ſtrain,
And ſtill devote your pains and time
To thoughts ſo noble and ſublime
As what reſtrains the ſea? what cauſe
Directs the year by certain laws?
Unbidden do the planets ſtray,
Or ſome controuling power obey?
What hides the moon's dull orb in night,
And what diſplays it full and bright?
From what deſign and motive ſprings
This concord of diſcordant things?
Deem you Stertinius' ſyſtem bad?
Or is (d) Empedocles moſt mad?
But whether fiſh your ruthleſs knife
Or (e) leeks and onions rob of life,
Adopt the man I recommend,
(f) Pompeius Groſphus, as your friend:
Grant freely his deſires, and truſt
What Groſphus aſks is fair and juſt.

When

When good men are in need of aught
How cheaply may a friend be bought!
(g) But left in ignorance you live
Of Rome's concerns, their ſtate I'll give:
Agrippa has o'ercome in fight
The fierce Cantabrian: Nero's might
Has taught the Armenian to obey:
Phraates owns great Cæſar's ſway:
O'er Italy's rich plains the corn
Is poured from plenty's golden horn.

NOTES ON EPISTLE XII.

ICCIUS, to whom this Epiſtle is addreſſed, is known to us only by what is ſaid of him here and in Ode 29. Book 1. In that Ode he is ridiculed as a Student and Philoſopher, who, carried away by the deſire of amaſſing wealth, had determined to engage in a diſtant military ſervice inconſiſtent with all his former habits of life. Whether he actually went on the unſucceſsful expedition againſt the Arabians, in the year of Rome 729, does not appear. We ſee him now (about five years after) in a different ſituation, as Receiver of the profits of Agrippa's eſtate in Sicily; which was, no doubt, ſo conſiderable as to afford to the perſon through whoſe hands it paſſed the means of living in great affluence. It ſeems, however, by the Epiſtle before us, that Iccius (who ſtill purſued or affected to purſue his philoſophical ſtudies) had become ſo covetous as almoſt to ſtarve himſelf amidſt the plenty that ſurrounded him; and he probably

probably had written to Horace a letter filled with complaints; to which this is an anſwer.

" The fine, and to the tranſient eye almoſt imperceptible " *perciflage* which runs (ſays Wieland) through this letter, is a " model in it's kind. The irony inſinuates itſelf ſo gently " into the conceitedneſs of the perſon he banters, that Iccius " himſelf, if he felt it, at leaſt acted the beſt part in keeping " his feelings to himſelf. It is pleaſing to compare this letter " and the two foregoing; as the intent of all the three is to " cenſure ſomething in perſons whom the Poet wiſhes to ſpare. " In the Epiſtle to Ariſtius the irony is ſo exquiſite, friendly, " and gentle, as ſcarcely to deſerve the name: in that to Bul- " latius it is wrapped in good-humoured raillery; but in this " there is a certain mixture of ſalt, though of the fineſt Attic " quality, yet conveying a ſlight taſte nearly approaching to " contempt. One ſees he has a high eſteem for Ariſtius, " would gladly be ſerviceable to Bullatius, and makes his game " of Iccius."

(*a*) Dacier and Sanadon ſuppoſe, with ſome probability, that the conqueſt of Sicily from Sextus Pompey having been effected chiefly by Agrippa's exertions, a large eſtate there had been given him on that account. Auguſtus, however, owed to him not only Sicily, but, in a great degree, the whole Roman empire. He would therefore naturally confer upon him eſtates in the fineſt and richeſt provinces.

(*b*) There can, I imagine, be no doubt but that this paſſage is a banter on Iccius. The ſame ſtrain runs through all the compliments paid to his ſtudies in aſtronomy and natural philoſophy. I ſuppoſe, with Wieland, that Iccius was a mere dabbler in thoſe ſciences, and had not made any great proficiency, much leſs any diſcovery in them.

(*c*) This

(*c*) This ſtory of Democritus is likewiſe mentioned by Cicero in his 5th Book De Finibus.

(*d*) This concluſion, as Wieland obſerves, ſhews the irony of the paſſage. Horace ſuppoſes Iccius employed in examining theſe different ſyſtems, merely to find which was the worſt. Stertinius is ridiculed in the 3d Sat. Book 2.

(*e*) This ſentence, from the ſtile of expreſſion, ſeems to ridicule the Pythagorean philoſophy; which probably Iccius profeſſed.

(*f*) Pompeius Groſphus is the perſon addreſſed in the 14th Ode of the 2d Book, and perhaps alſo in the 7th. In the firſt-mentioned he is ſaid to have Sicilian herds; ſo that it appears he had an eſtate there. It is probable therefore that the weight and power which Iccius enjoyed, as Manager for Agrippa, might enable him to do ſome ſervices to Groſphus.

(*g*) By the publick events here mentioned as recent, it appears this Epiſtle was written in the year of Rome 735.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIII.

To Vinnius Asella.

Horace points out the beſt mode of preſenting his Book (which Vinnius was intruſted with) to Auguſtus.

THESE (*a*) volumes, duly ſealed, with care
Vinnius, to great Auguſtus bear;
And (let me here repeat once more
Inſtructions I oft gave before)
Preſent them on ſome lucky day
(*b*) When he appears in health and gay?
Nay, till he aſk for them attend;
Leſt your too forward zeal offend.
My Books he juſtly may deteſt
If rudely vehemently preſt.
Should the weight gall you, caſt, I pray,
The writings, without fear, away,
Sooner than, whither you are bound
You daſh them rudely on the ground.
Your name would then be turned to laughter,
(*c*) An *Aſs* in ſportive tales hereafter.

Strain every nerve! with active fire
Climb hills, ford ſtreams, and wade thro' mire!
When, like a victor in the race,
You reach at length th' appointed place,
Thus keep your charge, ſecured from harm;
Nor bear it underneath your arm,
As clowns a lamb; or as the punk
(*d*) Pyrrhia her pilfered wool, when drunk;
Or as the (*e*) Tribe's invited gueſt
His hat and ſlippers from the feaſt.
Nor in your common talk relate
How much you've ſweated with the weight
Of verſes which the eye and ear
Of Cæſar may peruſe and hear.
Strive then, (*f*) I pray, with heart and mind
To execute the taſk aſſigned!
Farewell: and look, whate'er befal,
You ſtumble not and ruin all.

NOTES ON EPISTLE XIII.

VINNIUS, or Vinius, Aſella, to whom this ſhort bantering Epiſtle is addreſſed, was probably ſome ruſtick neighbour of Horace, and had undertaken to take charge of a collection of his works, which he wiſhed to ſend to Auguſtus. The letter turns chiefly on a pun upon the name of *Aſella*; which cannot be tranſlated.

(*a*) The

(*a*) The work ſent on this occaſion is ſuppoſed by Dacier to have been the 1ſt Epiſtle of the 2d Book; as that is addreſſed to Auguſtus. But Horace would hardly have applied the term *volumina* to a compoſition of leſs than three hundred lines. Theſe volumes probably conſiſted of all the works which he had before publiſhed ſeparately, and which he now had collected for Auguſtus. Wieland thinks this collection conſiſted of the two Books of Sermones (or Satires) the Book of Epodes, and the three firſt Books of Odes; theſe being all the Works of Horace then publiſhed.

(*b*) Horace ſeems extremely careful not to diſguſt the Emperor with his verſes by preſenting them at an unſeaſonable time. The paſſage in Sat. 1. Book 2.—"*niſi dextro tempore* "*Flacci Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris aurem*"—has been cited; to which we may add that in which he reproves his brethren for their officious intruſions—"*cum tibi librum Solli-* "*cito damus, aut feſſo.*"—Epiſt. 1. Lib. 2.

(*c*) The Scholiaſt tells us that the father of Caius Vinius Fronto (to whom, he ſays, this Epiſtle is addreſſed) had the *cognomen*, or ſurname, of *Aſina*. Upon this the pun turns, repreſenting Vinius, carrying Horace's book, as a loaded aſs.

(*d*) An alluſion to a low comick character in ſome farce, then generally known, who had the two failings of drinking and ſtealing. During a fit of drunkenneſs ſhe had ſtolen ſome ſkaines of yarn; but, as people in their cups are bold and thoughtleſs, ſhe forgot it was ſtolen, and carried it away under her arm publickly, to the great delight of the lower order of ſpectators; as ſhe muſt immediately be detected.—*Wieland.*

(*e*) Many members of the Roman Tribes, or Guilds, lived in the country, and as they longeſt adhered to the old ſimplicity of manners, when one of them was invited to dine with a

principal Member of his fraternity, he went bare-foot and carried his ſandals, to prevent them from being dirtied, under his arm.—*Ib.*

(ſ) In the Original—*oratus multâ prece, nitere porro*—which Baxter and Wieland explain—"*Though you ſhould be ever ſo much requeſted to ſtop and tell your buſineſs, yet preſs on.*"

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIV.

To his Bailiff.

He reproves him for regretting a Town life, and deſcribes his own attachment to the country.

GOOD Bailiff of my farm, whoſe Lord
When there is to himſelf reſtored,
The humble farm by you diſdained,
Though once five manſions it contained,
And, (*a*) Varia's Council to attend
Five Senators was wont to ſend,
Let's ſtrive who plucks out (*b*) thorns the beſt:
You try my fields and I my breaſt.
Shall we in beſt condition find
Th' eſtate of Horace or his mind?
Though here detained to give relief
To my friend (*c*) Lamia's pious grief;
Who, for his brother loſt, o'erflows
In ſorrow which no comfort knows,
Yet thither point my mind, my ſoul,
And ſpring as to their wiſhed-for goal.

A country life I love the beſt:
None but in town, you ſay, are bleſt.
He whom another's lot alone
Can pleaſe, muſt ſurely hate his own.
Unjuſt and fooliſh, to complain
Of either place as giving pain!
'Tis with the mind all blame ſhould lie;
(*d*) Which never from itſelf can fly.
A (*e*) drudge in town, your ſilent prayer
Oft begged the rural taſks to ſhare:
Now you're my Bailiff, nought delights
Like ſtreets, and baths, and publick ſights.
I'm more (*f*) conſiſtent, and depart,
As well you know, with heavy heart,
Repining at Fate's cruel doom
When hated buſineſs drags to Rome.
How different our deſires and taſtes!
What you call dreary pathleſs waſtes,
Who thinks with me would term inviting,
And hate the ſcenes you moſt delight in.
But here you can no longer uſe
A greaſy drinking ſhop, or ſtews:
Thence you regret the Town, nor brook
The circumſtance, that this ſmall nook
Would pepper, frankincenſe, produce
(*g*) Before the grape's delightful juice;

And that, alas! no tavern's nigh,
Where you, at leaſt, ſome wine may buy,
No (*h*) harlot, to whoſe muſick's ſound
In clumſey dance your feet may bound.
Yet now you ply your ruſtick toil;
You break with ſpades the fallow ſoil,
Attend my ſteers when homeward led,
And ſee them well rubbed down and fed.
The ſtream to other cares may call
Your leiſure hours, if rains ſhould fall,
To fence it with ſome ſtronger mounds,
And bid it ſpare the adjacent grounds.
Now then attend! you'll ſhortly ſee
The diff'rence 'twixt yourſelf and me.
I, graceful once, adorned with care,
In fine-ſpun veſt, with perfumed hair,
Who could, without a gift, inſpire
(*i*) Rapacious Cynara's deſire,
Quaffed from mid-day Falernian wine,
Now love light ſuppers, and recline
On graſſy banks, to ſeek repoſe,
Near which ſome gentle rivulet flows;
Nor bluſh at youthful follies paſt;
But then ſhould bluſh, if follies laſt.
No envious wretch can there deſcry
My bleſſings with malignant eye,

Nor, by a dark inſidious bite
Can hope to poiſon my delight.
My neighbours with good-humoured mirth
Behold me (*k*) moving ſtones and earth.
You long with city ſlaves to ſhare
Their daily meal of wretched fare,
And, by your fooliſh wiſh, condemn
Yourſelf to live and herd with them.
(*l*) My lackey envies you the uſe
Of what woods, gardens, herds produce.
The ſluggiſh ox thus longs for reins;
The courſer longs to till the plains.
'Twere well if each contented choſe
To exerciſe the art he knows.

NOTES ON EPISTLE XIV.

THE good humour of Horace is no where more conſpicuous than in this Epiſtle to his country Steward or Bailiff. He appears to have written it to divert his own chagrin at being detained at Rome longer than uſual for the purpoſe of conſoling a Friend in affliction. The diſcontent he had obſerved in his Bailiff at being obliged to live in the country gives occaſion to his Maſter to banter him on his inconſtancy of temper, ſimilar to that of the greater part of mankind, and at the ſame time to enlarge on another favourite topick, his own predilection for the quiet and independence of a country life, in preference to the tumult and avocations of Rome.

" The

" The Steward of a country eſtate (ſays Wieland) was " uſually a Slave who had been brought up to country buſi- " neſs, and had a compleat experience of the ſyſtem of rural " economy. His office was to keep and improve the eſtate. " All the other ſervants and labourers were under him, as well " as all the departments of huſbandry. He had the care of all " the incomings and outgoings, and gave an account of them " to the proprietor of the eſtate.—Horace ſeems not to have " been the beſt provided with his. The fellow had ſerved for " ſome time as a lackey at Rome. On being ſent back to the " country, therefore, he would not be perfectly ſatisfied. He " was always longing to return to Town, and could not com- " prehend how his Maſter, who might live ſo much at his eaſe " in the capital, and feaſt every day with great men, could " find any pleaſure in dwelling at ſo ſolitary and retired a ſpot " in the country. Horace thence takes occaſion to read him " a lecture with his uſual good humour."

(*a*) Varia was a little municipality of the Anio (Teverone) about the ſpot where Varo ſtands at preſent. In old times, when Italy was more populous than it could be after the ſocial and civil wars, and after the great had obtained ſo much of the beſt land and converted it into elegant Villas, one little village compoſed the eſtate of our Poet, ſufficient for five families, who were cenſed in the neighbouring Varia.—*Wieland.*

He calls theſe honeſt Villagers *Patres* (Senators) becauſe they formed part of the Council of Varia.—*Dacier.*

(*b*) Thorns are here uſed *literally*, as applied to the field, and *metaphorically* (for cares) as applied to the mind.

(*c*) This probably is the ſame Ælius Lamia mentioned in the 36th Ode of the firſt Book, and addreſſed in the 17th Ode of the third Book.

(*d*) This

(*d*) This ſentiment is frequent in our Poet:

Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

Ode 14. Lib. 2.

——— *navibus atque*
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis hic eſt, &c.

Epiſt. 11. Lib. 1.

(*e*) In the Original *mediaſtinus*; which Torrentius explains by *ſervus ad omnia viliora officia comparatus.* — Baxter ſays it is the ſame as *Calo*. See note (*l*).

(*f*) Geſner cannot endure that Horace ſhould brag of his conſiſtency in preferring a country life, and refers us to the 7th Sat. of Book 2d, in which he makes Davus reproach him with wiſhing for the country when in Town, and for Town when in the country. We ſhall find a ſimilar paſſage in Epiſt. 15. (and Wieland might have added in Epiſt. 8.) to which Geſner might with more reaſon have appealed. But he ought not to have forgotten that a man never, either in jeſt or earneſt, accuſes himſelf of faults which he actually has. The decided love which our Poet bore to the country life is too manifeſt throughout his works to allow us to think he could not ſay with truth that in this reſpect he was conſiſtent. Tranſient ſallies of humour are not to be taken for characteriſticks.— *Wieland.*

(*g*) Though vines grew in the territory of the Sabines, the grapes were not of the beſt ſort; (See Ode 20. Book 1.) and the little eſtate of Horace ſeems to have been in a part of the country where the ſoil was leaſt favourable to the cultivation of them.

(*b*) Girls

(*b*) Girls of this deſcription (whether of the higher or lower order) appear always to have united Muſick with their other accompliſhments. See Ode 11. Book 2.

(*i*) Cynara is mentioned with ſo much regard in other places (as one of the earlieſt and perhaps the favourite Miſtreſs of our Poet) that one ſhould not have expected to find her characterized here as of a mercenary diſpoſition. This circumſtance however muſt have made her favourable reception of him without preſents, the more flattering. See Odes 1. and 13. Book 4.

(*k*) From this paſſage the Abbè Chaupy (in his Decouverte de la Maiſon de Campagne D'Horace) infers that Horace had an elegant garden, which he often worked in. Nothing of this (as Wieland obſerves) appears from the paſſage before us. It ſeems rather that *glebas et ſaxa moventem* means that he buſied himſelf about his farm, and occaſionally aſſiſted the labourers. His awkwardneſs in doing this (being, in compariſon with his Sabine neighbours, what we ſhould call *a Cockney*) was a ſubject of raillery from the honeſt farmers and country gentlemen in his neighbourhood.

(*l*) In the Original it is *calo argutus*. *Calo* is ſaid to be a Slave employed to cut and carry wood. Probably it is here uſed as a Slave of all work, or a Slave who carries burthens.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XV.

To Numonius Vala.

He inquires respecting (a) Velia and Salernum, and what articles of living are to be had there.

How winter feels on Velia's coaſt,
What air Salernum's plains may boaſt,
Inform me, Vala; ſay, what kind
Of men, what ſort of roads you find.
For now (*b*) Antonius Muſa deems
My health requires not (*c*) Baia's ſtreams.
My reputation there is loſt,
Becauſe I chuſe cold baths in froſt:
With loud complaints the townſhip rings:
"We leave it's (*d*) myrtles, ſcorn it's ſprings;
"Whoſe ſulphur to our limbs gives eaſe,
"And drives out lingering ſlow diſeaſe."
Enraged the Baians rail at thoſe
Who to the (*e*) Cluſian fount expoſe
The head and breaſt, and boldly dare
To Gabii's chilly ſtreams repair.

But now, my purpoſe changed, I force
Beyond his well-known inns my horſe.
" Where would you turn? for not to-day
" To (*f*) Cumæ is my deſtined way,
" Or Baiæ: o'er this road it lies!"—
In angry tone the rider cries,
And jerks the rein.—But horſes hear
With the mouth only, not the ear.
Inform me of theſe points beſide:
Which place is beſt with corn ſupplied;
Is their ſole drink collected rain?
Or have they fountains that contain
A ſweet perennial ſtream?—for wine
That country's produce I decline.
When at my farm I little care
What ſort I chance to meet with there:
But (*g*) near the ſea I hope to find
A gentle and a generous kind,
Which bids corroding cares depart,
Flows thro' the veins, and glads the heart
With richeſt hopes, exalts each ſenſe,
Inſpires the tongue with eloquence,
And, ſome (*h*) Lucanian Fair to pleaſe,
May give me youthful grace and eaſe.
Say, in which ample tract are found
Moſt hares? in which wild boars abound?

Which

Which (*i*) ſea can furniſh the beſt diſh
Of oyſters and delicious fiſh?
That I may thence in ſleekeſt plight
Return, a fat (*k*) Phœacian wight.
From your deſcription when I've heard
Theſe points, I'll take them at your word.
When (*l*) Menius all he chanced to inherit
Had waſted, like a man of ſpirit,
Reſolved to eat at others' charge
He lived upon the town at large,
A common Paraſite and ranger,
Who had no certain rack and manger:
Who, till you fed him, ne'er would know
The difference 'twixt a friend and foe,
A thouſand ſlanderous tales invented,
And cared not whom his lies tormented,
Swept, like a ſtorm, each butcher's ſtall,
Or, like a gulf, devoured them all,
And to his greedy ſtomach gave
Whatever he could get or ſave.
This man, at ſome unlucky times
When thoſe who liked or feared his crimes
Had no allowance given, would eat
A diſh of tripe, or coarſeſt meat,
Enough to ſatisfy three bears.
Then he'd abuſe luxurious heirs,

And ſwear an iron brand ſhould mark
The belly of each ravenous ſpark.
Yet when aught daintier he could find,
And ſcarce had left a trace behind,
He'd cry: "I wonder not at meeting
"With thoſe who ſpend eſtates in eating;
"Since there's no treat, I muſt allow,
"Like a fat (*m*) thruſh, or paunch of ſow."
This character's (*n*) too like my own:
I praiſe ſafe humble joys alone
When caſh is wanting, and appear
Safe, abſtinent, 'midſt meagre cheer.
Give me aught richer: "They excel
"In wiſdom, they alone live well,
(I cry) "whoſe ſplendid villas ſhew
"From wealth what mighty bleſſings flow."

NOTES ON EPISTLE XV.

THERE was, it ſeems, a perſon of the name of Numonius Vala who commanded the cavalry under Quintilius Varus, at the time of his diſaſtrous defeat in Germany: but whether he was the perſon addreſſed in this Epiſtle does not appear. Whoever he was, he ſeems to have been an intimate of Horace, but is not mentioned in any other part of his works. No doubt he was well acquainted, either by having an eſtate there, or by ſome other means, with the ſeveral places reſpecting which our Poet inquires.

"The

" The whole of this Epiſtle (ſays Wieland) is conceived in " a very jovial tone, and has more than moſt of the others of " that pleaſant negligence which to imitators ſeems ſo eaſy, " and yet of all modes of writing is the moſt inimitable. And " yet it is not the *negligentia diligens* of which Cicero ſpeaks in " one of the Chapters of his Orator; not that artful negligence, " where the eagerneſs to pleaſe lurks, as it were, in ambuſh, " and only keeps concealed the more fully to ſurpriſe. It is " rather that negligence, ſtript of all art and deſign, in which " we begin without knowing how we ſhall end, when the pen " ſeems to go of itſelf, thoughts and expreſſions match toge- " ther as they flow, without being ſought for, and the writer " in the gaiety of his heart dreams not that any thing he ſays " can be taken amiſs." In this way the learned Wieland accounts for the long parentheſis; which ſeems, I believe, to moſt readers very clumſey, and which moſt of the tranſlators have feared to imitate. Many of them begin with the ſtatement which is thrown into a parentheſis in the Original. But this makes the beginning very cold and inſipid in their tranſlations. Whether the method adopted here be preferable, the Reader muſt determine.

(*a*) Salernum and Velia (called alſo Elea, Helia and Hyela) were two ſmall towns, the one on the northern, the other on the eaſtern ſhore of the great haven formed by the Tyrrhene ſea between the promontories of Minerva and Palinurus. Of how little conſequence ſoever theſe places may otherwiſe be, yet, from their ſituation, they were proper for the purpoſe on account of which Horace makes inquiries concerning them.—*Wieland.*

(*b*) Antonius Muſa, the Phyſician who gained ſuch credit by the recovery of Auguſtus, was his Freedman; for the Phyſicians of great men at Rome were always a part of their families.

families. The diſeaſe of the Emperor was a gouty humour, attended with obſtructions and a viſible decline. His ordinary phyſician, Æmilius, tried bathing and ſweating, and went ſo far as to cover his Patient's bed-chamber with furs. But the diſorder gained ground, and Auguſtus grew more and more reduced, when Muſa hit on the lucky thought, ſince hot water had done no good, to make trial of cold. He ordered his patient to take cold drinks, and to have cold water poured over him, and by this method of treatment was ſo ſucceſsful, that, in a ſhort time, Auguſtus was perfectly recovered, and notwithſtanding his infirm conſtitution, lived thirty-ſix years afterwards. For this cure Muſa obtained a large ſum of money from Auguſtus and the Senate, with the right of wearing a gold ring, which gave him the privileges of the Equeſtrian Order. His ſtatue was alſo placed near that of Æſculapius. It ſeems that he had been conſulted by Horace for the defluxion in his eyes, and had recommended cold bathing; which our Poet had taken at Cluſium or Gabii, and was now ſo far recovered as to have no other care left than that of procuring himſelf warmer winter quarters. Schol. Cruq. Sueton. in Aug.—*Wieland.*

(*c*) Baiæ was at that time in Italy, what Bath, Tunbridge, &c. are in England. The healthy went thither for pleaſure, and the ſick in hopes of finding health. So long as before the time of the Cæſars Baiæ was the place where the principal perſons of Rome thought themſelves privileged to give themſelves up without reſerve to amuſement and voluptuouſneſs; which brought this charming region into ſo bad repute, that Propertius cannot quickly enough recall his fair one from it's infectious company.

Tu modo quam primum corruptas deſere Baias,
Multis iſta dabunt littora diſſidium,
Littora quæ fuerant caſtis inimica puellis,
Ah! pereant Baiæ, crimen amoris, aquæ.

And Cicero, in his defence of Cælius, thought it neceſſary to juſtify himſelf for taking under his protection a perſon who had ſeen *Baiæ*. — It appears however by another letter of Cicero (Epiſt. ad Familar. IX. 12.) that, whatever effect the waters of Baiæ might have, the air was unhealthy; and this accounts for Muſa having ſent Horace away from it. — *Wieland.*

(*d*) It is ſaid that Baiæ, and the country immediately round it, abounded in myrtle groves; which rendered it extremely pleaſant.—*Dac.*

(*e*) There were cold baths at Cluſium and Gabii. The former of theſe places was in Hetruria, the latter in the country of the Sabines.—*Schol. Bax.*

(*f*) Cumæ was to the north of Baiæ on the Tuſcan ſea. It appears, by this paſſage, that Horace ſometimes reſorted thither alſo in the winter.

(*g*) The difference between his mode of life at his little Farm, and during theſe winter excurſions, is ſtrongly marked in this paſſage, and indeed throughout this letter. At the former he was uſually abſtemious, or, when he entertained his neighbours, (or even his great Friends) it was with ſuch fare as his eſtate and the adjacent country produced.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, &c.

But

But when he went to the ſea coaſt, to paſs the winter in a warmer ſituation, and read at his eaſe and comfort, he required more indulgence, to make amends probably for the want of thoſe rural occupations and ſocial parties which he enjoyed at home.

(*b*) Velia, one of the two places mentioned, was in Lucania.

(*i*) Catius, in the 4th Satire (Book 2.) deſcribes the various ſorts of ſhell fiſh in theſe ſeas.—Pliny ſays of the ſhores of Campania, *hæc littora præter cætera in toto mari conchylio et piſce nobili annotantur*. Lib. 3. c. 5. But Horace, who propoſed to lead a true *Phæacian* life all this winter, does not content himſelf with the general good report of the Tyrrhene ſhore, but inquires more particularly about every article of the culinary part of their natural hiſtory.—*Wieland.*

(*k*) That is, like a ſleek well-fed Courtier of Alcinous. See Epiſtle 2.—*Ib.*

(*l*) Menius is mentioned in Sat. 1. as a prodigal, and in Sat. 3. as a backbiter. Here the two foregoing characters are united with that of glutton.

(*m*) The Thruſh is mentioned as a great delicacy in Sat. 5. Book 2. The other diſh commended by Menius was, it ſeems, eſteemed a delicacy by the Greeks, and from them adopted by the Romans. — Wieland cites to this point Athenæus. Deipnoſoph. Lib. 3. p. 100, 101.

(*n*) Wieland cautions us that this compariſon ſhould not give the Reader a bad opinion of our Poet; ſince he intends

only to say by it, *Thus it is with us all poor mortals.* The caution was perhaps needless to those who have at all observed the manner of Horace in his Satires and Epistles; where he frequently, between jest and earnest, censures himself.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XVI.

To Quinctius.

Horace deſcribes his Villa, and thence falls into reflections on real virtue and freedom.

GOOD Quinctius, ſince you wiſh to know,
What on their Lord my lands beſtow,
If corn or olive-trees are mine,
Fruits, paſtures, or the ſpreading vine,
(a) This letter ſhall at length relate
The ſhape and ſcite of my eſtate.
(b) A chain of mountains firſt is ſeen,
Save where a ſhadowy vale between
Divides them: yet at dawn of day
(c) It's right admits the ſolar ray;
It's left, ere day it's courſe has run,
Is warmed by the departing ſun.
Juſtly you'd praiſe the temperate air:
The buſhes prunes and cornels bear,
The oaks abundant food afford
To my pleaſed herds, and ſhade their Lord.

You'd ſay that, wafted near to Rome,
(*d*) Tarentum here diſplayed it's bloom.
(*e*) A fountain too, well known to fame,
(From whence a rivulet takes it's name)
Cold, pure, as Hebrus' ſtreams that grace
With winding courſe the plains of Thrace,
Flows with a happy power to eaſe
The ſtomach or the head's diſeaſe.
My health (*f*) this ſoft this bleſt retreat
Preſerves amid (*g*) September's heat.
(*h*) You live aright, if 'tis your care
To merit the good name you bear;
To *be* the character profeſt.
All Rome has long proclaimed you bleſt.
And yet, I fear, you truſt alone
To their opinion, not your own,
Think happineſs can e'er ariſe
In minds that are not good and wiſe,
And, if you ſeem but well, endure
(*i*) And hide the fever you ſhould cure,
Till a cold ſhivering fit at laſt
Seize you amidſt the rich repaſt.
Falſe fooliſh ſhame will oft conceal
Ulcers that care alone can heal.
Should you of mighty battles hear,
And words like theſe ſalute your ear:

" (*k*) May

" (*k*) May Jove, who guards the Roman race,
" Still leave it as a doubtful caſe
" Whether the people for your weal
" Or you for their's moſt kindneſs feel!"
This compliment you'd ſurely own
To great Auguſtus due alone.
But can you, when, without objection,
You're called a Sage, nay all perfection,
Own theſe high praiſes?—I, 'tis true,
Love a good name as well as you.
Yet may not thoſe who gave to-day,
To-morrow take that name away?
Juſt as the Faſces they reſume
From worthleſs Magiſtrates of Rome.
" Yield them!" (they cry) with heavy heart,
I yield ſuch honours, and depart.
But ſhould the publick voice proclaim
That I'm a thief and loſt to ſhame,
Or ſay that with remorſeleſs ire
I ſtrangled my ill-fated Sire,
Would charges ſo abſurd and weak
Change e'en the colour of my cheek?
Who pants for praiſe, or dreads diſgrace
Unmerited, is vile and baſe.
Whom deem you good? (*l*) " Whoe'er obſerves
" The Senate's juſt decrees, nor ſwerves

" From law and right; who ends diſputes
" In various and important ſuits;
" Whoſe character attention draws
" As Bail or Witneſs in a Cauſe."
And yet, with all this ſpecious ſhew,
His family and neighbours know,
This man, though varniſhed o'er with art,
Is a mean raſcal at his heart.
Should my Slave plead,"—I never ſtole,
" Nor fled to 'ſcape my Lord's controul."
Well then: you have your proper meed,
(I ſay) your back has ne'er been flead.
" No man I've ſlain:—" We ſhan't expoſe
Your carcaſe as a food for crows.
" I'm a good careful ſlave," he cries.
No: *that* his (*m*) Sabine Lord denies.
The wolf, alarmed, with caution ſteers
Far from the trap he juſtly fears;
The hawk or kite who ever took
When they ſuſpect the toils or hook?
(*n*) Good men, though nothing be at ſtake,
Hate wickedneſs for virtue's ſake.
If you offend not, 'tis the fear
Of puniſhment that keeps you clear.
Could you cheat juſtice, you'd refrain
From nought that's ſacred or profane.

(*o*) If

(o) If you ſteal little at a time,
My loſs is leſs: not ſo your crime.—
Whene'er your far-famed good man ſlays
His victims, whilſt the people gaze,
In loud clear accents he proclaims
Great Janus' and Apollo's names;
Then ſoftly mutters to himſelf,
" Dear Goddeſs of unlawful pelf,
" (p) Laverna! (in thy power I truſt)
" Give me to cheat, yet paſs for juſt!
" Each guilty fraud that ſhuns the light
" O'erſpread with clouds and veil in night."
How is the avaricious knave
Better or freer than a ſlave,
Whene'er he ſtoops with fond deſire
To pick a farthing from the mire?
Who longs for aught, fears too—by me
Who lives in fear is ne'er deemed free.
By virtue (q) in his ſtation placed
He quits his arms, and flies diſgraced,
Who, bleſt with an abundant ſtore,
For ever ſtrives and toils for more.
(r) Kill not your captive, nor deſtroy
Him you may ſell, if not employ.
His ſervice may ſome profit yield:
He'll tend your flocks, or plough your field:

Or let him (*s*) traffick for your gain,
And winter on the ſtormy main,
Or grain and other victuals bear
To market, and be uſeful there.
(*t*) The man who's truly good and wiſe
Thus to the tyrant Pentheus cries:
What ſufferings, mighty Theban King,
Can all your power and hatred bring?
" *I'll ſeize your goods.*"—" My flocks, eſtate,
" You mean, my furniture, my plate.
" Well, take them all!"—" *I'll add the pains*
" *Of harſh impriſonment and chains.*"—
" A God, whom you can ne'er reſiſt,
" Shall free me whenſoe'er I liſt."
'Tis death he means, as I ſuppoſe;
For death's the term of human woes.

NOTES ON EPISTLE XVI.

QUINCTIUS, to whom this Epiſtle is written, is probably the ſame Quinctius Hirpinus who is addreſſed by our Poet in the 11th Ode of the 2d Book. The ſurname of Hirpinus ſeems to prove (as Wieland has obſerved) that he did not belong to any of the Quinctian families (of which there were ſeveral at Rome) of noble and patrician origin, but that his Anceſtors were of the race of Hirpinians, a people bordering on the Samnites and deſcended from them. Wieland thinks,

on

on comparing the before-mentioned Ode with this Epiſtle, that he was one of thoſe who, by patrons, ſpeculation and prudence, had arrived at wealth and conſequence, and that, amongſt other means, he had the art to employ the reputation of an honeſt and blameleſs man as the ladder to his good fortune.—" I figure to myſelf (ſays he) this Quinctius as one of " thoſe honourable perſonages, who, by taking good conduct " and integrity for one and the ſame thing, perſuade the world, " and at laſt perhaps themſelves alſo, to think better of them " than they deſerve. The manner in which Horace feels his " pulſe, ſeems to make this repreſentation of his character " neceſſary; for the pedantry of delivering a ſevere moral " ſermon to every friend, or to the firſt perſon that comes in " his way, no man will impute to our Poet who knows any " thing of him. But to an old comrade, we may, as op- " portunity offers, whiſper a word or two in confidence: and " it is highly conſiſtent with friendſhip to rouſe a ſelf-deceived " friend from a ſlumber that might prove fatal to him."

" The moral (he adds) conveyed in the greater part of this " beautiful Epiſtle, is comprehended in that ſingle line of " Æſchylus, where ſpeaking of Amphiaraus, one of the ſeven " heroes at the attack of Thebes, he ſays: Ου γαρ δοκειν αριστος " αλλ' ειναι τελει. *He will not ſeem, but be the beſt.*"

(*a*) This part of the Epiſtle muſt be conſidered as an anſwer either to ſome letter from Quinctius, or to ſome queſtions he had put in converſation with our Poet; though probably the former.

(*b*) This deſcription, though very pleaſing, is not ſo particular and appropriate, but that it will ſuit many places, and therefore has not of itſelf ſerved to fix the ſpot where Horace's Villa ſtood. On this ſubject (intereſting to the admirers of our Poet) the

the Criticks and Antiquaries differ from each other, and ſome of them from themſelves. The prevailing, and indeed for a long time the moſt ſpecious, opinion placed it at or near Tivoli. But the Abbè Capmartin de Chaupy has, I think, overthrown that opinion by comparing the various texts of Horace on the ſubject. The ſpot where he has placed it, appears, upon the whole, the moſt probable ſituation. After a long deduction of proofs, to ſhew it was not at any of thoſe places which have been ſuppoſed by former writers, he fixes it in the valley of Licenza, at a ſpot about fourteen miles from *Tivoli* and five from *Vico Varo*.

The reaſons in ſupport of this opinion are too long to be detailed here. But it is obſervable that Wieland, though fond of ridiculing the prolixity and affectation of the *Abbè*, does not oppoſe his concluſions on this his principal point. "He has "diſcovered (ſays the learned Commentator) that the ancient "*Varia* is the village now called *Vico Varo*, that the mount "*Lucretilis* is the preſent *Monte Gennaro*, the old *Digentia*, the "modern *Licenza* and the decayed fane of *Vacuna*, the ſtill "exiſting ruins of a temple of Fortune reſtored by Veſpaſian, "&c. The whole vale is now called Valle di Licenza, and "belongs to the Prince Borgheſe. This diſcovery ſeemed of "ſo much conſequence to Monſieur L'Abbè Capartin de "Chaupy, that by the help of the general concurrence of "things (which left him in no want of rich mines of collateral "reſearch) he has written a work on it in three thick octavo "volumes; which (as far as may be judged without actually "viſiting the place) leave but little to the admirers of anti-"quity, except—the trouble of reading his book."

To this rather reluctant admiſſion of Wieland's I have it in my power to add, that an ingenious Friend, who has paſſed much time in Italy, and been upon the ſpot, is convinced, from his obſervation, that the Abbè Chaupy's opinion is well founded.

(*c*) By this it appears the mountains ran from Eaſt to Weſt.

(*d*) As Horace, in his Epiſtle to his Bailiff, admits that his farm produced no wine, and the preceding lines here denote beauty and convenience rather than fertility, this compariſon of it to the environs of Tarentum muſt be deemed a great though perhaps in a Poet (when ſpeaking of his favourite ſpot) an allowable exaggeration.

(*e*) This, ſays Wieland, was probably the principal ſource of the little river Digentia. Other Commentators conclude it to be the ſame fountain addreſſed by Horace under the name of Blanduſia, or Banduſia, in Ode 12. Book 3. though Dacier ſuppoſes two fountains, viz. this, which he calls Digentia, and Blanduſia above referred to. — The Abbè Chaupy, however, maintains there was no fountain called Blanduſia, or Banduſia, on Horace's eſtate; but that it's proper ſituation was about ſix miles from Venuſium, now Venoſa, (in Appulia) the native town of our Poet.

(*f*) "If we compare the deſcription Horace here gives of "his eſtate with the Epiſtle to his Bailiff, and ſome other paſ- "ſages, I think it muſt appear that juſt ſo much ſenſibility for "artleſs nature, ſo much love of quiet and eaſe, ſo much "modeſty and contentedneſs, in ſhort, juſt ſuch a philoſophi- "cal head and ſuch gaiety of heart as he poſſeſſed, was neceſ- "ſary for taking ſo much delight as he did in his *Sabinum*. "We ſhould miſtake greatly, were we to imagine it ſuch a "Villa as that elegant little eſtate of Cicero's, which, in an "Epiſtle to Atticus, he calls *Italiæ ocellus*, or one in the taſte "of Pliny's; of which Mr. Robert Caſtell in his magnificent "work (The Villas of the Ancients illuſtrated) has given ſo "beautiful a repreſentation. It was in fact only a Sabine "Farm;

" Farm; one of thoſe *prædia ruſtica*, of which Mæcenas had " doubtleſs more than he himſelf knew of, ſituated in a region " not the moſt fertile, and of very moderate produce. But " it had every requiſite for making Horace happy; ſo that he " had nothing to wiſh for more."—*Wieland.* He cites at length the beginning of Ode 18. Book 2. Alſo Ode 16. Book 3. and the concluſion of Ode 1. Book 3.—" With the " exception (he adds) of the country about Reate and the " Velinian Lake, what was properly called the Sabine Pro- " vince was rude, hilly, and for the moſt part, of ſuch a " quality, that none but ſo frugal a people as the Sabines " could have forced from it a neceſſary ſupport. But Horace " could find in his Uſtica beauties ſuch as neither Tibur nor " Baiæ could produce.

——— *Quæ tu deſerta et inhoſpita teſqua*
Credis, amæna vocat mecum qui ſentit—

" ſaid he to his Bailiff; and, with all his urbanity and habit " of living with the choiceſt company of Rome, he was never " better pleaſed than among his honeſt-hearted Sabines, who " ſtill retained their ancient ſimplicity of manners. His " writings are replete with little ſtrokes which diſcover his " ſatisfaction at being with this good uncorrupted race of " men. It was not the luxurious ſuppers at the table of Mæ- " cenas or Salluſtius (where the ſubject of converſation was, " whether Lepos danced well or not) but his little evening " repaſts, among his Sabine neighbours, and (where the talk " was about what concerns us moſt) that he wiſhes with ſo " much ardour and emotion to recal."

O noctes cænæque deum, &c.

(*g*) See the 7th Epiſtle of this Book, in which he deſcribes the unhealthy ſtate of Rome in September.

(*b*) Here

(*b*) Here the Poet, having expreſſed his own ſatisfaction in his little farm (reſpecting which Quinctius had probably put ſome queſtions, perhaps in a ſarcaſtick manner) inquires of his Friend if he feels himſelf equally happy, and is in truth as virtuous and wiſe as the world deem him. (See the introductory Note to this Epiſtle.) This ſeems ſufficiently connected for epiſtolary writing, and not to deſerve the cenſure of abruptneſs and want of connection which Scaliger has paſſed upon it.

(*i*) This alluſion ſeems intended as a ſtroke of Satire on the inordinate luxury of the table then becoming general at Rome. Men, with fevers upon them, would ſit down to a great entertainment rather than confeſs themſelves ill and be taken care of.

(*k*) There never was perhaps a nicer piece of flattery uttered of a Prince than this. But the ſurprizing thing is, that Horace ſays nothing here but what was literally true. From the year of Rome 727 the Romans really loved Auguſtus with an enthuſiaſm which for fervour and duration is ſcarce to be matched in hiſtory; and Auguſtus played his part of a Father and Patron God ſo well, that at laſt he might have brought himſelf to imagine that he loved the Romans in return as tenderly as he wiſhed to perſuade them.—*Wieland.*

(*l*) This anſwer may be ſuppoſed to come from Quinctius, or the perſon with whom Horace is reaſoning, and the reply (beginning with the words—*And yet*, &c.) from our Poet.

(*m*) By *Sabellus* Horace undoubtedly means himſelf; and, if he does honour to the Sabines, (eſpecially when he is ſettling the idea of integrity) yet he certainly intended to do no leſs honour to himſelf, by making himſelf a naturalized countryman of ſo virtuous a people. That he expreſsly deſigns to point at the

EPISTLE XVII.

To Scæva.

That the friendſhip of great men ſhould not be deſpiſed.—How it is to be obtained.

MY Scæva, though I need not ſtate
What courſe befits us with the great
To you, who can ſo well diſcern,
Your humble friend's opinion learn.
Let me, though little ſkilled, eſſay,
Like a blind guide, to point the way;
And try if yet I can make known
Aught worth adopting as your own.
If then a life of gentle reſt,
(*a*) With morning ſlumbers pleaſe you beſt,
If taverns, rattling wheels, and duſt
Inſpire your mind with ſtrong diſguſt,
Take my advice, at once retreat
To (*b*) Ferentinum's happier ſeat.
For wealth includes not every bliſs;
Nor has he lived and died amiſs,

Who

Who, to an humble ſtate confined,
Eſcaped the notice of mankind.
But would you ſerve your friends, and ſhare
Yourſelf ſome daintier better fare,
You, (c) who no lux'ries can afford,
Muſt ſeek ſome plenteous dainty board.
" (d) On herbs could Ariſtippus dine
" All great mens' favours he'd decline."
" *Who cenſures me plain herbs would hate,*
" *Could he find favour with the great.*"
Of theſe contending Wits, decide
Whoſe words and deeds you'd chuſe for guide:
Or, as you're younger, take my word;
Let Ariſtippus be preferred.
For oft (if we believe report)
With the ſour Cynick thus he'd ſport:
" (e) We're both Buffoons, Sir, 'tis allowed:
" I pleaſe myſelf, but you the crowd.
" Mine is the beſt, the nobleſt trade.
" (f) My dutiful attention's paid
" That nimble courſers o'er the plain
" May bear me, and a King maintain.
" You aſk for vileſt things, and live
" Inferior to the mob who give;
" Yet boaſt a philoſophick mind
" Exempt from wants of every kind."

(*g*) All ſtates, conditions, and degrees
On Ariſtippus ſat with eaſe.
He ſtrove the greater to obtain
Content with what he chanced to gain.
But the ſtern Sage, whoſe patience grows
Enured to rugs and coarſeſt cloaths,
Would move my wonder could he grace
A nobler fortune, higher place.
The one would never wait at home
For purple robes, but careleſs roam
Through every ſtreet the moſt frequented
Clad in whatever chance preſented.
The other fine-ſpun veſts affright
Like a mad dog or ſerpent's bite.
Should not the accuſtomed rug enfold
His ſhivering limbs, he'd die with cold.
Well then: his favourite garb reſtore;
And let him (*h*) trifle as before.
(*i*) Who wage fierce combats, who expoſe
In glorious pomp Rome's captive foes,
To Jove's immortal throne ſhall riſe,
By fame exalted to the ſkies.
Yet even on thoſe ſome honours wait
Whoſe life and manners pleaſe the great.
(*k*) 'Tis not each ſailor's lot to gain
The port of Corinth from the main.

But

But thoſe whom wretched fears deter
From ſuch attempts, muſt never ſtir.
Then ſhall not they obtain the meed
Of manly firmneſs who ſucceed?
Now here the very caſe we find:
The feeble nerves, the little mind,
Shrink from all toil, and reſt ſecure:
The vigorous dare it and endure.
(l) Or virtue is an empty name,
Or worth may ſeek rewards and fame.
(m) Thoſe from their Patron more obtain
Who ne'er of poverty complain,
Than beggars: 'twill far better pleaſe
A preſent to accept, than ſeize.
From this plain rule, as from it's ſource,
Let your whole conduct take it's courſe.
" My Siſter's portionleſs, (you cry)
" My mother poor; and none will buy
" My farm; nor can I thence be fed,—
" What's this, but meanly aſking bread?"
A ſecond beggar then may whine,
" (n) Good Sir, let half your gift be mine!"
But could (o) the crow in ſilence feed,
More food he'd gain, leſs envy breed.
When on (p) ſome journey we attend
To diſtant towns a noble friend,

Whoe'er of dirt, cold wind, or rains,
Trunk ſpoiled and caſh purloined, complains,
Repeats the (*q*) harlot's trick, who grieves
For rings or bracelets ſtolen by thieves
So oft, as ne'er to gain belief
For real loſs or unfeigned grief.
Nor will a man thus cheated raiſe
A ſtrolling cripple in our ways,
Though the poor wretch the Gods atteſt
With tears, "Indeed I do not jeſt!
"Ah no, by great (*r*) Oſiris' name!
"Ye cruel men, aſſiſt the lame!"
"Go, to ſome ſtranger vent your cries!"
The ſtern hoarſe neighbourhood replies.

NOTES ON EPISTLE XVII.

EXCEPTING the little that can be collected from this Epiſtle itſelf, nothing is known concerning the perſon to whom it was written. It may be conjectured that he was of no illuſtrious deſcent, that he had hitherto, without any conſiderable effect, attached himſelf to ſome great man at Rome; that this had made him diſpirited and irreſolute whether to proceed or retreat, and that Horace wrote this to encourage him, and at the ſame time to give him to underſtand wherein he miſtook, and of what he ſhould be ſolicitous during his attendance on the great. The well-known diſpute between Ariſtippus and Diogenes furniſhes him with matter to this purpoſe; which

which he delicately works up to his particular aim, by repreſenting in Ariſtippus the model of a Philoſopher at Court, a man who knew how to live, with Kings, without ſurrendering either his liberty or his character, and by endeavouring to convince his friend that it requires more virtue, that is more underſtanding, prudence, courage and perſeverance, to play well the part of an Ariſtippus than that of a Diogenes.—*Wieland.* The Scholiaſt called Scæva, *Scæva Lollius*, and ſays he was a Roman Knight.—*Bax.* On that ſuppoſition Geſner thinks it probable the next Epiſtle was meant as a continuation of this, or a reply to the anſwer which this produced.

(*a*) In the Original it is, "*ſleep till the firſt hour.*" This, according to the Roman method of computing the day, anſwered to ſeven in the morning with us. A man who uſually ſlept till after that hour was deemed by them very indolent; ſince he muſt, in the ſummer, continue in bed long after ſunriſe. Thoſe who attached themſelves to any great man at Rome were expected to attend their Patron by break of day.

(*b*) There appear to have been at leaſt two places in Italy called Ferentinum. One is ſaid to have been in Etruria, another in Campania. Whichever the Poet here alludes to, it is probable that Scæva had an eſtate there. Wieland juſtly obſerves that our Poet ſeems to have known his friend Scæva well enough to ſee that, with the advice of an experienced monitor, he might make a paſſable Courtier, but that, in any caſe, he would make but a poor Philoſopher in ſolitude.

(*c*) In the Original, *accedes ficcus ad unctum*, in which, I ſuppoſe, with Baxter, that *epulum* is underſtood; as it ſeems to be in the line, — *Si vero eſt unctum qui rectè ponere poſſit.* In this paſſage, however, moſt of the Criticks ſay

unctum is ſynonimous to *divitem*, and in the paſſage cited to *convivam*.

(*d*) This dialogue between Diogenes and Ariſtippus is introduced rather abruptly. Wieland ſuſpects that Scæva, in a fit of ill humour, in one of thoſe moments when every man thinks himſelf a Philoſopher, had let fall ſomething to Horace of the irkſomeneſs of ſerving the great, and aſked perhaps "if he could not live on roots and cabbages as well as Dio-"genes, inſtead of ſuffering himſelf to be teized and tormented "by a great man?"—"Well! returns his Friend: but if you "know how to deal with the great, you will be leſs plagued "and teized, and have no need to live upon cabbage. I "grant, it is an art to live contentedly upon cabbage: but "to live with Kings" is likewiſe an art. Each has it's in-"conveniences, each it's advantages. The queſtion is only, "in which of them you would beſt find your account?"

(*e*) It is, perhaps, difficult to give the exact ſenſe of—*Scurror ego ipſe mihi, populo tu*,—in Engliſh. The meaning ſeems to be, "You may call me a Buffoon, if you pleaſe; but you are "equally ſo yourſelf. My buffoonery (if it deſerve that "name) procures me the pleaſures and comforts of life. "Your cynical repartees and affected ſingularity afford "amuſement indeed to the people, but ſcarcely obtain for "yourſelf a wretched ſubſiſtence."

(*f*) Ariſtippus managed his office of diſpelling the King's *ennui*, as a Poſt at Court. There are ſuch numbers who are endued with the contrary quality, that it is no wonder if Kings ſet a value on ſervice in the Ariſtippick ſtile. However Dionyſius behaved with his Buffoon as Montaigne did with his cat. The King thought he was playing the fool with him; but no ſuch thing—"*Scurror ipſe mihi*," (ſaid Ariſtippus).

Ariſtippus). " If I procure him paſtime, it is becauſe he gives " me good cheer; and whenever the ſport begins to be diſ- " agreeable to myſelf, we part." Our Poet found himſelf in much the ſame ſituation in the company of Auguſtus and Mæcenas; but the moſt curious circumſtance is, that he makes no ſcruple to publiſh a letter which divulges ſo much of the ſecret. It is much to the honour of Auguſtus and Mæcenas, that they were ſo magnanimous as to ſet no ſtore by ſuch matters, and that Horace could venture to truſt them.—— *Wieland.*

(g) " I believe (ſays Wieland) no one has ever better " apprehended, or more nicely drawn the character of Ari- " ſtippus (whoſe philoſophy was as individual as his character) " than Horace has done in this beautiful paſſage. The Phi- " loſopher Demonax uſed to ſay, " I *revere* Socrates, *admire* " Diogenes, and *love* Ariſtippus. If it be natural to admire " what is moſt rare and extraordinary, Ariſtippus deſerves our " admiration; for, however rare the character of a true Dioge- " nes has always been, we ſhall meet with at leaſt ten of them " for one Ariſtippus. It is true that the manner in which he " thought and lived may be reduced to a ſyſtem; and a ſyſtem " may always be learned: but the dexterity with which he " practiſed it is not reducible to any ſyſtem; and it was pre- " ciſely this propriety in action (in which he excelled all " others, like Apelles in the graces) that made him ſo ſingular " a man, and procured him ſuch high prerogatives. Diogenes " himſelf was not freer with his tongue than he. Ariſtippus " might ſay any thing, do any thing, becauſe he always ſaid " and did every thing in the right manner and at the proper " time, always at the moment felt what was fit or not fit, how " far he might go, and what was enough; a perception which " in the art of life, as in all other arts, indicates the real " maſter. Hence it was, that, at Syracuſe, he could play the " Cour-

" Courtier, entertain Dionyſius, accept of preſents from him, " nay even occaſionally receive an injury, without loſing an " atom of his dignity. Hence it was that he could appear in " a ſplendid or an humble dreſs, without in the former caſe " appearing like a fop, or, in the latter, like an humble de- " pendant. Hence it was, that he was never at a loſs what to " ſay, or how to act, in whatever circumſtances he was placed, " or whatever was the age, rank, or character of the perſons " with whom he had to do. Hence he was every where at " home, every where in his proper element, diſentangled him- " ſelf from every difficulty, turned every advantage to account, " found in every thing the good, or at leaſt the tolerable ſide, " was diſpirited by no diſaſter, arrogant by no ſucceſs. Where " could Horace have found a more fit example for his preſent " purpoſe, or a better mirror to hold up to his Friend?"

(*b*) Horace calls the Cynick a trifler (*ineptus*) probably becauſe he founded his philoſophy on ſuch trifling circumſtances as what cloak he wore.

(*i*) Having done with the examples of Ariſtippus and Diogenes, the Poet now offers ſome general arguments in favour of courting the patronage of the Great, and ſome rules for the conduct of thoſe who have obtained it. We ſhall do injuſtice to Horace if we ſuppoſe him to recommend any mean and ſervile arts of obtaining patronage. He himſelf lived on very different terms with the greateſt men who then flouriſhed in the Roman world.

(*k*) In the Original this ſentence is a Proverb, alluding (according to the beſt interpretations) to the difficulty which veſſels had in getting into the harbour of Corinth; the entrance of which was ſo ſituated as to require great ſkill in the pilot of any ſhip who was bound thither. This proverbial expreſſion was

was uſed to denote undertakings that required great dexterity and courage. The application of this ſimile to Scæva ariſes (as Wieland obſerves) of itſelf. The fortune he wanted to make by the favour of a grandee was to him a voyage to Corinth.

(*l*) " I think (ſays Wieland) what Horace means by " the few words he employs, is this: Diogenes would not " agree with Ariſtippus that more virtue was requiſite to make " a ſtated fortune, and to keep one's ſelf in it, than to be able " to do without it. Yet nothing is more certain. It is like " the navigation to Corinth. To ſtay at home is no great " art: and if he who has nothing is contented with his condi- " tion, becauſe he is not diligent enough to gain any thing, he " merely ſaves himſelf the diſgrace of being laughed at: for " of whom could he complain but himſelf? Therefore, *either* " *you know not what you mean by your virtue, or you muſt confeſs* " *that the man who has employed the reſolution, the patience, the* " *prudence, in ſhort all the virtues neceſſary to the attainment of* " *his end, with good ſucceſs, may conſider the honour and advan-* " *tage that thence accrue to him, as a merited reward.*" It is plain, he adds, that Horace meant to ſhew his friend Scæva the navigation to Corinth on it's faireſt ſide.

(*m*) Horace now warns his friend againſt imitating the conduct, equally mean and ill-judged, of ſome dependents, who perpetually complain to their patron of poverty, and thus degrade themſelves into Beggars, or who lament, like harlots to their paramours, ſome pretended loſſes, in hopes of being indemnified. The whole concluſion is very ſpirited in the Original, but alluding to certain cuſtoms and expreſſions, to which we have not an exact parallel, muſt, on that as well as other accounts, loſe much in the tranſlation.

(*n*) The

(*n*) The expreſſions, in the Original, of the firſt Beggar (*victum date*) imploring food, and of the ſecond, (*Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra*) claiming a part of what may be given, were probably well-known cries of Beggars at Rome.

(*o*) The noiſe a crow makes in going to it's food draws others thither to ſhare or contend for it.—*Schol. Bax.* Wieland ſays it is an alluſion to the Fable of a Crow, who loſt his food by making a noiſe.

(*p*) In the Original *Brunduſium* and *Surrentum* are mentioned; places which have been noticed before, and which appear to have been often reſorted to by the great men of Rome either on buſineſs or for amuſement.

(*q*) Some Commentators think a ſcene in a Comedy is here alluded to. But the words in the Original (*nota acumina*) rather imply a trick commonly practiſed.

(*r*) The circumſtance of his ſwearing by *Oſiris* (an *Ægyptian* not a *Roman* God) is remarkable, and ſeems to denote (as Sanadon has obſerved) that theſe ſtrolling Impoſtors were no other than Gipſies.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XVIII.

To Lollius.

He describes the duties of a great man's friend, and concludes with reflections on the methods likely to produce tranquillity of mind.

IF well I know your generous mind,
My Lollius, beyond all mankind
You'll guard your conduct, not to seem
A flatterer where you pay esteem.
As the grave (*a*) matron's to all eyes
Is different from the harlot's guise,
As wide a difference we trace
Between the friend and flatterer base.
Yet there's an error the reverse
Of this,—I almost said a worse;
A rough ill-mannered churlish mien,
In (*b*) hair close-cropt and teeth unclean
Delighting; which affects to claim
True liberty and virtue's name.

The

The middle and far diſtant ſpace
From both theſe faults is virtue's place.
One too obſequious, at all treats,
As flatterer, (*c*) on the loweſt ſeats,
Dreads every nod, takes up each word
The rich man ſpeaks, howe'er abſurd,
And echoes it; as boys at ſchool
Repeat a rigid maſter's rule;
Or as an Actor ſhews his art
Whene'er (*d*) he plays the under part.
Another for the ſlighteſt cauſe
Will quarrel, and (*e*) contend for ſtraws.
"*And ſhall not then what I maintain*
(He cries) "*implicit credit gain?*
"*Shall I forego abuſe and ſtrife?*
"*No, not to gain a ſecond life.*"
What's your diſpute, I pray?—"In fight
"(*f*) Which Champion ſhews moſt ſkill and flight;
"Which road with moſt convenience leads
"The man who to Brunduſium ſpeeds."
(*g*) Whoe'er is beggared by the vice
Of waſteful love, or rage for dice,
The vain man, who his wealth conſumes
In coſtly garments and perfumes,
The man whom thirſt of ſilver fires,
Whom want with dread and ſhame inſpires;

Him

Him his rich friend, though greater ſtains
Pollute him oft, abhors, diſdains:
Or, if he hates him not, he rules,
And, like a careful mother ſchools,
(Who'd have more ſenſe more virtue ſhewn
In her child's conduct than her own)
Whilſt thus, with leſſons near allied
To truth, he mortifies his pride:
" My riches (ceaſe the unequal ſtrife!)
" Allow ſuch follies in my life.
" Do you, who are an humble friend,
" Wear (*b*) narrow robes, nor dare contend!" —
(*i*) Eutrapelus whome'er he choſe
To ruin, deck'd in coſtly cloaths;
That, happy, with ſuch fine attire
The man might put on new deſire,
Sleep idly till (*k*) mid-day, give o'er
All virtuous duties for a wh-re,
Enrich vile uſurers, and be claſſed
Amidſt the (*l*) Thracian bands at laſt;
Or drive, for ſome ſmall wretched meed,
A gardener's horſe, impelled by need.
Ne'er pry into your patron's heart:
But ſhould he aught unaſked impart,
Nor wine nor forceful rage ſhould wreſt
The ſecret from your faithful breaſt.

Set not your own purſuits too high;
Nor what another loves decry;
Nor, when your Patron hunts, that time
Do you ſelect for building rhyme.
For thus (*m*) Amphion and his brother
Became unfriendly to each other;
Nor ceaſed their difference, till the lute
Stern Zethus' ears abhorred was mute.
As thus Amphion's taſte gave way,
Thou a mild Patron's rule obey;
And oft as to the plain he leads,
Bearing (*n*) Ætolian toils, his ſteeds,
And calls his pack, riſe! caſt aſide
The Muſe's harſh unſocial pride.
With him, partaker in the ſpoil,
You'll ſhare a ſupper earned by toil.
The chace was long Rome's favourite game,
Friend to our nerves, our life, our fame.
(*o*) You're bleſt with health; and you exceed
In ſtrength the boar, the hound in ſpeed:
None with more grace and vigour charms
All eyes in manly feats of arms.
What plaudits from the crowd you gain
In combats on the martial plain!
Nay more: in early youth enured,
(*p*) Cantabrian warfare you endured,

Led

Led by that Chief, whoſe glorious toils
From Parthia reſcued Roman ſpoils,
Who, by his valour, ſtill obtains
New realms, and ſpreads Rome's wide domains.
Leſt you withdraw from ſports like theſe;
Though nought abſurd your taſte could pleaſe,
(q) Trifles, I know, can ſometimes charm
The hours, at your paternal farm.
In boats the youthful troop divides,
The ſquadrons range on different ſides:
The Actian fight, at your command,
Begins: you head one adverſe band;
Your Brother leads the hoſtile train;
Your lake's the Adriatick main;
Till conqueſt to one ſide inclines,
And round their brows it's laurel twines.
Whoe'er ſhall deem you well inclined
To ſuch purſuits as pleaſe his mind,
Will praiſe, (r) applaud with all his might,
The ſports in which you take delight.
Next, let me warn you (if you need
A monitor) take ſpecial heed
To whom your judgment you betray
Of characters, and what you ſay!
Avoid the inquiſitive! they'll prattle;
Who longs to hear is ſure to tattle;

Nor can ſuch ever-open ears
Retain the ſecrets which he hears.
No heedleſs word can you revoke;
It flies afar when once 'tis ſpoke.
Let not your Patron's ſlave inſpire
Your heart with fierce and fond deſire;
Leſt a ſmall preſent you obtain,
Or, if denied, feel real pain.
Try him you patronize, before
You introduce him, o'er and o'er;
Leſt, when his character is known,
You bluſh for vices not your own.
But ſince, ſo ſpecious is deceit,
We all may recommend a cheat,
His crimes once proved defend no more,
But own you were deceived before.
You'll thus ſave friends whoſe worth is tried,
When they in your ſupport confide.
For ſhould (*s*) vile ſlander wound their fame,
May you not ſoon expect the ſame?
'Tis your own intereſt that calls
When flames invade your neighbour's walls.
The dreadful ravages of fire
New vigour from neglect acquire.
(*t*) The court to noble patrons paid
Seems pleaſant till the trial's made:

Who know it, dread. Whilſt yet you keep
Your proſperous voyage o'er the deep,
Uſe all exertions, leſt you fail
Driven back by fortune's varying gale.
The grave hate chearful men; whilſt they
Alike are odious to the gay:
The quiet ne'er the active pleaſe,
Nor buſy minds the friend of eaſe.
Whoe'er whole days in drinking paſs
Will hate you if you ſhun the glaſs;
Though, with an oath, you plead the dread
Of nightly vapours in your head.
No deep or ſerious cares allow
To cloud with thoughtfulneſs your brow.
E'en modeſty may oft appear
Like gloom, and ſilence ſeem ſevere.
(u) 'Midſt theſe employments, I adviſe,
You read and oft conſult the wiſe,
How all your days may ſmoothly flow,
Nor craving reſtleſs wiſhes know,
Or fear, or hope of aught on earth
(w) Of moderate uſefulneſs and worth:
From learning whether virtue ſpring,
Or the bleſt boon kind nature bring:
Your cares how you may render leſs,
And how your own eſteem poſſeſs:

And whether honours are the mean,
Or wealth, to keep the mind ſerene,
Or ſolitude, whoſe ſecret ways
Eſcape the world's intruſive gaze.
(x) For me: what, think you, is my theme?
Whene'er I quaff (y) Digentia's ſtream,
Which bathes Mandela's rugged ſhores,
What, deem you, friend, my prayer implores?
" Let me the ſame eſtate, nay leſs,
" Enjoy than what I now poſſeſs!
" And if the Gods ſhall pleaſe to give
" More life, (z) 'tis for myſelf I'd live!
" Of books I'd have an ample hoard,
" With a full year's proviſion ſtored;
" Nor float, the ſport of fortune's power,
" Dependent on the varying hour."
To Jove, who grants, who takes away,
'Tis thus for life and wealth I pray.
A firm and tranquil mind beſide
Myſelf will for myſelf provide.

NOTES ON EPISTLE XVIII.

THE ſubject of this Epiſtle, as the Reader muſt have perceived, is the ſame as that of the preceding; but (unleſs the Scholiaſt is right in ſuppoſing Scæva to be the *cognomen* of Lollius) it is addreſſed to a different perſon. There can ſcarcely, however, appear a doubt, to thoſe who read it with attention, but that the Lollius here mentioned was a young ma

man who had his way to make in the world, and not a man of the age, fortune and rank in the State, which Lollius, who was Conſul in 732, and afterwards Governor to Caius Cæſar (Grandſon to Auguſtus) muſt have been at this period. The ſuppoſition of Dacier "that this Epiſtle was written to inſtruct "Lollius how to behave to his pupil Caius Cæſar," is improbable in the higheſt degree; one might ſay impoſſible: for there ſeems to be no proof that Lollius was appointed Governor to that Prince till five or ſix years after the death of Horace; and admitting he were ſo as early as Dacier ſuppoſes, viz. in 742, Caius could then have been only eight or nine years old. We may ſafely aſk any man who has read this Epiſtle, whether it has the leaſt appearance of being written to inſtruct a Governor how to behave to his Pupil, eſpecially to a Pupil of that age? For theſe and many other reaſons, ſome of which will be noticed hereafter, every unprejudiced perſon muſt perceive that a young man (the Son perhaps or Nephew of the Lollius juſt ſpoken of) is the perſon here meant. Never perhaps was greater addreſs and knowledge of mankind diſplayed than in this Epiſtle. Lollius, in all probability, was a young man of a free and open, but of a rough diſpoſition, and had poſſibly ſpurned the advice, which Horace and other experienced friends had given him, of gaining the favour and protection of men who had the higheſt influence in the State. Yet ſuch a conduct might be neceſſary to his views of aggrandizement, though he was of a conſiderable family himſelf. The Poet therefore begins with praiſing his freedom of ſpirit, and aſſuring him he does not recommend him to become a Paraſite; which introduces the admonition that probably was moſt wanted, viz. to avoid the oppoſite extreme.

(a) The dignity and virtue of the Roman Matrons, though perhaps a little tarniſhed in the days of Horace, was ſtill, in a

great degree, preſerved, and formed a contraſt to the character and behaviour of the Courtezans.

(*b*) It will be thought, perhaps, that I have purpoſely *modernized* this diſputed paſſage, by applying *tonsâ cute* to the hair, inſtead of the beard. But there is a reſpectable authority for this ſenſe of the paſſage. "The French Commentators (ſaid Dr. Foſter) underſtood this to mean cut in an awkward manner. Others read *Commendat quæ ſe intonsâ cute*. But this is a mere conjecture. The true ſenſe is, *with his hair cut, in order to diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of mankind*, who were attentive to their hair." So Juvenal deſcribes the Philoſophers:—

Rarus ſermo illis, et magna libido tacendi,
Atque ſupercilio brevior coma.

So that while the philoſophers adviſed *ſapientem paſcere barbam*, they alone were *tonſi*.—MS.

(*c*) In the Original, *imi deriſor lecti*. It appears that at every entertainment the couch deemed the loweſt (the imus lectus) was occupied by the Maſter of the houſe; who, if a wealthy man, had two Paraſites or Buffoons (one on each ſide) on the couch with him, to aſſiſt in amuſing the company. See the 8th Sat. of Book 2d, where Nomentanus and Porcius (the two Paraſites of Naſidienus) are called *imi convivæ lecti*; and they were placed on the couch with their hoſt, and on each ſide of him.—*Deriſor* is generally uſed by Horace as a flatterer, not as a ſcoffer.

(*d*) It ſhould ſeem that on the Greek and Roman ſtage the underling, or perhaps even the ſecond rate Actors, lowered their voices and confined their action, in order to ſet off to advan-

advantage the principal performer. But, to judge of the beauty and juſtneſs of this image, we ought to know better than we can at preſent in what manner theſe ſecond actors played: for it appears, by this and many other paſſages, that they imitated the firſt actor, and ſo aſſiſted him.—*Dac.* He adds, that it is difficult for us to conceive how this could be done without tiring and diſguſting the audience; but it was probably admitted only in the *Mimi*, or farces of the loweſt order.

(*e*) In the Original, *rixatur de lanâ caprina*; a proverbial expreſſion, that did not ſeem capable of being admitted (with good effect) into Engliſh verſe. It is here therefore rather imitated than tranſlated.

(*f*) The Original ſays, "whether *Caſtor* or *Docilis* (two noted Gladiators) has moſt ſkill? whether the *Minucian* or "*Appian* road is our beſt way to Brunduſium?" The Appian road has been deſcribed minutely in the 5th Satire (Book 1.) The Minutian (called ſo from Tiberius Minucius who made it in 448.) went through the country of the Sabines and that of the Samnites, and joined the Appian road at Beneventum.

(*g*) Having cautioned his young Friend againſt affecting churliſh manners or indulging a contentious diſpoſition, Horace now warns him againſt extravagance, and againſt greedineſs in amaſſing wealth; vices which great men (who indulge in them themſelves) hate and deſpiſe in their dependents. The whole paſſage, and indeed all the ſubſequent rules, ſhew the niceſt obſervation of human nature.

(*h*) The greateſt and wealthieſt men amongſt the Romans wore the longeſt robes. Thus Horace reproaches the inſolence of Menas (or whoever is the perſon attacked in the 4th Epode) whom he repreſents as ſtrutting along the *Via Sacra*,

the principal ſtreet in Rome, *cum bis ter ulnarum toga*, with a robe of ſix ells long.

(*i*) Eutrapelus was the ſurname of Volumnius, an intimate friend of Cicero, celebrated for his wit and pleaſantry.—*Dac.*

(*k*) In the Original *ſleep till day-light* (*dormiat ad lucem*) which to an Engliſh Reader would have appeared ſo extraordinary a proof of indolence, that it ſeemed neceſſary to alter it (even at the expence of fidelity) in the tranſlation.

(*l*) Gladiators who were armed in a particular manner, ſimilar to the Thracians, were thence called by that name. Horace rather mentions them than any other ſpecies of Gladiators, becauſe they were the moſt infamous, being often hired for murders and aſſaſſinations.—*Dac.*

(*m*) This ſtory of the quarrel between the celebrated Muſician Amphion and his brother Zethus, (Sons of Jupiter and Antiope) was the ſubject of a Tragedy of Euripides, called Antiope, now loſt. It is cited in the Gorgias of Plato, and had been (it is ſaid) tranſlated by Pacuvius; ſo that it muſt have been well known to the Romans when Horace wrote.

(*n*) Ætolia, in Greece, was famous for producing boars, and particularly for the celebrated hunting of the Calydonian boar by Meleager. Some read it *Æolian* toils; as the Æolians are ſaid to have been (in part at leaſt) the founders of Cumæ; in the neighbourhood of which the flax grew from which hunting toils were made.

(*o*) According to Dacier, Lollius had been Conſul ten years before this Epiſtle was written. This account of his activity and diſtinguiſhed ſkill in juvenile ſports ſeems not very ſuitable

ſuitable to a man of (at leaſt) the middle age of life, and of Conſular dignity.

(*p*) This paſſage makes it next to impoſſible that the elder Lollius can be the perſon meant. That Cantabrian war which Auguſtus conducted in perſon took place in the year of Rome 729. Lollius was Conſul in 732. If he was then *puer* in the former year, he could not have been of the legal age to hold the Conſulſhip in the latter. To get rid of this objection Dacier ſays, *puer* is ſometimes applied to perſons even of thirty years old, and he might have had a diſpenſation to hold the Conſulſhip before the proper age. All this is *juſt poſſible*, but highly improbable. *Puer* is uſed here emphatically, as referring to the time of life when Lollius firſt learned the art of war, and is therefore the ſame as *cum puer eſſes*. Lollius *might*, by great favour and influence, procure the Conſulſhip before the regular age. But a man who had ſuch high power and intereſt, could ſcarcely want the protection of great men, much leſs to be initiated into the arts of obtaining it. Sanadon has alſo ſhewn it to be very improbable that the elder Lollius was with Auguſtus in the Cantabrian war.

(*q*) This ſentence, which introduces the account of the mock ſea-fight by Lollius and his youthful companions, ſeems plainly to indicate what the Poet meant. He expreſsly calls it a trifling amuſement at his country-ſeat, or that of his father (*interdum nugaris rure paterno*). It was practiſed by youths, merely for their own diverſion, and is related by Horace to remind Lollius that if he can trifle for his own entertainment, he may ſurely condeſcend to join in the ſports of his Patron.—Yet this boyiſh game ſome of the Commentators have exalted into a grand Naumachia; and the Abbè Chaupy calls it *L'eclatant ſpectacle de la battaile d'Actium*; which he ſays was given by Lollius on the Lucrine Lake in order to pay his court

to

to Auguſtus. He founds the ſuppoſition of this having taken place on the Lucrine Lake on a paſſage of Auſonius, which merely mentions that ſuch fights were exhibited there, but does not refer to this paſſage of Horace. Upon the whole, it ſeems far more probable that Horace means in this paſſage no more than he expreſſes, viz. an amuſement of boys. Whether it is likely that a man of the age and rank of the elder Lollius ſhould, together with his brother, take an active part in ſuch an amuſement and with ſuch aſſociates, is for the good ſenſe of the Reader to decide.

(*r*) The expreſſion in the Original is, *praiſe with both his thumbs*. This is ſaid to be taken from a method the Roman people had of expreſſing their pleaſure at the games of the Circus. For when a Gladiator was overcome, and his life in the power of his antagoniſt, if the People wiſhed it ſhould be ſpared, they expreſſed that wiſh by joining their thumbs together. The ſentiment expreſſed in this paſſage ſhews an intimate knowledge of human nature. Nothing conciliates the favour of mankind in general ſo much as joining and appearing intereſted in their favourite amuſements.

(*s*) In the Original there is an alluſion to one Theon; who, ſome ſay, was a Freedman at Rome and a noted calumniator. Others repreſent him as a Satirick Greek Poet.

(*t*) This ſentence ſeems to have been inſerted leſt the exhortations to attendance on great men, which this Epiſtle contains, ſhould induce Lollius to think the life of a Dependent wholly free from inquietude and vexation.

(*u*) It appears, by this paſſage, that Horace wiſhed to make his young Friend not merely a dexterous Courtier, but an accompliſhed ſcholar and gentleman, of which a neceſſary ingredient was an acquaintance with the writings of the Philoſophers.

(*w*) The Stoicks reckoned but few things in life abſolutely uſeful. They eſteemed health, riches, &c. as τα μεσσω. Other advantages, of leſs conſequence, they called τα εξω.—*Foſt. MS.*

(*x*) Having recommended the theory, he now exemplifies in himſelf the practice of philoſophy: and, if we may judge from the tenor of his works and character, there could not be a better example of that temper of mind which it was the object of true philoſophy to produce.

(*y*) The river Digentia is ſaid to be the ſame that is now called the *Licenza*. See the Notes on Epiſtle 16. Mandela was a diſtrict near Horace's Farm.

(*z*) The deſire, which he ſo ſtrongly expreſſes here of being perfectly his own maſter, ſeems to have been thwarted, at times, by the neceſſity of paying attention to Mæcenas, which his gratitude impoſed; for the gay amuſements, which he enjoyed in his early days in the ſociety of his Patron, palled upon his taſte towards the latter end of his life. See the 7th Epiſt. of this Book, and the Note thereon from Wieland.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XIX.

To Mæcenas.

He condemns the practice of ſervile imitation.

IF, learn'd Mæcenas, you may truſt
What old (*a*) Cratinus ſays as juſt,
" No verſe lives long or gives delight
" Which poor dull water-drinkers write."
Since (*b*) Bacchus choſe the rhyming tribe
With Fauns and Satyrs to inſcribe,
As mad alike, the gentle Nine
Too oft on mornings ſmell of wine.
(*c*) The praiſe which Homer gives the bowl
Proves that a bumper cheer'd his ſoul.
Old Ennius to no height could ſpring
Till drunk, or mighty battles ſing.
To (*d*) Libo's Forum I'd confine
All milkſops who the glaſs decline,
Nor let ſuch rigid mortals claim
A Poet's privilege or name.

Soon

Soon as this Edict (*e*) I've declared,
What emulation fires each Bard!
All night they ſtrive who moſt ſhall drink;
All day with fumes of wine they ſtink.—
What? (*f*) if one ape the ſurly frown,
The naked foot and ſcanty gown,
Of Cato, would he thence inherit
Great Cato's character and merit?
When (*g*) Hiarbitas once thought fit
To ape Timagenes in wit,
He burſt by vain attempts to reach
An equal fluency of ſpeech.
That character whoſe faults alone
Can be tranſplanted to our own,
Is a bad model.—Should my cheek
Perchance turn pale, theſe men would ſeek
(*h*) Some herb that gives a pallid hue.
Ye wretched, copying, ſervile crew!
How oft your reſtleſs zeal provokes
My wrath! how oft inſpires my jokes!
With free bold ſteps through ways untried
I ventured firſt, and ſcorned a guide.
Who truſts himſelf, himſelf will raiſe:
The ſwarm a daring chief obeys.
Firſt to the Latian world I ſhewed
Iambicks in the (*i*) Parian mode,

Of

Of great Archilochus the ſtrain
And ſpirit laboured to attain,
But not his language or his matter,
Which ſtung (*k*) Lycambes by its ſatire.
But let not thence inferior praiſe
Be mine, adorned with leſſer bays,
For that I feared to change at pleaſure
The verſe's form, conſtruction, meaſure.
E'en (*l*) manly Sappho oft would uſe
His feet, and temper thus her Muſe:
Thus too Alcæus: but he changed
The thoughts, and in new form arranged;
Nor ſtrove, by verſes fraught with ire,
(*m*) To blacken his intended Sire,
Nor e'er, by infamous abuſe,
Wove for his Bride the fatal nooſe.
(*n*) That Poet's lay, till then unknown
To Latin ears, I firſt have ſhewn,
And to my country's altar bear
A gift yet unrecorded there,
Pleaſed if ingenuous eyes peruſe,
Ingenuous hands poſſeſs, my muſe.
Aſk you, why ſome, ungrateful, praiſe
And cheriſh, when at home, my lays,
Yet, moſt unjuſt, in publick blame,
And would ſuppreſs? the cauſe I'll name.

I never

I never (*o*) buy the people's votes
By public treats, or threadbare coats,
Nor lend to noble Bards my ear,
Nor force them, in revenge, to hear,
Nor ſtrive (*p*) the Critick Tribes t' engage.
(*q*) Hence flows their grief, and hence their rage.
But ſhould I plead, 'tis ſenſe of ſhame
Forbids my writings to proclaim
At crowded theatres in ſtate,
As giving trifles too much weight,
My Critick ſhrewdly cries: " You jeer,
" And keep them for (*r*) Jove's private ear.
" No Poet's verſes are ſo ſweet,
" So charming,—in his own conceit."—
I fear, when ſuch a foe provokes,
To anſwer with contemptuous jokes,
Leſt he (*s*) his ſharpened nails apply.
" We'll chuſe ſome fitter place (I cry)
" And (*t*) reſt from ſports, which oft engage
" The tongue in ſtrife, the heart in rage;
" Dire rage, that by it's fatal breath
" Breeds enmity, and war, and death."

NOTES

NOTES ON EPISTLE XIX.

THE behaviour of the Poets and Criticks of Rome, with regard to Horace and his works, ſeems to have produced this Epiſtle to Mæcenas; whom our Poet generally addreſſes when he has occaſion to ſay much of himſelf or his writings. The tribe of Poetaſters, when they found the fame of Horace well eſtabliſhed, ſeem to have paſſed from detraction to ſervile imitation, and were ſtupid enough to repeat and adopt ſeriouſly every thing that he had ſpoken or written in jeſt. The pretended Criticks, who appear to have taken great pains to depreciate his writings, though they could not help commending them when aſked their opinion in private, ſtill threw out in publick ſome looſe and general cenſures tending to prevent the general circulation of them. Theſe ridiculous imitations of the Poets he expoſes, this enmity of the Criticks he accounts for, in this Epiſtle, and at the ſame time ſtates the ſervice he had done to Roman literature, by introducing Iambick Poems in the metre and ſtile of Archilochus, but without his cauſtick ſeverity. He points out this as the proper mode of imitating an admired Poet, and as a contraſt to the petty ſervile kind of imitation before deſcribed.

(*a*) Cratinus was a celebrated Greek Writer of the Old Comedy. He is mentioned at the beginning of Sat. 4. Book 1. See the Note there. It ſcarcely need be obſerved that all this paſſage (to the end of line 16.) is thrown out in jeſt, and as a ſpecimen of thoſe abſurdities which the minor Poets would immediately adopt, if broached by one of more diſtinction.

(*b*) Bacchus

(*b*) Bacchus has often been celebrated as the guardian God of Poets. In the firſt Ode of Book 1. the Satyrs are mentioned as their protectors and companions. Theſe fables, no doubt, aroſe from the high idea the Ancients had of poetical enthuſiaſm, and the aſſiſtance they ſuppoſed it to receive from wine.

(*c*) This praiſe is found in many paſſages both of the Illiad and Odyſſey. It is ſuppoſed the argument is copied from ſome work of Cratinus; who was ſaid to be a great toper himſelf.

(*d*) The literal ſenſe of *Puteal* is the covering of a well; but here it ſignifies one of the Roman Courts of Juſtice. For it is ſaid that the Romans, when a place that had no roof was ſtruck by lightning, took care, from ſuperſtition, to have a ſort of cover built over it; which they called *Puteal*. This had the name of *Puteal Libonis* and *Scribonium Puteal*, becauſe *Scribonius Libo* erected it by order of the Senate. The *Prætor*'s Tribunal ſtanding by it, is often ſignified in Authors by the ſame expreſſion.—*Duc. Kenn. Antiq.* The meaning of this paſſage ſeems therefore to be, that "ſober men may make "good Lawyers or Orators, but will not do for Poets."

(*e*) That ſome of the preceding ſentiments are taken from Cratinus, there can, I conceive, be no doubt; but it alſo appears that Horace means (though ludicrouſly) to adopt them as his own, and therefore that *edixi* is the proper reading in the Original.

(*f*) This deſcription of Cato, ſo oppoſite to the ſplendid dreſs and effeminate airs, which began to be faſhionable at Rome about this period, will apply perhaps to either of the *Catos*. But I incline, with Dacier, to think *Cato of Utica* the perſon meant. Horace never ſcrupled to praiſe him (though

an enemy to Julius Cæsar) when it fell in his way; and it seems more probable that he would give this striking representation of an eminent man, the memory of whom was recent, than of one whose looks and whose stile of dress could only be collected from history.

(*g*) There must be here either a great hyperbole, or some corruption in the text. One Hiarbitas is supposed to have burst (that is perhaps to have hurt and made himself ill) by endeavouring to equal Timagenes in energetick language and rapid pronunciation. Sanadon reads *cæna* for *lingua*, and supposes it to have a figurative sense.

(*h*) The literal translation is, "*They would drink the bloodless cummin.*" This herb is said to give a paleness to the complexion.

(*i*) Trimeter Iambicks had been introduced among the Romans long before the time of Horace, and were become the appropriate metre to dramatick pieces. But our Poet by *Parian* Iambicks means the alternate lines of *Trimeter* and *Dimeter* Iambicks; which he calls *Parian*, as Archilochus was of that place. Of this species of Iambick measure there was not any example in Latin before the Epodes of Horace.

(*k*) See the Notes on Epode 6. for the story of Archilochus and Lycambes.

(*l*) Different constructions are given of this passage. That of Dacier (that Horace himself tempers the Iambicks of Archilochus with Sapphicks and Alcaicks) seems too far strained for the words to bear. Baxter takes it to mean that Sappho and Alcæus temper the Muse of Archilochus with their own measures. The sense adopted here (viz. that Sappho tempers her own

own Muſe with the meaſure of Archilochus) is that of Bentley and Sanadon. Sappho is called *manly*, as a part of her compoſitions, now loſt, is ſaid to have had that character.

(*m*) See alſo the 6th Epode.

(*n*) This paſſage ſeems clearly to refer to Alcæus.

(*o*) It can ſcarcely be ſuppoſed that even the richeſt Poets *literally* treated the people at large, to procure popularity to their works, or gave them caſt-off cloaths, as Patrons are ſaid ſometimes to have done to their poorer Clients. It muſt be put by way of alluſion or compariſon, intimating that wealthy Poets would give ſplendid treats to procure flatterers to their works, juſt as Candidates for Publick Offices did, to obtain Votes.

(*p*) In the Original, "*canvaſs the Tribes and deſks of the Grammarians*," meaning perhaps the Schoolmaſters; as in Sat. 10. Book 1.

——— an tua, demens,
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis!
Non ego——

(*q*) *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*, the words of the Original, ſeems to have been a proverbial expreſſion.

(*r*) *Jovis auribus iſta ſervas*, alludes, no doubt, to the partiality Auguſtus ſhewed to our Poet; which made his enemies accuſe him of caring little how he pleaſed the Publick, ſo long as he could gratify the Prince. I did not like to give up the alluſion, by ſubſtituting another word, but fear the effect muſt be loſt to an Engliſh Reader.

(*s*) He ſpeaks in another place of a bad Poet as of a dangerous madman. (See the concluſion of the Epiſtle to the Piſos.) Here he ludicrouſly pretends to be afraid of being ſcratched by him.

(*t*) The Original contains a metaphor that cannot be expreſſed, perhaps, in Engliſh. It is taken from the games of the Amphitheatre; at which a Gladiator, who was afraid of his adverſary, ſometimes petitioned for a delay of the combat on pretences frivolous as this.

EPISTLE XX.

To his Book.

The dangers of publication ſtated—The condition, perſon and character of Horace deſcribed.

YOU, as it ſeems, my deareſt Book,
Tow'rds (*a*) Janus and Vertumnus look:
Well (*b*) poliſhed by the ſtone, and fine,
In Soſia's ſhop you long to ſhine:
You hate thoſe friendly (*c*) locks and ſeals
Which modeſty it's ſafeguard feels,
Praiſe publick life, and inly groan
That to a few as yet you're known.
(*d*) From me you learned not ſuch deſires—
But fly where'er your wiſh inſpires!
Yet mark! whatever ills befal,
When once ſent forth (*e*) you're paſt recal.
Methinks I hear you thus complain,
When ſome harſh critick gives you pain:
"Ah me, what has my raſhneſs done?
"What dangers madly have I run?"

You know, when thoſe who love you beſt
Grow tired, (*f*) how cloſely you're compreſs'd.
If rage deceive me not, and blind
The ſight of my prophetick mind,
(*g*) You'll be admired, beloved, at Rome,
Till deſtitute of youth and bloom:
But, ſoiled by hands obſcure and mean,
Whene'er you grow leſs neat and clean,
In ſilence and neglect you'll lie
A prey to ſluggiſh moths, or fly
(*h*) Tied up in packets, o'er the main,
To Utica, or diſtant Spain.
Then the kind monitor you ſcorn
Will laugh to ſee you thus forlorn:
(*i*) Like him who puſhed the ſtubborn aſs
Down the ſteep cliff it would not paſs,
For who employs his pains and ſkill
To ſave a friend againſt his will?
(*k*) Your faultering age at laſt may teach
To boys their elements of ſpeech.
But when (*l*) th' increaſing heat of day
Brings crowds to hear whate'er you ſay,
Tell them, ſhould they perchance inquire,
That, though a Freedman was my Sire,
Small my eſtate, I plumed my wing,
And (*m*) dared above my neſt to ſpring.

Whate'er

Whate'er you take from me in birth
Will thus be added to my worth.
Say, I was favoured by the great,
Who ruled, in peace and war, the ſtate;
Low-ſtatured, prematurely grey,
(n) Delighting in the ſolar ray,
Too oft with ſudden anger ſeized,
But of a temper ſoon appeaſed.
Should curioſity engage
Some reader to inquire my age,
Say I was neither leſs nor more,
But juſt compleated forty-four,
(o) When Lollius, Conſul firſt declared,
With Lepidus the honour ſhared.

NOTES ON EPISTLE XX.

THIS neat and pleaſant little Epiſtle is ſuppoſed by ſeveral of the Commentators to have been written as a Preface to ſome of our Poets works, which he was about to publiſh, and to have been prefixed to them accordingly. It ſeems however full as probable that it was ſubjoined to them, being a ſort of farewell to his Book on it's going out into the world: though it appears moſt likely that ſome of the Epiſtles now placed before it, were written at a later period than this.

(*a*) The Bookſellers ſhops (or at leaſt that of the Soſias Horace's Bookſellers) were near the Forum, where there were ſtatues of Vertumnus and Janus.

(*b*) The Roman Books appear to have conſiſted of ſkins, prepared for the purpoſe, like our parchment, and afterwards rolled up. Theſe were poliſhed on both ſides with a ſtone; on the one for the convenience of writing; on the other for the ſake of beauty, and that they might feel ſmooth to the hand on opening them.—*Dac.*

(*c*) Theſe *locks and ſeals* might mean the locks and ſeals to the deſk in which his works had been kept. But the ſubſequent part of the ſentence, and what is immediately ſubjoined, ſhew this paſſage to be metaphorical, and that the Poet means to compare the eagerneſs of his Book to appear, to the deſire which young perſons feel to be introduced to publick life.

(*d*) Horace often ſpeaks of his averſion to publiſh his works. That the modeſty he takes credit for in thoſe paſſages, was not wholly affected, there is great reaſon to believe. Indeed he would not have ventured to claim the credit of it, unleſs he had been, generally ſpeaking, cautious of obtruding his compoſitions on the Publick. Yet it alſo appears that he was far from deaf to the voice of fame; as indeed few men are who have talents that can ſecure it. The contention between his modeſty and ambition, and the victory obtained by the latter, are ſtrongly painted in this Epiſtle.

(*e*) So in the *Epiſtle to the Piſos*:

——— *delere licebit*
Quod non edideras, neſcit vox miſſa reverti.

(*f*) The

(*f*) The form of the Roman Books ſeems clearly to explain this paſſage. As they conſiſted of ſkins rolled up, like our rolls of parchment, and were conſequently ſpread out in order to be read, when the Reader left off, he, of courſe, rolled them up again, and thus brought them into a narrow compaſs. *Amator*, in the Original, which ſome have applied to Horace himſelf, more probably means any admirer; for it appears, almoſt to a certainty, that many of his friends ſaw his works before publication.

(*g*) The alluſion to a young beauty's firſt appearance in the world, is ſtill purſued: and it is, no doubt, true that new publications, like youthful beauties, pleaſe for a time, but, unleſs they have ſterling merit, are afterwards neglected and forgotten.

(*h*) *Vinctus* (and not *unctus*) ſeems to be the proper reading here: and the meaning ſeems to be, that if you maintain reputation enough not to be wholly neglected and feel the moths, yet the Bookſellers will ſend you to Africk, Spain, and other provinces, (into a kind of honourable baniſhment) whilſt new and more faſhionable productions will take your place at Rome.

(*i*) This is an alluſion to a Fable, which (no doubt) was well known at the time, of a countryman, whoſe aſs refuſing to go along the ſide of a precipice, he, in revenge, puſhed him over it.

(*k*) It ſeems, by this paſſage and others in Horace (viz. in Sat. 10. Book 1. and Epiſt. 1. Book 2.) that works which were become too common and hacknied, or which had grown obſolete amongſt men of taſte, were taught at the petty and obſcure

obſcure ſchools. Livius Andronicus, for inſtance, muſt have been in a great meaſure out of date in Horace's time; and yet our Poet had been flogged into an acquaintance with him.

(*l*) The Scholiaſt and Baxter ſuppoſe this time of the day to be mentioned, becauſe it was then that Schoolmaſters aſſembled their Scholars and made them read to them. But the meaning ſeems rather to be that, in the heat of the day, moſt people quitted the more active diverſions, and amuſed themſelves with reading, or (which appears to have been a frequent practice with idlers) hearing compoſitions read at places of publick reſort. The genuine deſcription of himſelf which is ſo neatly introduced here, renders this little Epiſtle peculiarly intereſting.

(*m*) This expreſſion appears to be proverbial in the Original, and conſequently, though it may be underſtood, will have leſs effect in our language.

(*n*) His ſenſibility to cold appears from ſeveral paſſages in his works. But it is, I think, manifeſt from thence (as is remarked ſomewhere by Dr. Johnſon) that the climate of Italy was much colder in thoſe days than it is in our's.

(*o*) That is, in the year of Rome 732, according to the chronology adopted by Dacier. According to the other computation (which Sanadon follows) it was December 733.—Lollius had been ſome time Conſul without a Colleague, owing to the factions that divided Rome; (Auguſtus being then abſent) one of which favoured the pretenſions of Lepidus, the other the intereſt of Silanus, the two Candidates. At length the former was choſen. It appears as if Horace meant not only to ſay he was forty-four when this Epiſtle was written,

but alſo that he was forty-four when the works (whatever they were) which it accompanied into the world were publiſhed; for, whether it is to be conſidered as a Preface or as a Poſtſcript, it probably was written but juſt before the time of publication.

THE

but also that he was forty-four when the works (whatever they were) which it accompanied into the world were published; for, whether it is to be considered as a Preface or as a Prologue, it probably was written but just before the time of publication.

THE EPISTLES OF HORACE.

BOOK II.

THE

EPISTLES, &c.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

To Augustus.

He praiſes zealouſly his beneficent and illuſtrious Prince, makes many obſervations on Poetry, and refutes the opinion of thoſe who eſteem antient writers alone. — Laſtly he endeavours to excite the kindneſs of Auguſtus in behalf of the poets of his own time.

WHILST you alone ſuſtain the mighty weight
Of various toils, alone direct the ſtate,
In arms aſſert your country's ſacred cauſe,
Improve her morals, and amend her laws,

Should

Should I, illuſtrious Cæſar, waſte your time
With a long (*b*) preface, 'twere a publick crime.
(*c*) Rome's mighty founder, the great God of wine,
And the twin Chiefs of Leda's royal line,
To whom celeſtial honours were decreed,
The bright reward of many a glorious deed,
Whilſt yet they filled their life's allotted ſpace,
Diffuſing bleſſings o'er the human race,
Appeaſed the rage of war, the thirſt of ſpoil,
Built cities, portioned out the fruitful ſoil,
Complained the thankleſs world denied their claim
To grateful praiſe, and grudged their well-earned fame.
Even he who cruſhed the Hydra, who o'erthrew
The deadlieſt foes, and direſt monſters ſlew,
His toils accompliſhed, was compelled to own
Obdurate envy yields to death alone.
Who ſhines too bright o'erpowers all leſſer fires:
His ſplendor ne'er is loved till it expires.
To thee, though (*d*) preſent ſtill, we rear the ſhrine,
Mature in honours, as in deeds divine,
And gladly own, a chief of equal worth
Ne'er roſe, ne'er *ſhall* ariſe, to bleſs the earth.
But though thy people, juſt in this alone,
Above all Græcian chiefs, above our own,
Extol thy name; all other things they prize
By different rules, and view with different eyes:

All

All eminence, ſave that aſſigned by fate
To times far hence removed, they ſpurn and hate,
So fond of all that's antient, as to read
The (*e*) code by the Decemvir's power decreed,
The treaties of our Kings in earlieſt days,
The muſty books of prieſts, the prophets' lays,
With fondeſt rapture, and declare each line
On Alba's mount was uttered by the Nine.
(*f*) If, as of Græcian poets 'tis confeſt,
The oldeſt ever are eſteemed the beſt,
In the ſame ſcale we weigh each Roman Bard,
" No nut without, within no olive's hard."
Nay, we might juſtly ſay, if this be right,
Rome has in every art attained the height;
And though our Græcian maſters boaſt their ſkill
In painting, wreſtling, ſong, we're greater ſtill.
(*g*) If poetry by age improve, like wines,
How many years give ſanction to our lines?
May writers when a hundred years have paſt
With good true ancients take their ſeat at laſt?
Or muſt they rank with the vile modern train?
Henceforth let no diſpute or doubt remain.
" *An hundred ſtamps him of the ancient breed,*
" *And therefore good.*"—What, if a month he need?
Nay, if a year be wanting to fulfil
Th' allotted term, is he an Ancient ſtill?

Or muſt we claſs him with thoſe men of rhymes
Scorned by the preſent, ſcorned by future times?
" *His title to an Ancient's name is clear*
" *Who wants a month, or even a ſingle year.*"—
Let this conceſſion then my cauſe avail;
And one by one, as from a horſe's tail
The hairs are pluck'd, I pluck the years, till all
The critick's boaſted heap to nothing fall;
That critick, who by dates all merit weighs,
Nor aught, till death has ſanctioned it, will praiſe.
(*h*) Ennius the wiſe, the vigorous, and the bold,
Another Homer, as our criticks hold,
But little heeded, if aright I deem,
To realize his Pythagorick dream.
Nævius, though ſcarcely extant, ſtill remains
Fixt in our minds; ſo dear are ancient ſtrains.
We judge, among the bards of elder time,
" Pacuvius learned, Accius moſt ſublime:
" Afranius' robe would great Menander fit;
" So ſtrong the likeneſs to his ſtile and wit:
" Plautus runs o'er the fable of his play,
" As rapid Epicharmus led the way:
" With greateſt force Cæcilius ſtrikes the heart;
" But Terence is ſuperior far in art."
All Rome learns theſe, and crowds with fond regard
To view the plays of each illuſtrious bard.

As

As firſt of Roman poets theſe are known
E'en from the days of (*i*) Livius to our own.
The people's ſometimes right, and ſometimes wrong
If it ſo praiſe each antient poet's ſong
That nothing is compared, much leſs preferred,
Such judgment is erroneous and abſurd.
But if it grant their writings oft contain
A rough, an obſolete, a careleſs ſtrain;
This juſt wiſe ſentiment accords with mine:
'Tis then I'll own (*k*) the people's voice divine.
Think not with univerſal blame I'd note
Or blot out every verſe old (*l*) Livius wrote;
Which, with ſound floggings, whilſt beneath his rule,
(*m*) Orbilius taught me to repeat at ſchool.
But I'm ſurprized we find not one defect,
And deem them poliſhed, elegant, correct;
Where if perchance one bright expreſſion ſhine,
If here and there appear a ſmoother line,
Theſe partial merits, on ſo ſlight a claim,
Give the whole work a ſale, and ſtamp it's fame.
I feel indignant wrath that not a few
Condemn no works as taſteleſs, but as new;
That the fond advocate of ancient lays
Sues not for pardon, but demands our praiſe.
Should I but doubt if (*n*) Atta's fable tread
With grace the ſtage (*o*) with flowers and perfumes ſpread,

Each grave and ſolemn critick would exclaim
You're loſt to every feeling, dead to ſhame,
" Who dare to cenſure or deride a part
" That ſhewed (*p*) Æſopus' powers or Roſcius' art!"
They think thoſe works alone ſhould charm our taſte
Which pleaſed their own; or deem the man diſgraced
Who bows to younger judges of the ſtage,
And what he learn'd in youth unlearns in age.
Of (*q*) Numa's hymns whoe'er pretends to ſpy
The latent charms, though ignorant as I,
Seeks not to honour a dead author's powers,
But hates and enviouſly depreciates ours.
(*r*) What if, like us, the Græcians had thought fit
To ſpurn all novelty of verſe or wit?
What book would now be old? what poet's lays
That charm the publick, would have reach'd our days?
(*s*) When firſt, her warfare o'er, voluptuous Greece
Enjoyed, and ev'n abuſed, the arts of peace,
Now ſhe admired the wreſtler's ſkill and force,
Now trained the ſteed, and panted for the courſe,
In braſs, ſtone, marble, loved the ſculptor's art,
On painted tablets fix'd her eyes, her heart;
Now liſtened to the flute's enlivening ſtrain,
And now with rapture heard the tragick Muſe complain.
Juſt as an infant, with it's play-thing tired,
Spurns with diſguſt what fondly it deſired.

For

For what purſuit in taſte's extenſive range
Charms or diſguſts us, but is prone to change?
Thus Greece grew eminent in arts like theſe
That ſpring from peace, proſperity and eaſe.
At Rome the cuſtom long prevailed, to wait
From matin's early dawn with open gate,
Expound to Clients every right and claim,
Lend money, when ſecured by ſome good name;
Learn from the aged, to the young declare,
How to gain fortunes and expences ſpare.
(t) But now, ſo changeful is the people's mind,
To write's the only paſſion of mankind:
Boys, nay their graver ſires, all ſupper long
Recline with ivy crowned, and dictate ſong.
(u) Even I, who ſwear I never pen a line,
Tell lies (no Parthian falſhood equals mine)
Wake ere the ſun appear, and loudly call
For paper, pens and writing-deſk,—to ſcrawl.
No land-man ſteers a ſhip: none gives the juice
Of potent herbs, but he who knows its uſe:
Phyſicians undertake their proper part:
Each artiſt treats the ſubjects of his art.
But, ſuch the ſcribbling rage, from morn till night,
Learn'd or unlearned, we all attempt to write.
(w) Yet this ſame folly (call it if you will
A leſſer madneſs) has ſome merit ſtill.

The Bard is ſeldom as a Miſer known:
He loves, enjoys and ſtudies verſe alone;
All common loſſes (as the flight of ſlaves,
Deſtructive fires) he ridicules and braves.
No ward, no partner, his contrivance cheats:
Plain herbs and coarſeſt bread alone he eats.
Though weak in war, he's uſeful to the ſtate,
If ſmall concerns can e'er aſſiſt the great.
The Bard can beſt the liſping infant teach
To form his accents, modulate his ſpeech,
From vile obſcenity divert his ears,
Inſtil kind precepts as he grows in years;
Which ſmooth all roughneſs, every heat aſſuage,
Can baniſh envy, and can ſoften rage.
He points th' example of each glorious deed,
Sooths us in ſickneſs, ſolaces in need.
(x) Whence could our youths and virgins learn to pray,
Did not the Muſe inſpire her poet's lay?
The ſacred Chorus feels the heavenly powers
Kind to it's prayers, invokes celeſtial ſhowers,
Inſtructed how it beſt may ſooth and pleaſe,
Diſpels dread danger and averts diſeaſe,
Obtains glad peace, and bids rich plenty flow.
Verſe ſooths the Gods above and ghoſts below.
(y) Our ancient huſbandmen, rough, hardy, brave,
Bleſt with the little ſtore their fortune gave,

When,

When, harveſt o'er, they eaſed their limbs oppreſt,
And cheered their ſpirits, labouring but to reſt,
Each, with the partners of his toil and life,
His much-loved children, and his faithful wife,
Earth with fat ſwine, with milk the Sylvan powers
Propitiated, adored with wine and flowers,
The (z) Genius, mindful of life's fleeting hours.
Hence (*aa*) Tuſcan licence prompted to rehearſe
Their rude contentions in alternate verſe.
Each year returning brought this mirthful ſtrain;
Which ſported in a free but harmleſs vein;
Till jeſts became malignant, and began
To threaten the domeſtick peace of man.
Rage ſeized on all who felt the cruel wound.
Nay, (*bb*) e'en th' unhurt a common intereſt found:
Till perſonal abuſe and ſlanderous ſtrains
(*cc*) Were check'd by legal penalties and pains,
By dread of clubs reformed, the poet's lays
Now ſought to charm us, nor refuſed to praiſe.
(*dd*) Greece, captive Greece, firſt ſoftened Latian hearts:
O'ercome in arms, ſhe triumphed by her arts.
Thus the (*ee*) Saturnian verſe grew obſolete:
Harſh ſatire yielded to a ſtile more ſweet.
Yet ſtill (*ff*) ſome traces of the ruſtick ſtrain
Were left for ages, nay ev'n yet remain.

For not till later and more tranquil days
Did Romans ſtudy firſt the Græcian lays:
At reſt from Punick wars, they ſought to know
What wealth the famed Athenian Bards beſtow;
(*gg*) Tried to tranſlate the works of elder time,
And pleaſed, by nature ſpirited, ſublime.
They oft dare nobly in the tragick ſcene;
But hate a blot, and deem correctneſs mean.
(*hh*) 'Tis thought that Comedy leaſt ſkill demands;
Since common life is faſhioned to our hands.
Far otherwiſe: ſince candour will confeſs
The toil is greater where th' allowance leſs.
Behold e'en Plautus! with how little art
He oft ſuſtains the youthful lover's part,
Paints an attentive Sire, who loves to ſave,
Or wily Pander, an inſidious knave!
Dorſennus too o'erſteps all nature's laws
Whene'er the greedy Paraſite he draws.
With what a looſened ſock and hurried pace
O'er the wide theatre he ſeems to race!
For 'tis the caſh he ſeeks: and this is all.
This gained, his Comedy may ſtand or fall.
(*ii*) That Bard whom fond Ambition's ſchemes engage,
Borne in her airy chariot to the ſtage,
An inattentive audience almoſt kills,
A pleas'd ſpectator with vain-glory fills.

Such

Such ſilly trifles can depreſs or raiſe
The wretched heart that's covetous of praiſe.
Farewel the ſcene, if, when the palm's denied,
I pine with ſhame, when granted, ſwell with pride.
This too may damp the boldeſt writer's ſpirit:
(*kk*) The great in number, not in rank or merit,
Dull brutes, who prove, if e'er our Knights reſiſt
Their ſtrength of judgment by their weight of fiſt,
'Midſt tragick verſe reſounding on the ſtage,
Bid the bear dance, or pugiliſts engage.
But found no longer pleaſes ev'n the Knight;
He loves the vain capricious joys of fight.
(*ll*) The ſtage is occupied four hours or more
While troops of horſe and bands of foot march o'er.
Next, led in ſolemn pomp, a mournful train
Of mighty monarchs bears the galling chain.
Cars rattle, arms reſound, tall veſſels paſs,
And captive ivory, and Corynthian braſs.
How would Democritus indulge his mirth
(Were but the laughing Sage once more on earth)
Whene'er ſome monſter of a doubtful kind
Charms every eye, and fixes every mind!
Whene'er with fond and rapturous amaze
On ſome white elephant the rabble gaze!
Not actors but ſpectators he'd ſurvey,
And mark the people rather than the play,

Convinced,

Convinced, whoe'er for ſuch an audience write
(*mm*) As well might tales to a deaf aſs recite.
What voice can equal the applauding ſound
That echoes from the multitude around?
Loud as the (*nn*) Gargan grove, when tempeſts roar,
Or waves rebellowing on the Tuſcan ſhore,
Such, at the ſhews, the thundering din we hear
When dreſſes wrought with foreign wealth appear,
O'erſpread with theſe whene'er the actor ſtands
In ſight conſpicuous, what a peal of hands!
On every ſide the voice of rapture's heard.
But has he ſpoken?—"Not a ſingle word."
What charms you then?—"The violet robe, that, dyed
"At ſoft Tarentum, ſhines in mimick pride."
But, leſt you think that I, who write not plays,
Obliquely cenſure what I ſeem to praiſe,
(*oo*) That Bard I deem of higheſt powers poſſeſt,
(*pp*) Who with fictitious anguiſh racks my breaſt,
Who irritates and ſooths; whoſe magick charms
Fill me with terrible, though falſe, alarms;
Who bears me, as he ſhifts the ſcene, at will
To Thebes or Athens by his wonderous ſkill.
(*qq*) Let other Poets now aſſert their claim;
Thoſe who to readers only truſt their fame,
Nor ſtrive the fickle favour to engage
Of proud ſpectators on the Roman ſtage.

Let

Let theſe your favour and protection gain,
If you would fill with books Apollo's fane,
And add one ſpur, one cogent motive ſtill,
To all who climb the ſteep Aonian hill.
We Bards, 'tis true (my (*rr*) failings I'll diſcloſe)
Oft of our real intereſt are the foes,
When with our books you're (*ss*) worried and oppreſt,
Intent on buſineſs, or in need of reſt;
When, ſhould our deareſt friend preſume to blame
A ſingle verſe, we're vex'd and in a flame;
When to our auditors with fond delight
Some favourite paſſage we again recite;
When we complain, whatever pains have coſt,
Our fine-ſpun poems on the reader's loſt;
When we expect that, ſoon as fame's report
Proclaims us Wits and Poets, to your court
You ſummon us unaſk'd, from want redeem,
And woo us to purſue the tuneful theme.
And yet, this point may ſome attention claim;
Whom you ſelect as heralds of your fame.
That virtue, long in war and peace well tried,
Would you to mean unworthy Bards confide?
Great (*tt*) Alexander with delighted ear
Could ſtoop the ſcribbler Chærilus to hear;
Whoſe harſh and ill-formed lays produced, we're told,
The ſterling meed of Macedonian gold.

But,

But, as what ink has touched the mark retains,
The nobleſt deeds a wretched poet ſtains.
Yet this ſame King, in verſe ſo little nice,
Who bought vile poems at ſo dear a price,
Tenacious of his fame, ordained by law
None but (*uu*) Apelles ſhould his picture draw,
None but Lyſippus ſhould preſume to trace
In ſculptured braſs the likeneſs of his face.
Thus, if his judgment, ſo refined in arts,
Were tried in books and what the Muſe imparts
This great illuſtrious conqueror, you'd ſwear,
Was born in (*ww*) dull Bœotia's foggy air.
(*xx*) But the great Poets by your favour graced,
Virgil and Varius, mark your liberal taſte,
Your judgment prove: the gifts that crown their lays
Reward the giver by immortal praiſe.
(*yy*) No brazen ſtatues wrought with ſkill and grace
More ſtrikingly expreſs the Hero's face,
Than the great works by tuneful bards deſigned
Record his character, and mark his mind.
Nor would myſelf from inclination chuſe
The humble ſtile of a proſaick Muſe,
But, fired to rapture by the glorious theme,
Sing every region, paint each far-fam'd ſtream,
That witneſs thy exploits; (*zz*) the hoſtile towers
On craggy mountains reared; Barbarian powers

By

By thy auſpicious arms from empire hurled;
Dire warfare ended through the peopled world,
And Janus' temple ſhut, who guards repoſe;
While, led by thee, Rome awes her Parthian foes:
Theſe would I celebrate, did ſtrong deſire
Give equal genius and poetick fire.
But, as your greatneſs juſtly may diſdain
The praiſe that greets you in a lowly ſtrain,
So would my modeſt unpretending Muſe
(*aa*) A taſk ſo far above her powers refuſe.
(*bb*) Ill-judg'd attentions oft their object teize,
But moſt whene'er we ſtrive by verſe to pleaſe.
All ſooner learn, and longer recollect
What wakes contempt, than what commands reſpect.
I hate thoſe aſſiduities which tire
With awkward flattery; nor would e'er deſire
To ſee myſelf in wax appearing worſe
Than nature made me, or in wretched verſe;
Leſt, thus beſmeared, I redden at the ſhame;
Leſt, with my poet's works, my luckleſs name
(*cc*) In open boxes to ſome ſtreet be brought
Where pepper, frankincenſe, perfumes are bought,
Envelope theſe, and ſhare the worſt diſgrace
That waits the labours of the ſcribbling race.

NOTES

NOTES ON EPISTLE I.

THIS celebrated Epiſtle (perhaps the nobleſt of all our Author's works) is ſaid to have been occaſioned by a letter of Auguſtus, in which he complained that Horace had not addreſſed any of his Epiſtles to him. Whatever was the occaſion of writing it, the artful conduct of the ſubject, the judicious and acute remarks on literature, the well-turned compliments to his Sovereign, the addreſs with which the Poet conciliates his favour to his Brother writers, together with the beauties of ſtile and language that appear throughout, have rendered it an object of admiration to every ſucceeding age. From various circumſtances it appears to have been written towards the cloſe of Horace's life; though the preciſe year cannot perhaps be aſcertained.

" In conducting this work, which is *an apology for the Poets* " *of his own time*, the method of the writer is no other than " that which plain ſenſe, and the ſubject itſelf required of him. " For, as the main diſlike to the Auguſtan Poets had ariſen " from an exceſſive reverence paid to their elder brethren, the " firſt part of the Epiſtle is very naturally laid out in the ri- " dicule and confutation of ſo abſurd a prejudice. And " having, by this preparation, obtained a candid hearing for " his defence, he then proceeds to vindicate their real merits, " ſetting in view the excellencies of the Latin Poetry, as " cultivated by the great modern maſters, and throwing the " blame of their ill-ſucceſs, and of the contempt in which they " had lain, not ſo much on themſelves, or their profeſſion (the " dignity of which in particular he inſiſts highly upon and " aſſerts with ſpirit) as on the vicious taſte of the age, and " certain unfavouring circumſtances, which had accidentally " concurred to diſhonour both."—*Hurd.*

(*a*) The

(*a*) The compliments contained in theſe opening lines will be found, by every unprejudiced reader acquainted with the Roman Hiſtory, to be perfectly juſt. Auguſtus, however cruelly and baſely he conducted himſelf in his progreſs to power, had, after he was thoroughly eſtabliſhed in it, employed his authority and influence to all the purpoſes here enumerated. Though not much diſtinguiſhed for military talents, he had, by himſelf or his Generals, overcome or overawed all the moſt dangerous enemies of Rome; and he had alſo, by ſalutary laws, and by the example of a temperate and well-regulated private life, given a temporary check to the tide of corruption and profligacy, which threatened to overwhelm all the remains of virtue in the Roman character. See Odes 5. and 15. Book 4.

(*b*) It will be obſerved by the claſſical Reader that Hurd's ingenious explanation of the line, *Ne longo ſermone morer*, &c. is followed in this tranſlation; but it has been adopted with much doubt and heſitation; ſince the learned Commentator gives no authority for the word *ſermo* ſignifying *the prefatory matter*, as diſtinct from the reſt of the work. In the paſſages he cites, *ſermo* is uſed for common converſation; which ſeems to prove nothing here.—Dr. Foſter, however, appears to have agreed with Hurd; for in the MS. of his Remarks I find the following: "*Sermone* muſt mean the Introduction; ſince the "Epiſtle itſelf is very long."

(*c*) "The ſubject commences from verſe 5. (in the Tranſ-"lation 7.) where, by a contrivance of great beauty, a per-"tinent illuſtration of the Poet's argument becomes an offering "of the happieſt addreſs to the emperor. It's double purpoſe "may be ſeen thus:—His primary intention was to take off "the force of prejudice againſt modern poets ariſing from the "ſuperior veneration of the antients. To this end, the firſt "thing wanting was to demonſtrate that it was nothing but

"preju-

" prejudice; which he does effectually in taking that inſtance " from the heroick, that is, the moſt revered, ages. For if " ſuch, whoſe acknowledged virtues and eminent ſervices had " raiſed them to the rank of heroes, that is, in the pagan con- " ception, to the honours of divinity, could not ſecure their " fame, in their own time, againſt the malevolence of ſlander, " what wonder that the race of *wits*, whoſe obſcurer merit is " leſs likely to dazzle the publick eye, and yet is more likely " to awaken it's jealouſy, ſhould find themſelves oppreſſed by " it's rudeſt cenſure? In the former caſe, the honours which " poſterity paid to excelling worth, declare all ſuch cenſure to " have been the calumny of malice only. What reaſon then " to conclude it had any other original in the latter?" This is the poet's *argument*.

" But of theſe worthies, whom the juſtice of poſterity had " ſnatched out of the hands of deſtruction, there were ſome " whom the Emperor moſt affected to emulate; and theſe, " therefore, the Poet, by an ingenious flattery, ſelects for " examples. Farther, as the good fortune of Auguſtus, " though adorned with the ſame enviable qualities, had ex- " empted him from the injuries which had befallen thoſe " admired characters, this peculiar circumſtance affords him " the happieſt occaſion flattery could deſire of paying diſtin- " guiſhed honours to his glory; and this conſtitutes the fine " addreſs and compliment of his application."—*Hurd*.

(*d*) So in Ode 5. Book 3. *Præſens divus habebitur, Auguſtus.* The word *præſens*, in both paſſages, ſeems not to admit of an adequate tranſlation: as it means not only *preſent* but alſo *propitious* and *beneficent*.

To thoſe, who have cenſured this paſſage as containing groſs and abject flattery, a ſhort anſwer may ſuffice:—*The facts were ſtrictly and literally true.* It was not Horace, or Virgil, that deified Auguſtus, but the Roman Senate and People by their unanimous

unanimous Decrees. In the quiet they had obtained, and the happineſs they certainly enjoyed under his government, they gradually forgot the cruelty and treachery by which he had obtained it. The extravagant height to which they carried their adulation (by placing him amongſt the Demi-gods) though not to be juſtified, may be naturally accounted for, by conſidering the ſyſtem of Pagan Mythology; whoſe Demi-gods were all men, who by certain heroick actions, or uſeful inventions, had benefited mankind. Horace and Virgil therefore, as Dr. Hurd has obſerved, did but, "as Poets, echo "back the publick voice to the ears of their Sovereign;" (to whom it muſt be remembered they were under the higheſt perſonal obligations) "but, as *men*, they had too much good "ſenſe, and too ſcrupulous a regard to the dignity of their "characters, to exaggerate and go beyond it."

(*e*) The celebrated laws of the twelve tables are here alluded to. The ſtile in which they were written was deemed elegant conſidering the ſtate of the Roman language at that early period, but was certainly rude and unpoliſhed compared with the ſtile of the Auguſtan age. It is manifeſt however from the inſtances ſubjoined to this (which muſt from their antiquity, have been compoſitions of the rudeſt kind) that Horace means to give the ſtrongeſt examples he could of the admiration of antient writings carried to an extravagant height.

(*f*) This firſt argument againſt the opinion Horace means to confute ſeems to be drawn *ex abſurdo*. "To reaſon, by "analogy from Greek to Roman literature, is as abſurd, he "ſays, as if you were to maintain (according to a Proverb "uſed to ridicule ſuch aſſertions) that neither the inſide of "an olive nor the outſide of a nut are hard: it is as abſurd as "to ſay, that we excel the Greeks in painting, in wreſtling, "and in ſinging." There is alſo an indirect argument

touched in this paſſage; as Hurd has juſtly obſerved. "The "modern Greek maſters of the fine arts are confeſſedly ſupe- "rior to the modern Roman, becauſe they have practiſed them "longer, and with more diligence. So the modern Roman "writers muſt have the advantage of the old ones, who had "no knowledge of writing as an *art*, or, if they had, took "little care to put it in practice."

(*g*) "His next argument againſt this doctrine, of the "ſuperiority of the Ancients, is, the uncertainty of it's appli- "cation. For, if age only muſt bear away the palm, what "way is there of determining which writers are ancient and "which modern? The impoſſibility of fixing this to the "ſatisfaction of an objector (which is purſued with much "agreable raillery) makes it evident that the circumſtance of "antiquity is nothing, and that, in eſtimating the merit of "writers, the real intrinſic excellence of their writings is "alone to be regarded."—*Hurd.*

(*b*) For an account of Ennius ſee the Notes on Sat. 10. Book 1. Nævius, a writer of Comedies, lived in the time of the firſt Punick war. Accius, or Attius, and Pacuvius appear to have flouriſhed about the ſame period as Ennius, and to have written tragedies. Afranius, who is ſaid to have been contemporary with Terence, was a writer of comedy. Epicharmus was, as we are told in the Original, a Sicilian. He is ſaid to have lived in the age of Pythagoras, about 450 years before the Chriſtian æra, and ſome conſider him as the inventer of Comedy. Theſe Poets are known to us only by a few fragments remaining, and the characters given of them in ancient writers. Of Plautus and Terence we are enabled to judge for ourſelves.—Pope has, in his Imitation, applied this paſſage ſkilfully to the writers of our own country: though the *ſomnia Pythagorea* in the Original (alluding to Ennius having dreamt that

that the ſoul of Homer had tranſmigrated into his body) did not admit of a happy imitation in Engliſh.

(*i*) Livius Andronicus, a dramatick Poet who flouriſhed about 240 years before the Chriſtian æra, is the perſon here meant. He is ſaid to have been the firſt who turned the perſonal ſatires and Feſcennine verſes, ſo long admired by the Romans, into the form of a proper dialogue and regular play. He was the freedman of Marcus Livius Salinator, whoſe children he educated.

(*k*) *Jove judicat æquo*, the expreſſion in the Original, could not have been literally tranſlated ſo as to be intelligible to the Engliſh reader.

(*l*) Bentley, Cunningham and Sanadon, on the authority of a ſingle MS. read Lævi, inſtead of Livi; for Livius Andronicus, they tell us, was become too obſolete long before the time of Horace to be read at ſchools. Lævius, however, as Baxter has obſerved, appears to have been ſo obſcure a writer, that he was not ſo likely to be read at Schools as Livius, an eminent, though an ancient, poet. We may add, it appears from the Epiſtle of Horace to his Book, that the works of Poets were taught at ſchools long after they had ceaſed to entertain the Publick.

(*m*) Orbilius is ſaid to have been a native of Beneventum, and, after having been a ſoldier many years, to have ſet up a ſchool at Rome in the year when Cicero was Conſul.

(*n*) Titus Quinctius Atta was, like Afranius, *togatarum ſcriptor*, a writer of *Roman* Comedies. He died about ten or twelve years before the birth of Virgil.—*Dac.*

(*o*) It was the cuſtom of the Romans to ſcatter flowers and perfumes about the ſtage at their theatres.

(*p*) Æſopus appears to have been the greateſt actor in Tragedy that Rome ever knew; as Roſcius was in Comedy. The term *gravis*, applied to the former, is thought to expreſs his power of moving the paſſions; as *doctus*, the epithet given to the latter, marks his diſtinguiſhed ſkill. Roſcius indeed, from having been immortalized by the celebrated Oration of Cicero, has become in our times a name for any diſtinguiſhed actor.

(*q*) The *Salearian Hymn* is ſaid to have been compoſed by Numa to be ſung by the twelve Prieſts of Mars (who had been inſtituted by him) on the day when the *Ancile*, or ſacred ſhield, was ſuppoſed to have fallen from heaven.—*Vet. Schol. Cruq. Bax.*

(*r*) Having ſhewn the abſurdity of excluſive and undiſtinguiſhing admiration of the antients, and aſcribed it to envy of living merit, he now puts a pointed, and indeed concluſive, queſtion reſpecting the Greeks; whoſe writings all concurred in admiring.

(*s*) The object of this ſhort hiſtory of Greek and Roman literature ſeems to be, to explain why the Greeks attained excellence in compoſition at a much earlier period (comparatively) than the Romans. The former employed the very firſt leiſure they obtained from their warfare, in the purſuit of amuſement and the cultivation of the fine arts: the latter, when they became civilized, applied to more ſerious occupations, the ſtudy and practice of the law, the arts of getting money, and the œconomy of domeſtick life. Now indeed they are all run wild with the deſire of being authors; yet ſtill without

out previous ſtudy and preparation. This introduces his excellent apology for Poets; perhaps the moſt ingenious and pleaſing part of this whole Epiſtle.

(*t*) This univerſal paſſion for writing without ſufficient qualifications is a favourite topick with our Poet. He touches upon it in the Epiſtle to the Piſos; and this ſupplies one of the arguments to thoſe who contend "that the primary object of "that Epiſtle was to deter one of the Sons of Piſo from "attempting poetry." But, let it be remembered, the ſame foible is ſtrongly ridiculed here; where Horace could have no ſuch object in view.

(*u*) This paſſage thoroughly explains all thoſe in which Horace profeſſes to have given up poetry for philoſophy. He is never perfectly in earneſt in thoſe declarations; for he muſt have known, or at leaſt have gueſſed, that, while he lived, he he would occaſionally feel an inclination to write. But (as has been obſerved by Wieland) he wiſhed not to be thought a Poet *by profeſſion*, and thus to be liable to be perpetually teized by his Friends whenever they wanted amuſement.

(*w*) It muſt ſtrike every attentive reader (at leaſt of the Original) who has taſte and diſcernment, with what art and ſpirit this paſſage is worked up from a modeſt apology for poets to an exalted and triumphant panegyrick on poetry. At firſt it is an *error*, nay a ſlight degree of madneſs;—yet it has ſome virtues: the Poet is ſeldom covetous; he is not ſoured by common accidents; his mind is not corrupt and fraudulent; he is temperate in his living. Thus far his virtues are only *negative*. But he has merits of a higher kind: he ſuperintends the education of youth, preſerves the purity of their morals, regulates and corrects their paſſions: he records great actions, and diſplays ſtriking examples to poſterity; and laſtly he promotes

the objects of religion, by forming prayers which conciliate the divine favour, and procure every bleſſing to his country.

(*x*) Pope has been cenſured for giving this paſſage, ſo ſerious and ſo beautiful in the Original, a ludicrous turn in his Imitation. But a ſerious and juſt application of it to our circumſtances was perhaps impracticable. The alluſion in Horace to his own *Carmen Seculare* is happily introduced, and an allowable indulgence of vanity.

(*y*) "Religion (ſays Dr. Hurd) which was it's nobleſt end, "was beſides the firſt object of poetry. The dramatick Muſe, "in particular, had her birth, and derived her very character, "from it. This circumſtance leads him to give an hiſtorical "deduction of the riſe and progreſs of Latin poetry, from it's "firſt rude workings, in the days of barbarous ſuperſtition, "through every ſucceſſive period of it's improvement, down "to his own time. Such a view of it's deſcent and gradual "reformation was directly to the Poet's purpoſe; for, having "magnified his order, as of ſuch importance to ſociety, the "queſtion naturally occurred, by what means it had fallen out "that it was in ſuch low eſtimation with the publick. The "anſwer is, that the ſtate of Latin poetry, as yet, was very "rude and imperfect; and ſo the publick diſregard was occa-"ſioned only by it's not having attained that perfection of "which it's nature was capable. Many reaſons had concurred "to keep the Latin Poetry in this ſtate; which he here pro-"ceeds to enumerate."

(*z*) What the heathens (or at leaſt the Romans) called the Genius, was a Power they ſuppoſed to preſide at the birth of every man, and to accompany and protect him through life. See the 2d Epiſtle of this Book towards the end.

(*aa*) It

(*aa*) It is called, in the Original, Feſcennine licence, becauſe theſe verſes were ſuppoſed to have been invented by the inhabitants of Feſcennia, a town in Etruria.

(*bb*) So in Sat. 1. Book 2.

Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quamquam eſt intactus, &c.

(*cc*) In the Epiſtle to the Piſos a ſimilar deſcription is given of the licence of the old Greek Comedy, and of the means taken to reſtrain it by law.

(*dd*) The object of this elegant paſſage ſeems to be to ſhew that although the Roman Poets had improved greatly by an acquaintance with the Greek writers, they had not yet reached that perfection of ſtile of which the language was capable, and which by encouragement they might attain. As it was chiefly the Roman *dramatick* writers to whom theſe obſervations were applicable, this (and not, as I conceive, a fixed deſign to make it his main ſubject) draws his attention for a time to dramatick poetry.

(*ee*) Called *Saturnian*, probably as a ſynonimous word to *ancient*, Saturn being the moſt celebrated of the old fabulous Kings of Italy; of which indeed *Saturnia* was the ancient name. Sanadon however contends that this term, *numerus Saturnius*, is derived from Saturnia, a town in Etruria, where, as well as at Feſcennia, theſe verſes were ſaid or ſung.

(*ff*) Dacier thinks this alludes only to the Farces (or Atellanes) which had been revived. But the reaſon given by Horace ſeems to extend it to at leaſt all *dramatick* poetry.

(*gg*) The ſtudy of the Greek Tragedians had very naturally, and to good purpoſe (in the infancy of their taſte) diſpoſed the Latin writers to tranſlation. Here they ſtuck long; for their tragedy, even in the Auguſtan age, was little elſe; and yet they ſucceeded but indifferently in it. The bold and animated genius of Rome was, it is owned, well ſuited to the work; but the judgment of it's Poets was unformed, and they were too ſoon ſatisfied with their own productions.—*Hurd.*

(*hh*) This paſſage reſpecting Comedy ſeems to imply that the Romans had not ſucceeded better in that ſpecies of the drama than in Tragedy. Of this we are not enabled to judge, having no Latin Tragedy extant of a prior date to thoſe of Seneca; ſo that we have not any opportunity to compare them. What is ſaid, in the Original, reſpecting Plautus and Dorſennus, has been taken by ſome as a panegyrick (propoſing them as examples to imitation) but the context ſhews evidently, I ſhould imagine, that the reverſe is meant. It appears indeed, by a paſſage in the Epiſtle to the Piſos, that Horace thought the merits of Plautus were much over-rated.

(*ii*) He now ſtates the diſadvantages under which writers for the ſtage unavoidably labour. This ſeems manifeſtly to coincide with the general plan of this Epiſtle; which was to conciliate the favour of Auguſtus to the Poets of his own time.

(*kk*) This deſcription of the groſſneſs of the lower order of ſpectators, and of the falſe taſte that often prevails even among the better ſort, in their preferring ſhew to ſenſe, applies equally, perhaps, to all audiences in a populous and wealthy capital. Pope's Imitation of this paſſage is therefore peculiarly juſt and excellent; and muſt leave all tranſlations far behind it.

(*ll*) In

(*ll*) In the Original, *the curtain is kept down*, for at the Roman theatre the curtain (inſtead of being drawn up as with us) was let fall for the play to begin.—The proceſſion deſcribed here muſt have been the repreſentation of a Roman triumph.

(*mm*) This expreſſion is derived from a Greek Proverb, meaning to ridicule the abſurdity of endeavouring to intereſt or convince any one who was both ſtupid and obſtinate.

(*nn*) The foreſts on Mount Garganus in Apulia were expoſed to every wind that came from the Adriatick, and conſequently reſounded very loudly in ſtormy weather. In Ode 9. Book 2. the oaks of Garganus are mentioned.—*Dac.*

(*oo*) Tarentum ſeems to have been famous for a juice, or compoſition, excellent for dying cloth.

(*pp*) In the Original, "*that poet ſeems able to walk on a tight rope.*" "The Romans (ſays Hurd) who were immoderately "addicted to ſpectacles of every kind, had in particular eſteem "the *funambuli*, or *rope-dancers*; from the admiration of whoſe "tricks the expreſſion, *ire per extentum funem*, came to denote, "proverbially, an uncommon degree of excellence and per-"fection in any thing. The alluſion is here made with much "pleaſantry, as the poet had juſt been rallying their fondneſs "for theſe extraordinary atchievements."

(*qq*) "It is obſervable that Horace here makes his own "*feeling* the teſt of poetical merit; which is ſaid with a philo-"ſophical exactneſs: for the *pathos* in tragick, *humour* in "comick, (and the ſame holds of every other ſpecies of ex-"cellence in poetry) is the object not of *reaſon*, but *ſentiment*, "and can be eſtimated only from it's impreſſion on the mind, "not by any ſpeculative or general rules. Rules themſelves "are

" are indeed nothing but an appeal to experience, concluſions
" drawn from wide and general obſervation of the aptneſs of
" certain *means* to produce thoſe impreſſions. So that feeling
" or ſentiment itſelf is not only the ſureſt, but the ſole ultimate
" arbiter of works of genius. Yet, though this be true, the
" invention of general rules is not without it's merit, nor the
" application of them without it's uſe. It may be affirmed,
" univerſally, of all didactick writing, that it is employed in
" referring particular facts to general principles: general
" principles themſelves can often be referred to others more
" general; and theſe again carried ſtill higher, till we come to
" a ſingle principle, in which all the reſt are involved. When
" this is done, ſcience of every kind has attained it's higheſt
" perfection."—*Hurd.*

(*rr*) Auguſtus is ſaid to have been partial to dramatick pieces, and inclined to ſlight (comparatively) all other poetry. Horace therefore now pleads the cauſe of writers of his own claſs. Theſe he conſiders as having it moſt in their power (from the nature of their works) to immortalize their Sovereign. To apologize at the ſame time for the neglect of Poets, which he ſeems to impute to Auguſtus (or rather to avoid the appearance of ſuch an imputation) he admits the injudicious conduct and unreaſonable expectations of his brethren; who ſuppoſed, becauſe a few of the beſt had obtained the favour of their Prince, that every man who ſet up for a Poet was intitled to it.

(*ss*) In the Original, " *that I may cut down my own vines*;" a proverbial expreſſion, which it ſeemed better to explain than tranſlate.

(*tt*) This fault our Poet was anxiouſly careful to avoid. See Sat. 1. Book 2. (" *Niſi dextro tempore Flacci Verba per attentam*

non

non ibant Cæſaris aurem.") See alſo his inſtructions to Vinnius Aſella. Epiſt. 13. Book 1.

(*uu*) Horace, as was obſerved to me by an ingenious Friend, is certainly, in this paſſage, too hard upon Alexander. The high admiration ſhewn by him to the writings of Homer, the veneration he paid to the memory of Pindar, and his own diſtinguiſhed accompliſhments in literature, forbid us to ſuppoſe he could patronize an indifferent Poet, like Chærilus, from any other motive than the want of a better. This circumſtance, however, anſwered the purpoſe of our Poet; who, as the reign of Auguſtus could not compare with that of Alexander in the brilliancy of military exploits, nor indeed in the fine arts (ſuch as painting and ſculpture) ſets the reign of his Prince and Patron in the beſt light it would bear, by diſplaying it's eminence in literary, and eſpecially in poetical, merit, and the encouragement which that merit had received.

The raſh cenſure of Scaliger on Horace, for having, as he pretends, miſrepreſented both the age in which Chærilus lived, and his character as a writer, is fully confuted by Dacier.

(*vvv*) Apelles, the celebrated Painter, muſt be already known to every intelligent reader. Lyſippus, of Sicyon, was equally eminent as a Statuary. Many of the ſtatues of the latter, and ſome pictures, it is ſaid, of the former, were extant in the time of Horace.

(*xx*) The people of Bœotia had obtained the general character of dull, in compariſon with the reſt of the Greeks, notwithſtanding the ſtriking examples of Epaminondas and Pindar to the contrary.

(*yy*) It is probable, from ſeveral paſſages, that this Epiſtle was written about the year of Rome 743, or 744. Virgil had died

died ten years before; and the Commentators ſuppoſe Varius was not then living. I know not that any one has accounted for this extraordinary circumſtance, that the Epick Poem, or Poems, (whatever they were) for which Varius is ſo highly celebrated by Horace (See Ode 6. Book 1. and Sat. 10. Book 1.) ſhould have been loſt, or forgotten ſo ſoon afterwards as the age of Quinctilian; who ſpeaks of him only as the writer of a Tragedy. That Tragedy (Thyeſtes) has ſince been deſtroyed alſo by the ravages of time; and Varius is among thoſe writers "whoſe characters have ſurvived their works," and whom Dr. Johnſon ſuſpects (perhaps too readily) that, "if "we could retrieve them, we ſhould find only to have been "the *Granvilles*, *Montagues*, *Stepneys*, and *Sheffields* of their "time, and wonder by what infatuation or caprice they could "be raiſed to notice."—*Rambler*, No. 106.

(*zz*) The deſign of this paſſage ſeems to be (as Dacier has obſerved) to juſtify and applaud the preference Auguſtus gave to poetry over it's Siſter arts of painting and ſculpture; ſince the latter only delineated the form and countenance of illuſtrious men, the former, what was of more conſequence, their minds and diſpoſitions.

(*aaa*) In the year of Rome 739. Druſus took and deſtroyed ſome poſts which the Norici (a people of antient Illyricum) had fortified on the Alps; which circumſtance is mentioned in Ode 14. Book 4. In the year 742, and the two following years, he ſubdued the Sicambri and other German nations, and, to keep them in awe, built ſeveral forts on the banks of the Rhine. The expreſſions of Horace may extend to both theſe expeditions.—*San.*

(*bbb*) So in the Satires (Book 2. Sat. 1.—) Horace profeſſes his genius to be unequal to the taſk of celebrating the victories

victories of Auguſtus. Yet he often did celebrate them with great vigour and felicity. But this plea of inability was politick: it ſerved as an anſwer to the importunities of his friends when they were unſeaſonable, and prevented his being accuſed of want of attachment to the Emperor when he paſſed by any opportunity of offering to him the incenſe of praiſe.

(*ccc*) The concluſion of this Epiſtle ſeems, as well as other paſſages, to prove, that Horace had in view not only to excite Auguſtus to ſhew more favour to Poets, but, indirectly, to apologize to the world for his not having hitherto done more for them.

(*ddd*) The ſhops of perfumers and venders of ſpices ſeem not to have been diſperſed about the town, but placed in particular ſtreets. In the Satires (Book 2. Sat. 3.) the Tuſcan ſtreet is mentioned as inhabited by them and Slave-merchants. Bad or neglected books ſeem to have had, in thoſe days, a fate very ſimilar to what they meet with in our's. See Pope's Imitation of this Epiſtle.

EPISTLE II.

To Julius Florus.

He excuſes himſelf for not having ſent any letter or verſes as deſired.

(*a*) FLORUS, the good, th' illuſtrious Nero's friend,
What if ſome merchant with a ſlave attend,
And thus addreſs you: "See this lad! how fair!
"How neat his perſon! what a graceful air!
"(*b*) Eight thouſand pieces, Sir, is all the price
"For this fine Youth; who'll anſwer in a trice
"His patron's nod, and execute his will.—
"(*c*) In Greek he has attained ſome little ſkill.—
"No art would come amiſs.—In ſhort, with eaſe,
"Like moiſtened clay, you'll mould him as you pleaſe.
"He'll ſing too ('tis a native artleſs ſound
"But ſweetly ſoothing) when the glaſs goes round.
"Fine promiſes create diſtruſt; like theirs
"Who praiſe ſo highly to put off their wares.
"But I've no end to ſerve. I'm poor, 'tis true,
"Yet clear of debt, and pay all men their due.

" No dealer with ſuch candour would behave;
" Nor would even I to all who buy a ſlave.
" Yet once, I own, he made a trifling ſlip,
" And then lay hid, through terror of the whip.
" Come, Sir; the price I aſk you well may pay,
" (*d*) Paſs but this failing, that he runs away."
This man of right may keep the price you gave.
You, though forewarned, have bought a worthleſs ſlave:
Yet, moſt unjuſt, you make this ſingle flaw
A plea to harraſs him with Suits at law.
Ere you ſet out, I told you, love of eaſe
Made me unfit for duties ſuch as theſe;
And thus before-hand I put in my claim
To paſs uncenſured if no letter came.
But what has this availed me, if, in ſpite
Of all I pleaded, you impeach my right?
Complain th' expected verſes are deferred,
And falſely charge me with a breach of word?
(*e*) A ſoldier of Lucullus, worn with toil,
Had ſaved ſome little portion of the ſpoil;
But, as he ſlept fatigued, the wretched wight
Loſt every farthing in one luckleſs night.
Thence, like a famiſhed wolf, with madneſs fired,
Againſt the foe, againſt himſelf, inſpired
With headlong fury, firſt of all the hoſt
He ſtormed a fortified and wealthy poſt.

Ennobled

Ennobled by this great and daring deed
He gained high honours and an ample meed.
When next the Prætor planned to overthrow
Some fort, or caſtle, of his royal foe,
This ſame diſtinguiſhed ſoldier he addreſs'd
In terms that might have fired a coward's breaſt:
" Go where your valour calls, my gallant friend!
" Where bright rewards on victory attend.
" You pauſe."—To this our Hero, late ſo brave,
Arch, though a ruſtick, this ſhrew'd anſwer gave:
" Excuſe me, General: let the danger fall
" On ſome poor ſoldier (*f*) who has *loſt* his all."
(*g*) At Rome I firſt was bred, and early taught
What woes to Greece Achilles' anger wrought.
Famed Athens added ſome increaſe of ſkill
In the great art of (*g*) knowing good from ill,
And led me, yet an inexperienc'd youth,
To Academick groves in ſearch of truth.
But the diſaſtrous times to fierce alarms
From this loved ſpot impelled me, new to arms,
And civil fury urged to join a band
(*i*) Too weak the great Auguſtus to withſtand.
Thence when Philippi forced me to depart,
Clipt of my wings and humbled in my heart,
Bereft of houſe, eſtate, with empty purſe,
Want, daring want, inſpired and taught me verſe.

At length, poſſeſt of all I could deſire,
Enjoying more than moderate wants require,
What hellebore could cure my mind's diſeaſe,
If I loved writing more than reſt and eaſe?
(*k*) The years that roll inſenſibly away
Have ſtol'n my jeſts and loves, my feaſts and play:
They fain would rob me of my poems too:
What aſk you then, my friend? what *can* I do?
(*l*) In ſhort, no work of taſte, no poet's lays,
From every critick gain eſteem and praiſe.
Odes pleaſe you beſt: his taſte Iambicks hit:
A third loves (*m*) Bion's keen ſarcaſtick wit.
Thus, of three different gueſts, no two, I find,
Accord in palate, or agree in mind.
What ſhall I give? another friend may chuſe
What you with ſqueamiſh appetite refuſe;
And what you fondly cheriſh and purſue
Be ſour and hateful to the other two.
(*n*) Think you, beſides, that Rome allows me time,
Amidſt her toils and cares, for building rhyme?
This friend I bail; this, when his book's recited,
Await: (all other duties muſt be ſlighted)
One (*o*) lives at Aventine's extremeſt end,
One at the Quirine: I muſt both attend:
At what *convenient* diſtances you ſee.
But are the ſtreets for meditation free?

Mark, where the buſy builder, with his throng
Of mules and loaded porters, haſtes along!
Here engines heave huge ſtones or wood on high:
Strong waggons here with ſable funerals vie:
Here flies a dog with raging madneſs fired;
There ruſhes a great ſow with filth bemired.
Go now! 'midſt theſe indulge thy fancy's dream,
And calmly meditate the tuneful theme!
All poets fly the town, with Bacchus rove,
Their guardian God, or ſlumber in his grove.
You bid me, 'mid this din by night and day,
Rival in ſong a yet unrivalled lay.
(p) The Wit who, fixed at Athens, learning ſeat,
Nine years has ſtudied hard in that retreat,
Worn down with reading, ruſted o'er with care,
When firſt he ventures forth in open air,
Stiff, ſilent as a ſtatue, ſtalks along;
Whilſt loud horſe-laughs convulſe the gazing throng.
Can I then, while ſuch ſtorms and waves ſurround,
Compoſe what to the lyre ſhall ſweetly ſound?
(q) An Orator at Rome, and, his true brother,
A (r) Counſel, heard theſe praiſes from each other:
"A (s) Gracchus you in eloquence divine:"
"You, Sir, a Mutius in ſound knowledge ſhine."
Think you the tuneful tribe are leſs inſane?
I write, for inſtance, in the lyrick ſtrain:

My friend the ſofter elegy purſues,
A wonderous work, adorned by every Muſe.
See, with what ſelf-importance each regards
(t) The dome that's deſtined to our Roman Bards!
But mark us further! with what art we frame,
Each for himſelf, a mighty wreath of fame?
What blows we give and take in this mock fight,
(u) Like Samnites fencing till th' approach of night!
If his opinion can my rank aſſign,
I'm dubb'd Alcæus: who is he in mine?
(w) Who but Callimachus? if more he claim,
Mimnermus, and grows greater by that name.
Much do I ſuffer to appeaſe or bribe
The race of Bards, an irritable tribe,
While yet I write, while fond ambition draws
My eager mind to canvaſs for applauſe.
But theſe purſuits once left, this madneſs o'er,
I'm deaf to (x) readers whom I fear no more.
'Tis true bad poets raiſe contempt and mirth;
Yet, when they're writing, who ſo bleſt on earth?
Who more admire themſelves? unaſk'd they'll praiſe,
Should you be ſilent, their own honoured lays.
(y) But let the Bard, whoe'er may wiſh to frame
A genuine poem that deſerves the name,
Take with his tablets the impartial mind
Of a juſt cenſor, to no failings blind.

Whatever words want dignity, or grace,
Or ſtrength, he'll dare remove them from their place;
Though with reluctance each his ſeat reſign,
And ſtill be lodged near (z) Veſta's ſecret ſhrine.
His judgment and good taſte will bring to light
Words, though expreſſive, yet long veiled in night,
(aa) The language of each antient Chief and Sage,
Now ruſted by neglect, deformed by age.
(bb) Some new ones he'll ſubjoin; which common uſe,
Parent of ſpeech, firſt taught him to produce.
Clear in it's vehemence, and ſmooth though ſtrong,
Pure as a gentle rivulet flows his ſong;
And to his native land his works diſpenſe
Rich veins of poetry, and ſterling ſenſe.
Luxuriant flights he'll ſteadily reſtrain,
With careful culture make all roughneſs plain,
But every worthleſs paſſage ſweep away,
And rack his fancy, while he ſeems to play;
(cc) Like him who as a Satyr moves awhile,
Then dances in the ruſtick Cyclops' ſtile.
I'd rather ſeem a mad and fooliſh Bard,
And love this madneſs with a fond regard,
Than wake from dreams of rapture, and obtain
The prize of wiſdom, bought with heart-felt pain.
(dd) At Argos one of no ignoble race
In empty theatres would take his place,

And fit for hours, applauding all the time
Ideal plays, as wonderous and ſublime;
In other points a man of worth confeſt,
Kind to his neighbour, pleaſing to his gueſt,
By ſoft attentions to his wife endeared,
And by his menial ſlaves more loved than feared;
Whoſe faults he'd readily forgive, nor feel
Dire rage, ſhould they have broke a bottle's ſeal,
Could ſteer from rocks or dangerous wells, which lay
Expoſed to view, though in his purpoſed way.
This man, when his relations' care and pains
Prevailed, and hellebore had cleared his veins,
Compelled returning reaſon to endure,
Exclaimed: "Ah friends! you've killed me by your cure,
"Robb'd me of pleaſures generous and refined,
"And chaſed a ſweet deluſion from my mind."
(*ee*) At length 'tis time no more to toy and jeſt,
But leave to boys a ſport that ſuits them beſt;
Nor hunt for words to form the Latin lays,
But learn to harmonize my life and ways.
Hence, at the ſilent hour of peaceful reſt,
In terms like theſe I queſtion oft my breaſt:
"(*ff*) If after copious draughts you thirſted ſtill,
"You'd tell phyſicians, and employ their ſkill.
"But longing ſtill for more, the more you gain,
"Dare you to none confeſs this mental pain?

" When from a root or herb no eaſe is found,
" Thenceforth you ne'er apply it to a wound.
" (*gg*) All folly flies afar (you once were told)
" From him whom bounteous heaven has bleſs'd with gold.
" Should you grow rich, yet ſtill be far from wiſe,
" Would you with friends like theſe again adviſe?
" And yet, if wealth true wiſdom could enſure,
" Relieve you from deſires, from fears ſecure,
" You well might bluſh if 'midſt the ſons of pelf
" There lived a greater miſer than yourſelf.
" (*hh*) If property is your's for which you pay,
" And right may ſpring from uſe, as Lawyers ſay,
" The land whoſe produce feeds you, is your own;
" And, when the wealthy (*ii*) Orbus' fields are ſown,
" If one to you it's harveſt ſhall afford,
" You, who enjoy it, are it's real Lord.
" You give your caſh: he in return reſigns
" His grapes, his chickens, eggs and generous wines.
" Thus in detail you buy the very grounds
" Which coſt their owner (*kk*) many thouſand pounds.
" And where's the difference whether you beſtow
" Your money now, or gave it long ago?
" Whoe'er once purchaſed the (*ll*) Veientan fields,
" Bought every herb that now his ſupper yields,
" And, though an indirect unconſcious buyer,
" Has bought the wood which nightly feeds his fire.

" Yet,

" Yet, (*mm*) far as well-ranged poplars mark the line
" Preventing ſuits, " *all this* (he cries) *is mine*:"
" As if mankind enjoyed a perfect right
" O'er that which every moment wings it's flight;
" (*nn*) Which, begg'd, ſold, ſeiz'd, or at death's fated hour,
" Quits the frail Lord, and owns another's power.
" Since heaven to none perpetual uſe e'er gave;
" But heir ſucceeds to heir, as wave to wave;
" Make ample townſhips, well-ſtored granaries, thine;
" (*oo*) Lucanian paſtures with Calabrian join:
" Ah, what avails it, if relentleſs fate
" Mow down alike the humble and the great!
" (*pp*) Gems, marble, ivory, ſplendid ſtatues (brought
" From fair Etruria where ſuch works are wrought:)
" The painted tablet that delights the eye,
" Bright ſilver, garments ſtained with Africk's dye;
" There are to whom theſe bleſſings ne'er befal:
" There is, who, if he has not, ſcorns them all.
" (*qq*) Say, why ſhould publick ſports, perfumes and eaſe
" Beyond (*rr*) Judæa's palms one brother pleaſe?
" The other, rich, yet earneſt in his trade,
" From earlieſt dawn to evening's lateſt ſhade,
" Urge in the fields his perſevering toil
" With fire and ſteel to tame the ſtubborn ſoil?

" The (*ss*) Genius knows; that guardian power who guides
" Our natal ſtar, o'er every act preſides
" Is born and dies with all the human race,
" Shifts with the temper, varies with the face.
" Freely I'll uſe my little ſtock, nor care
" (*tt*) What may be thought hereafter by my heir;
" How he ſhall treat my memory, ſhould he find
" I leave no more than what was given behind.
" (*uu*) Yet juſt diſtinctions I would learn to make
" 'Twixt the free chearful liver and the rake,
" The frugal man, who vain expences ſpares,
" And the mean miſer rack'd by endleſs cares.
" For much it differs whether day by day
" You throw with prodigality away,
" Or grudge not at fit times to uſe your ſtore,
" Nor ſtrive with fond anxiety for more;
" But, as at (*ww*) feſtivals whilſt yet a boy,
" Snatch ſweet, though tranſient, hours of mirth and joy.
" Far, far be ſquallid penury from my home!
" Whether through life my fate ordain to roam
" (*xx*) In great or leſſer veſſel, o'er the deep
" A ſteady, firm, conſiſtent courſe I'll keep.
" Though never borne with proudly-ſwelling ſails,
" I ſtrive not through my life with adverſe gales;

" In

" In power, in genius, worth, eſtate and mind,
" (*yy*) Behind the firſt, I leave the laſt behind.
" You're not a miſer.—Is naught elſe amiſs?
" And have you baniſhed every vice with this?
" (*zz*) Your breaſt does vain ambition ne'er inſpire?
" (*aaa*) Nor dread of death alarm, nor anger fire?
" Dreams, wonders, magick ſpells, can you deſpiſe?
" Nocturnal ghoſts, (*bbb*) Theſſalian prodigies?
" (*ccc*) Your birth-days gladly tell? (*ddd*) your friends forgive?
" (*eee*) Grow gentler, better, as you longer live?
" For what avails it from your troubled breaſt
" (*fff*) To pluck one rankling thorn, and leave the reſt?
" But if you cannot live aright, depart:
" Make room for thoſe who have acquired the art.
" Of meat and drink, of pleaſure and of play,
" You've had your fill: 'tis time you ſteal away,
" Leſt you be joſtled off by that briſk race
" Whom ſports become, and wanton revels grace."

NOTES ON EPISTLE II.

IT ſeems probable that this ſecond Epiſtle to Florus was, like the former, written to him when accompanying his Patron, Tiberius, on a diſtant expedition. But the exact date of *that* Epiſtle might be deduced, almoſt to a certainty, from Horace's queſtions reſpecting the route of the young Prince and his army, which point ſtrongly to his eaſtern expedition in the

the year of Rome 731. Here no ſuch local alluſions appear: but, from the circumſtance of Florus having complained, not only that Horace had omitted to ſend ſome Odes, which had been promiſed, but that he had neglected to write to him, we may infer this Epiſtle could not have been written very ſoon after. The profeſſions of Horace, that he is determined to apply ſolely to philoſophy, and to quit all poetical purſuits, as too trifling for his time of life, reſemble ſo ſtrongly his declarations to Mæcenas in the firſt Epiſtle of the firſt Book, that it appears moſt likely to have been (as that Epiſtle is allowed to be) one of our Poet's lateſt compoſitions. Dacier, therefore, who refers it to the year of Rome 742 (when Tiberius commanded the Roman armies in Pannonia) is moſt probably right.

This Epiſtle is profeſſedly an apology to Florus alone, but perhaps was really meant as an anſwer to ſeveral other of our Poet's friends, who had teized him to write verſes more frequently than he choſe, and (what he ſeems to have much diſliked) treated him as a Poet by profeſſion.

Pope has imitated this Epiſtle, and, for the moſt part, with great felicity of application and of expreſſion.

(*a*) For the characters of Florus, and of his Patron, Tiberius Nero, ſee the Notes on Epiſtle 3d of the 1ſt Book.

(*b*) In the Original, *eight thouſand ſeſterces*; which is about ſixty pounds; a very moderate ſum for a Slave, had he been a good one: but the reaſon of this price ſoon afterwards appears.

(*c*) In the refined Auguſtan age ſome knowledge of Greek was deemed an accompliſhment even in a Slave. Such a one might be an uſeful aſſiſtant to the ſtudies of his Maſter. It is hardly neceſſary to remark how exactly this ſpeech repreſents the

the language of all dealers who are desirous to get more for their commodities than they are worth.

(*d*) A Slave could not have a greater fault than this, except stealing: and even that was hardly so great, unless the theft occasioned a flight also. If therefore he had such a trick, and the Seller did not mention it, he was liable to refund the money.

Pope's description of a Frenchman presenting his boy, though admirably done, is not so consonant to our laws and customs as the Original is to those of the Romans; and therefore appears strained and unlike an original composition.

(*e*) The application of this story appears afterwards, when Horace states the situation which impelled him to write, and that which now induces him to prefer repose.

(*f*) In the Original, *qui venam perdidit.* Pope imitates it thus: "*Let him take castles who has ne'er a doit.*" But the motive of the Soldier's former courage was not merely his poverty, but the *loss* of what he had possessed.

(*g*) See Sat. 6. Book 1. towards the end. Also the Life of Horace prefixed to the Odes.

(*h*) *Curvo dignoscere rectum* are the expressions of the Original, which Dacier applies to the study of Geometry, but most of the Commentators more probably (I think) suppose to mean moral philosophy, as being the art to distinguish right from wrong.

(*i*) It is worthy of remark how cautiously Horace, wherever he alludes to his having borne arms against Augustus, abstains from giving an opinion, either way, of the justice of the cause. It would have been ungrateful (considering his situation

ſituation and obligations) to have ſtigmatized the party of Auguſtus for their unjuſt deſigns and cruel meaſures: yet, by ſtudiouſly avoiding to commend their proceedings and barely ſtating that they were the moſt warlike and powerful, he leaves us to ſuppoſe (which I have no doubt was the caſe) that, although private friendſhip and gratitude, as well a regard for the intereſts of his country (as it was then circumſtanced) had made him a Courtier in practice, he was ſtill a republican at heart.

(*k*) This paſſage implies that he was much older at this time than he could have been in the year of Rome 732, when Sanadon ſuppoſes this Epiſtle to have been written.

(*l*) It may, I think, be inferred from this paſſage that the Odes our Poet was expected to ſend were not ſolely for the amuſement of Florus, but alſo for the inſpection of others in the Court of Tiberius; and Horace, knowing their caprices and differences of opinion, did not chuſe to afford matter for the debates of ſuch Criticks; all of whom it was impoſſible to pleaſe.

(*m*) There were ſeveral Bions. This man was called *the Boriſthenite*, and imitated Archilochus and Hipponax in his ſatirick Poems.—*San.*

(*n*) This excuſe is perhaps the ſtrongeſt yet offered. Poets *can* indeed write during their reſidence in a populous capital; but they are ſeldom inclined, at ſuch times, to do ſo. Horace, in particular, ſeems to have been teized and fatigued by a variety of buſineſs whenever he was at Rome.

(*o*) Though *cubat* is here tranſlated *lives*, it may perhaps be doubted whether it is not always uſed in Horace for *lies ſick*.

It

It certainly is ſo in Sat. 3. Book 2. and very probably in Sat. 9. Book 1.

(*p*) This humourous deſcription of the effects of retirement on the air and manners of a Scholar, from which it is inferred (neither quite juſtly nor perhaps quite ſeriouſly) that a man in the midſt of the world is incapable of literary purſuits, has been imitated with even higher excellence by Pope.

(*q*) Heinſius thought this paſſage introduced ſo abruptly and with ſo little connexion here, that he was for removing it to another place. This indeed is uſing too great a liberty. But, taking the whole paſſage together (viz. from the beginning of theſe lines down to the end of the ſtory of the madman cured) one can hardly be ſatisfied with the explanation given by ſome of the commentators, viz. "that the mutual flatteries and ab-"ſurd ſelf-love of Poets is another reaſon why he has not "written to Florus." I fear it muſt be ſet down as one inſtance of that neglect of method which Lord Kaimes cenſures in our Poet. See El. of Crit. Vol. 1. p. 27, 28.

(*r*) The *Rhetor* and *Juris-Conſultus* at Rome did not exactly anſwer to our practiſing *Barriſter* and *Chamber Counſel*; for the former, though he deemed it neceſſary to have a competent knowledge of the Law, did not make it his chief object. The ſtudy of Rhetorick and Philoſophy ſeem to have been his leading qualifications; and (if we may judge from the occaſional expreſſions of Cicero) he held the profeſt Lawyer in ſome degree of contempt.

(*s*) The Reader hardly need be reminded that the Gracchi were deemed the moſt eloquent men of their time, and Mutius or Mucius Scævola one of the greateſt Lawyers that Rome ever produced.

(*t*) The

(*t*) The temple of Apollo on Mount Palatine; where, as has been already noticed, Auguſtus, had formed a publick library. See Sat. 10.

(*u*) Theſe *Samnites* were a ſpecies of Gladiators whom individuals employed at feaſts for the amuſement of the company. They were called Samnites from the arms they bore reſembling thoſe of the people of that country. They did not on thoſe occaſions fight with real ſwords, but with foils.—*Dac.*

(*w*) For an account of Alcæus ſee Ode 13. Book 2. and Ode 9. Book 4. Callimachus was born at Cyrene in Africa and lived in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who patronized him. He wrote Hymns and Elegies; of which ſome of the former only remain. Mimnermus has already been mentioned in the Notes on Epiſt. 6. Book 1. It is plain from this paſſage, if there was no other proof, that he was conſidered as a ſuperior Poet to Callimachus.

(*x*) The cuſtom, which was ſo general with Roman writers, of reading their compoſitions to their friends, (and indeed to every one who would hear them) has already been mentioned and accounted for. Horace humorouſly pretends that he was obliged to court bad Poets whilſt he continued to write himſelf, in order to procure hearers for his own recitals; but that, when he had given up compoſition, he was no longer obliged to puniſh himſelf by hearing them.

(*y*) Theſe, like all the critical rules of our Poet, are judicious and well-expreſſed, but do not ſeem to have much connexion with the main ſubject of this Epiſtle.

(*z*) This metaphor, comparing the cloſet of the writer to the receſſes of the temple of Veſta (into which none but the high

high Prieſt was permitted to enter) muſt loſe almoſt all it's beauty in Engliſh.

(*aa*) The Original ſays theſe words were known to *the Cæts and Cethegi*, putting the names of thoſe eminent men for the old Romans in general. Pope's Imitation is here extremely appoſite and happy:

> Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake;
> Words that wiſe Bacon or brave Raleigh ſpake,
> Or bid the new be old ſome ages hence;
> For uſe will father what's begot by ſenſe.

(*bb*) It ſeems at firſt difficult to imagine how *new* words can be produced by *uſage*. But I take the explanation of Dacier to be right, viz. that the Poet means you may form new words, by analogy, from words already uſed; which certainly reconciles the ear to them, and prevents our being ſo much offended, as we uſually are at the ſound of words unauthorized by ſuch analogy. He inſtances this practice in the words *pauperare* from *pauper*, *inimicare* from *inimicus*, *æternare* from *æternus*.—See alſo the paſſage on the formation of new words in the Epiſtle to the Piſos on the Art of Poetry.

(*cc*) This muſt allude to the Roman dancers; who ſometimes repreſented Satyrs, ſometimes the Cyclops, Polypheme. Theſe repreſentations ſeem to have been of the ſame kind as our *Pantomime Ballets*. The Satyr dance is ſaid to have been of a ſoft kind; (*Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alphesibœus*) that of the Cyclops, of the rudeſt ſort.

(*dd*) Ariſtotle tells a ſimilar ſtory of a man at Abydus. In imitating this paſſage Pope has excelled his Original, particularly in the concluding couplet.

(*ee*) Horace

(*ee*) Horace now comes to the laſt, and what he appears to have deemed the beſt, excuſe for his omiſſion. This ſubject has been already treated in the Notes on Epiſtle 1. Book 1. Wieland's opinion that Horace is in earneſt as to his philoſophy, but not perfectly ſo in his declarations againſt poetry, appears moſt probable and juſt. He might however have likewiſe intended (as ſome Criticks ſuppoſe) an indirect admonition to his friend, Florus; who, as may be judged from the former Epiſtle to him, was far from a Philoſopher. See the latter part of the 4th Sat. Book 1. where our Poet deſcribes a ſhorter, but ſomewhat ſimilar, converſation with himſelf.

(*ff*) A ſimilar train of reaſoning is given by Plutarch (in his Treatiſe on Avarice) as uſed by Ariſtippus; whom, it has been already obſerved, our Poet admired and imitated in his philoſophy. "*He* (ſays Ariſtippus) *who eats much, drinks much, yet is never ſatisfied, applies to the Phyſicians, and inquires what his complaint is, and how he may get rid of it. But he who has five fine couches, and would have ten, who has ten fine tables and buys ten more, who has a great eſtate and much money, and yet is not ſatisfied, but deſires more, paſſes even his nights in amaſſing wealth, and ſtill is craving, that man thinks he has no occaſion for one who can attend to his complaint and diſcover the ſource of it.*"—San.

(*gg*) The Poet here, as in other places, alludes to the maxim of men of the world, that the purſuit of riches is the only wiſdom. So in Epiſt. 1. Book 1. "*O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum, &c.*"

(*hh*) This paſſage is manifeſtly a Satire on thoſe who are eager to poſſeſs landed property. They who buy the produce of land, we are told, are the real owners, ſo far as depends on uſe and enjoyment. It ſeems to have been the cuſtom with the Romans,

Romans, much more than with us, for the proprietors of land to ſell it's produce immediately to the conſumer.

(*ii*) Orbus was, no doubt, ſome rich proprietor of land. Nothing further reſpecting him is known.

(*kk*) In the Original "*three hundred thouſand Seſterces, or more.*" This would not much exceed 2,200l. of our money; which could purchaſe but a ſmall eſtate. But Horace perhaps means only to ſpecify that part of the land-holder's eſtate which can furniſh a ſingle family with proviſions.

(*ll*) Arician as well as Veientan lands are mentioned in the Original, both Aricia and Veii being at a ſhort diſtance from Rome, and therefore enabling the proprietors of either diſtrict to conſume at their Town houſes the produce of their eſtates.

(*mm*) A row of poplars was a frequent boundary to the lands of the Romans. There is no occaſion to enter here into the queſtion whether the common reading, *refugit*, or *refigit*, propoſed by Dr. Bentley, is the beſt.

(*nn*) The ſentiments here are ſimilar to thoſe at the latter end of Satire 2. Book 2.

——— *Nos expulit ille,*
Illum aut nequities, aut vafri inſcitia juris,
Poſtremo expellet certè vivacior hæres.

(*oo*) See the firſt Epode, Note (*f*) reſpecting Calabrian and Lucanian paſtures.

(*pp*) See the Note (from Wieland) on the paſſage in Epiſt. 6. Book 1. "*Go now, and view with anxious heart, &c.*"

(*qq*) Horace is ſuppoſed by ſome to allude to the two oppoſite characters of Micio and Demea in Terence. But he might have known two ſuch brothers as he deſcribes here from his own obſervation. What this paſſage has to do with the reſt of the Epiſtle, it is not eaſy to explain.

(*rr*) In the Original, *the rich palm groves of Herod.* That King of Judæa had, as it appears from Strabo, near his palace at Jericho, woods containing all ſorts of fruit-trees, and particularly a great number of palm-trees; from which he derived a conſiderable revenue.—*Dac.*

(*ss*) The notion of this *Genius*, or particular power that attended every man through life, and died with him, ſeems to have been general among the Ancients. Some of the Commentators tell us Horace means only a man's own diſpoſition. But it ſeems plain he conſidered the Genius as a particular power, or Dæmon; ſince, in two or three paſſages, he ſpeaks of ſacrificing to it. See Ode 17. Book 3. (*eras Genium mero curabis.*) Alſo the Epiſtle to the Piſos (*Placari Genium feſtis impune diebus.*)

(*tt*) So in Epiſt. 4. Book 1.—*Parcus ob hæredis curam nimiumque ſeverus—Aſſidet inſano.*

(*uu*) Thus he diſtinguiſhes between liberality and extravagance in Sat. 1. Book 1. and between frugality and covetouſneſs in Sat. 2. Book 2.

(*www*) The Original mentions a particular Feſtival, that which was held during five days in honour of Minerva. At that period, it is ſaid, the ſchool-boys at Rome had their Holydays.—*Schol. Bax.* This feſtival began on the 19th of March. —*Dac.*

(*xx*) Horace

(*xx*) Horace in another place compares life to a ſea voyage. See Ode 29. Book 3. at the concluſion.

(*yy*) This ſentiment reſpecting himſelf is nearly ſimilar to what he ſays at the concluſion of Epiſt. 2. Book 1.

Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus inſto.

(*zz*) It is ſuppoſed that theſe queſtions, which Horace affects to put to himſelf, are really intended as an admonition to Florus; and what is ſaid of him in the 3d Epiſtle, Book 1. gives great probability to the ſuppoſition.

(*aaa*) The Poet, as has been obſerved, ſpeaks the ſentiments of the Epicureans; who were not only the foes of ſuperſtition, but of all belief of the interpoſition of heaven. Here however the Poet's incredulity is not carried too far, if applied, as it ſeems to be, ſolely to the ſuperſtitious notions of the pagan world.

(*bbb*) Theſſaly was famous for it's magicians; who were ſuppoſed to have been originally taught by Medea. Pliny (Book 30. c. 1.) ſays that magick was firſt promulgated by the Theſſalians. Hence a *Theſſalian woman* became a proverbial term for a Sorcereſs.—*Delph.*

(*ccc*) *Natales gratè numeras.* This ſeems to mean (as Dacier and others have explained it) "*Do you feel pleaſed and contented* "*at every birth-day? inſtead of repining that you have leſs and* "*leſs time to live.*" Some other explanations have been given; but they appear far-fetched and improbable.

(*ddd*) The neceſſity of mutual forgiveneſs among friends (the reader will recollect) is ſtrongly enforced in Sat. 3. Book 1.

(*eee*) So in Ode 14. Book 3. Age is ſaid to have ſoftened his mind and temper. *Lenit albeſcens animos capillus.*

(*fff*) The ſame metaphor of *thorns* for *cares* is uſed by our Poet in the Epiſtle to his Steward or Bailiff. (Epiſt. 14. Book 1.)

EPISTLE

EPISTLE OF HORACE

TO THE

PISOS,

ON THE

ART OF POETRY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE celebrity which this Epiſtle has maintained in every period of literature, the critical diſcuſſions to which it has given riſe, and the ſyſtems which have been formed upon it by learned men, impoſe on the author of a new tranſlation the neceſſity of introducing it, at leaſt to his Engliſh readers, by ſome obſervations. A view of the principal opinions reſpecting it's ſtructure and the object of Horace in writing it, may not only clear away the miſapprehenſions to which, from it's title and the idea

uſually annexed to a didactick poem, it has been liable, but enable the Reader, by having the ſubject fully before him, to examine thoſe opinions without prejudice and determine without partiality.

Although the term applied to this work by Quinctilian* might induce us to ſuppoſe he conſidered it as a regular treatiſe on the Art of Poetry, yet the latitude of conſtruction which his expreſſions admit (the word *liber* being uſed by the Ancients for any ſpecies of literary work) leaves us at perfect liberty to inquire what *kind* of work Horace meant to compoſe. In ſuch an inquiry we may, I conceive, reject all arguments drawn from other ſources than the character and uſual conduct of the writer, the characters (if known) of the perſons whom he addreſſes, the circumſtances of the times in which he wrote, and, above all, the internal evidence of the work itſelf.

Accuſtomed, as every well-informed reader is at preſent, to an unity of deſign and mutual dependence of parts in treatiſes upon every branch of literature, the preſent work muſt appear, on the firſt peruſal and conſideration, deficient in both.

That ſuch, for many ages, was the opinion of the literary world, is proved as well by the cenſures paſſed on that account upon our Poet, as by the mode which his ad-

* He calls it *Liber De Arte Poeticâ.*

mirers

mirers have adopted in conducting his defence. To the vehement and uncandid * attack of Scaliger I know not that any reply has been given by the elder Criticks amounting to a denial of the fact alledged. They tell us indeed, with great probability, that Scaliger was miſled by the title of the work (a title not perhaps given to it by Horace, and if given by him, yet capable of a different interpretation) to expect a regular didactick poem where the Author intended only a familiar Epiſtle, and that a free and unconſtrained manner is conſiſtent with the nature of epiſtolary writing. But this apology, juſt as it appears, admits, to a certain degree, that irregularity which Scaliger has condemned. To diſcover (and that with the ſuggeſtion of ſcarcely any new fact) a regular method in the conduct of this Epiſtle, and a mutual dependence of it's ſeveral parts, was reſerved for the ingenuity of modern Criticks. From their zeal for the honour of our Poet (whom they cannot ſuppoſe capable of writing otherwiſe than as they would have written themſelves) from their ambition of diſcovery, or fondneſs for hypotheſis, have ariſen opinions reſpecting this work which ſeem not to have occurred to any of the elder commentators, or perhaps to any reader of Horace from his days almoſt to our own. The world, we are told, has

* De Arte quæres quid ſentiam. Quid? Equidem quod de arte ſine arte traditâ.

been long in an error reſpecting both the object and the form of this Epiſtle. The former was not (as it has hitherto appeared) to communicate the ſentiments of a Poet on poetry, in the order in which they occurred to his mind, and poſſibly without any premeditated or regular plan in writing them. But his purpoſe, they inform us, was determinate, his plan previouſly formed, and the train of his thoughts (allowing ſomething to the freedom of the epiſtolary ſtile and ſomething to poetical digreſſion) is connected and regular.

We may, in the firſt place, lay out of the queſtion the tranſpoſitions deviſed by Heinſius and others, by which it has been attempted to mould this Epiſtle into a more regular form than that in which it appears in all the antient Editions and Manuſcripts. Such tranſpoſitions have been juſtly condemned as unwarrantable: but, even in their object, of giving the work a connected order, they appear to have been wholly unſucceſsful.

Of the attempts to methodize this poem without tranſpoſition, the firſt I have met with is that of *Bruys*, a French dramatick writer, who publiſhed many years ago a * Paraphraſe of the Original. In the Advertiſement he tells us, it is diviſible into three parts; the firſt of which treats of the rules to be obſerved in order to ſatisfy the

* See the Works of Bruyes and Palaprat. Vol. 4. p. 185, &c.

mind,

mind, the ſecond of the way to touch the heart, and the laſt of what is neceſſary to pleaſe, or (he calls it) *tickle* the ear. The firſt head of his diviſion reaches to verſe * 99 of the Original; the ſecond from thence to verſe † 251; where the third begins. How far this third proceeds he has not expreſsly told us; but (excepting a ſhort cenſure afterwards on the numbers of Plautus) it appears not to comprehend more than eleven lines. The remainder, to the amount of about two hundred, muſt be conſidered as coming under the deſcription he gives of the concluding part of the Epiſtle; "in which (he ſays) the Poet, to "relieve his reader, and mix the agreable with the uſeful, "makes a Panegyrick of Poetry in order to excite "Authors to an obſervance of his precepts, and after-"wards gives them very uſeful advice, and at laſt con-"cludes by a raillery on bad Poets, in order to ſhew the "importance of obſerving the rules he has laid down."

The remark which immediately ſuggeſts itſelf on this arrangement, is, that it leaves more than two fifths of the Poem to digreſſion and peroration; which ſurely is far beyond the due proportion, and renders the diviſion incompleat. We may further add that Brueys himſelf admits "we may find under one head of his diviſion

* V. 165 of the Tranſlation.

† V. 423 of the Tranſlation.

"paſſages

" paſſages which might be better placed under another." If we ſubtract theſe alſo from his diviſion, conſidering them (as we muſt in the places where they now ſtand) as digreſſions, we ſhall leave not more than half of the Epiſtle comprized within it. We may therefore, it is conceived, diſmiſs this theory, as too looſe and general, without a minute inveſtigation.

More attention may perhaps be deemed neceſſary to the well-known hypotheſis of Hurd; which has been adopted, in ſome meaſure, * by Batteux, but attacked with great force by Wieland and † another German critick whom he cites. That hypotheſis is (to uſe the learned and reſpectable writer's expreſſions) " that ‡ the *ſole* purpoſe of the Author was *to criticize the Roman* " *drama*," and that " to this end not the tenor of the " work only, but every ſingle precept in it ultimately " refers." Having laid down this principle at the outſet, he ſhews great ingenuity in accommodating every paſſage to his favourite ſyſtem. He appears indeed ſenſible that the firſt eighty-eight lines (no inconſiderable part of the poem) have no particular relation to the drama. This

* See his Quatre Poetiques.

† Eſchenberg's Remarks on R. Hurd's Commentary on the Epiſtle to the Piſos.

‡ See Hurd's Introduction to his Edition of and Commentary upon this Epiſtle. p. 3.

prelimi-

preliminary part would, it can ſcarcely be denied, form as good an Introduction to a treatiſe on poetry in general, as to that particular ſpecies to which the learned Critick applies it. A ſimilar remark may be made on the laſt hundred and fifty-four lines; which (with the exception of five only) would make as good a concluſion to a Treatiſe on Epick, or any other branch of poetry. Here then we have more than half of the work excluded from a ſyſtem which profeſſes to comprehend the whole. Even from what remains * Wieland would ſubtract almoſt another half, alledging that, in many paſſages, although dramatick poetry be referred to, it is only by way of illuſtrating general rules, not of confining thoſe rules to the drama.

Without entering minutely into this point, it may be obſerved, that Hurd himſelf, in ſtating that the Poet (from page 89 to 323) "delivers a ſeries of rules for the "regulation and improvement of the Roman ſtage," admits that they are "*interſperſed with hiſtorical accounts*, "*and enlivened by digreſſions.*" It is ſomewhat ſingular that Horace, having a ſingle, determinate, and ſo *important* an object in view, ſhould not ſuffer it to appear more frequently, nay more pointedly, in the courſe of ſo long a work; unleſs, indeed, he had particular reaſons (which

* See Wieland's Introduction to his Tranſlation.

could

could ſcarcely exiſt under Hurd's hypotheſis) for concealing it.

The ingenious commentary of Dr. Hurd (which is in many parts a kind of Paraphraſe of the Original) has, therefore, it is conceived, afforded more entertainment to the literary world, than it has produced * conviction. And we may reaſonably doubt whether his hypotheſis ever occurred to any reader of Horace who was not previouſly acquainted with it. This conſideration is ſurely of importance in a matter which depends upon internal evidence alone, and to judge of which requires not philoſophical reſearches or critical acumen, but plain unſophiſticated reaſon. In the inveſtigation of doubtful expreſſions, in the explanation of obſcure paſſages, of an ancient writer, we may bow to the *authority* of an eminent Critick, though not convinced by his arguments. But, when once we are aſcertained of the meaning of particular paſſages, and enabled to conſider the whole of a work, it's order and connexion, and (ſo ſo far as contemporary hiſtory is ſilent) it's ſcope and tendency, are within the province of common ſenſe alone. An ordinary ſcholar may, therefore, in the preſent inſtance, be a competent judge: and we may fairly ſuſpect

* It is but juſtice to ſay that Dr. Foſter (whoſe judgment on claſſical ſubjects thoſe who knew him know to have been equal to his great learning) ſeems, by the MS. of his Remarks which I have often quoted, to have adopted Hurd's opinion.

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an hypotheſis which it requires refined ingenuity to diſcover or ſubtle arguments to prove *.

The doctrine of Hurd, reſpecting the *methodical arrangement* of this Epiſtle, ſets out indeed with an aſſumption which probably few perſons acquainted with the writings of Horace will be diſpoſed to grant. It is, that in the *didactick* Epiſtle (which he diſtinguiſhes from the *familiar*) "an *unity* of ſubject or deſign is indiſpenſibly "neceſſary;" from which he infers that, "having only "one point in view, it muſt of courſe purſue it by ſome "kind of connexion." No example of the didactick Epiſtle, we may obſerve, is quoted but thoſe of Horace himſelf. Let the Reader then turn to the foregoing Epiſtles, and examine them by this criterion: he will find, unleſs I am much deceived, all the longer, and even ſome of the ſhorter Epiſtles, to be of the *didactick* kind, if by that term we are to underſtand "one which has inſtruc-

* At the concluſion of his Commentary, the learned Critick triumphantly aſks, "what we muſt think of the celebrated *French* Inter-"preter of Horace, who, after a ſtudied tranſlation of this piece, &c. "ſays, *q'il n'y a aucune methode ni aucune liaiſon de parties dans ce* "*traite, &c.*" He then retorts on Dacier the cenſure paſſed by him on Scaliger, "that he did not underſtand what he criticiſed."

On reading the above ſentence, we ſhould conclude the Opinion of Dacier was ſingular, and had not occurred to any other man who had read this Epiſtle with ordinary attention. Unluckily, however, it is the opinion of almoſt every man who peruſes the work, and judges of it by his own feelings, and the rules of common ſenſe.

tion

" tion for it's chief end." Some of theſe, it is conceived, have * two diſtinct objects; and † in ſome the Poet, eſpecially towards the cloſe of his letter, leaps from one topick of morality to another without the leaſt apparent connexion; which gives that part rather the appearance of a ſtring of Proverbs than a regular Eſſay on any ſingle topick of morality. The learned Critick, indeed, ſeems well warranted in deducing this ſpecies of Epiſtle from the Satire. But, before we infer from thence that it was a methodical compoſition, it muſt be proved that the ‡ Satire itſelf was ſo at the time and in the hands of Horace; and that (if it was) he meant to apply the ſame rules (of order and connexion) equally to both ſpecies of writing. To purſue this ſubject further appears needleſs to the preſent purpoſe. But, whether we judge (as we may ſurely be allowed to do) from common ſenſe alone,

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* Viz. the Firſt, the Tenth, the Sixteenth, and ſome others.

† Particularly in the Second and Sixteenth.

‡ " No one (he ſays) will pretend there is the leaſt appearance " (in the Satires of Horace) of that *rhapſodical detached* form which " made the character of the old Satire." What is meant here by *rhapſodical*, I will not pretend to ſay; but if it implies merely unconnected and immethodical, we cannot eaſily conceive a compoſition more ſo than the very firſt Satire of our Author. See Lord Kames's Elements of Criticiſm, cap. 1. p. 28. The third, fourth (of the firſt Book) and ſome others, are not much better connected; and ſome which are, have manifeſtly two different objects; which directly militates againſt Hurd's doctrine.

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or whether we trace (as * Lord Kames has done) the connexion of our ideas by a metaphyſical inveſtigation, we ſhall, I fear, be compelled to admit, that, amidſt all his beauties, a want of method and arrangement, is our Poet's frequent defect. The candour, as well as the judgment, of his admirers will ſurely gain more credit by ſuch an admiſſion, than they can acquire by paraphraſing his ſentiments into an apparent connexion, or arguing us into an hypotheſis, which appears in their arguments alone.

The laſt opinion which I am enabled to ſtate is that of Colman and Wieland. It is (in the words of the former) that "one † of the Sons of Piſo, undoubtedly the elder, "had either written or meditated a poetical work, pro- "bably a Tragedy, and that he had, with the knowledge "of the family, communicated his piece or intention "to Horace; who, diſapproving of the work, or doubt- "ing of the poetical faculties of Piſo, wiſhed to diſſuade "him from all thoughts of publication. With this view "he formed the deſign of writing this Epiſtle, addreſſing "it, with a courtlineſs and delicacy peculiar to his cha- "racter, indifferently to the whole family, the father and "his two ſons."

It will immediately occur to thoſe to whom this Epiſtle is familiar, that there is not a paſſage directly applicable

* See his Elements of Criticiſm, cap. 1.

† See the Dedication to his Tranſlation of this Epiſtle, p. 6.

to this conſtruction of it prior to that which begins "*O major juvenum*;" which is the * 366th line of the Original. Till that addreſs (which is no doubt ſtriking) nothing occurs to ſuggeſt the notion that Horace wiſhed to diſſuade any one from the ſtudy of poetry. Admitting (which is far from being the caſe) that all the ſucceeding paſſages have the ſame uniform direction as that addreſs, they will amount only to between a fourth and a fifth part of the whole. Colman therefore endeavours to ſhew that even the former part of the Epiſtle has the ſame object and tendency. To diſcuſs minutely his ſuggeſtions on ſome of thoſe paſſages, would be tedious, and cannot be neceſſary in this Introduction; which profeſſes to give a view of the different opinions on this Epiſtle, rather than a diſcuſſion of the merits of each. It muſt, however, appear ſingular that Horace, having *no other* object in view than to diſſuade a young man from writing or publiſhing a tragedy, ſhould devote to that object an Epiſtle of nearly double the length of any other of his works; (many of which are on topicks infinitely more important) that, having done ſo, he ſhould ſuffer this intention to lie concealed during nearly four-fifths of the Poem (many paſſages of which have a directly oppoſite tendency) and that, at length, having addreſſed the Youth in expreſs

* Line 617 of the Tranſlation.

terms,

terms, he ſhould, even then, depart from this his *ſole* object, and launch into an * encomium on poets and poetry, tending, in the higheſt degree, to ſtimulate his friend to literary purſuits, inaſmuch as it proves that his devotion to the Muſes is no way degrading to his rank and family.

The ingenious ſuggeſtions of Wieland, in favour of the ſame hypotheſis, being ſupported by additional arguments, deſerve a ſeparate conſideration. Having clearly ſhewn that the title of this Epiſtle has miſled many of the Criticks, and having produced from ancient writers every circumſtance that can be known reſpecting Piſo the father (none of which, it is conceived, bear much upon the preſent queſtion) he thus ſtates the opinion he has himſelf formed:—"I thus repreſent to myſelf the occa-" ſion of this Epiſtle. The young Piſo, in the courſe " of his ſcholaſtick ſtudies, evinced a particular fondneſs

* See the paſſage beginning at v. 391, and ending at v. 407. Both Colman and Wieland endeavour to explain away the obvious tendency of this paſſage. The former ſays, "The Poet, *in reverence to his* " *Muſe*, qualifies his exaggerated deſcription of an infatuated ſcribbler " with a noble encomium of the uſes of good poetry, vindicating the " dignity of the art, and proudly aſſerting that the moſt exalted cha-" racters would not be diſgraced by the cultivation of it." I can ſcarcely believe that ſuch a man as Horace, having written this Epiſtle for a particular object, would, merely *in reverence to his Muſe*, inſert a paſſage of ſo oppoſite a tendency. Wieland ſeems to aſcribe this paſſage to Horace's *urbanity*. But ſurely his urbanity could never have been ſo much at variance with his good ſenſe.

" for poetry, and ſo ſtrong a propenſity to verſe-making,
" that the Father at length grew uneaſy about it. One
" may be plagued with an inexpreſſible *pruritus* for the
" Muſes art, without being born with a real talent. This
" is often the caſe with young people, and was perhaps
" with the ſon of Piſo. The young gentleman treated
" the matter not merely as boy's play, but ſat down to it
" in ſober ſerioufneſs. The Father, a man of one of
" the beſt families in Rome, who under the new govern-
" ment wanted to preſerve as much as he could of his
" hereditary magnificence, with which it was not conſiſt-
" ent to ſee his ſon expoſed to the ridicule of a paſſion
" ſo little ſuited to his birth and deſtination, found it
" neceſſary to reclaim him from it effectually."—
Wieland expatiates on this topick, and adds, " I con-
" ceive this idea may very naturally be adopted by a
" man in Lucius Piſo's circumſtances, and even though
" the danger his ſon ran from his eagerneſs to ſeize the
" poetick wreath might not have been ſo important in his
" eyes, yet it was always ſufficient to prevail upon his
" friend Horace to impart to the young man juſter
" notions of the Art of Poetry and its difficulties and
" dangers. An Eſſay, wherein the principal rules, and
" as it were the myſteries, of the poetick art ſhould be
" unfolded, appeared the propereſt means to procure the
" intended effect. It is not unlikely that the young

" Calpurnius

" Calpurnius might himself have applied to Horace for
" some such directions, and that the latter might, under
" the appearance of wishing to form him into a Poet,
" contrive the discourse in such a manner (without letting
" him perceive his real aim) as to frighten him from it.
" The Horatian manner of philosophizing in his *Dis-*
" *courses* and *Epistles* was particularly suitable to this
" design. The liberty of running on, as his thoughts
" arose, without any regard to method, which is peculiar
" to this mode of composition, allowed him all the little
" Episodes and digressions to which his humour might
" lead him: his principal aim was less striking; and he
" was enabled to make his Discourse interesting to other
" readers as well as those to whom it was immediately
" addressed. But he chiefly gained by it another, and to
" him a welcome opportunity of speaking his mind to
" the poetasters that swarmed around him, and of mak-
" ing them feel, with all the cool laughing scorn they
" so richly merited, that they did not comprehend even
" the first elements of the art which they pretended to
" follow *."

The

* I agree with Wieland that it was not the design of Horace to write a system of Poeticks; but this will go little way to prove his hypothesis. " Why (he asks) do the generality of his precepts consist
" in cautions to guard against faults? He answers, the young Piso
" was most in want of them."—A different answer might, I apprehend,

The above hypotheſis (which Wieland has, I think, ſtated more ſpeciouſly than Colman) appears, ſo far as I can judge, to be gaining ground among Scholars, and, we may admit, is in ſome degree founded in truth. It is impoſſible to ſuppoſe the ſtriking addreſs to young Piſo, with ſeveral paſſages that ſucceed it, were not written for a particular purpoſe, and intended to have an individual application. But to conſider this as the *primary* object of the Epiſtle, is ſurely carrying the inference further than a fair examination of it will warrant. We may add, the paſſage containing an encomium on poetry, and concluding with an exhortation to young Piſo "*not to be aſhamed of the Muſe and Apollo*," ſhuts out (I conceive) the ſuppoſition that our Poet intended to diſſuade him from writing *at all*; ſince he knew mankind too well to intermix with the diſcouraging paſſages one that muſt weaken, if not deſtroy, their effect. What then was our Poet's object in thoſe paſſages? It was, I conceive, neither more nor leſs than is directly expreſſed; namely to caution the young Piſo againſt too great a confidence in his own abilities, againſt the diſregard of accuracy ſo common to "*the mob of gentlemen who write with eaſe*," and againſt a precipitate

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be given to this and his other queſtions, (admitting them to be warranted by the facts) ariſing from the nature of a didactick Epiſtle, and indeed from the practice of Horace whenever he treats of this ſubject, or ſpeaks of the Poetaſters of the age.

haſte

haſte of publication. But admitting he wiſhed to extinguiſh all poetick ardour in the Youth, it will not follow that ſuch was the only or even the *chief* motive for this multifarious, and in ſome reſpects laboured, Epiſtle on Poetry.

To convince us, however, that this was the ſole object, the learned German conducts us through this Epiſtle by a kind of paraphraſe or continued commentary; by which, as by that of Hurd, the Reader (who compares it with the Epiſtle itſelf) will, I ſuſpect, be more entertained than convinced; and will perhaps be ſurprized that even fondneſs for an hypotheſis could carry the imagination of a Critick ſo far beyond the plain text and palpable meaning of his Author*. To examine ſeparately and minutely this ingenious commentary, would lead us into a long, and to moſt readers a tedious diſcuſſion. Of two eſſential points he appears to have given (to thoſe who may need it) a ſufficient proof. This Epiſtle, he ſhews, is irregular in it's ſtructure; and it probably was not written for the purpoſe of "criticizing the Roman Drama;" but that

* Few will, I believe, be perſuaded that the account given by Horace of the Iambick meaſure (from verſe 251 to 259) was intended as *raillery*; or that the excellent obſervations from ver. 209 to 265 incluſive, were thrown together irregularly in order *to confuſe the young Piſo by the multitude of his precepts, and their want of connexion.* Some other of his explanations are perhaps equally objectionable.

ſpecies of compoſition more than any other attracted the author's attention, as being the moſt faſhionable literary purſuit of the age. In ſhort he appears to have conſiderably ſhaken the foundation of Hurd's hypotheſis, but by no means to have laid a ſolid ground for his own.

Having expreſſed ſuch ſentiments on every ſyſtem deviſed by others, it can hardly be expected I ſhould produce any new diſcovery. Thoſe ſentiments, in effect, preclude ſo preſumptuous and vain an attempt. The *notion* I have long entertained reſpecting this Epiſtle, is almoſt a counterpart of the opinion of many of the elder commentators. We have not any ſufficient evidence (external or internal) of the circumſtances that gave riſe to it: but the probability, I conceive, is, that it aroſe from converſations which our Poet frequently had with the Piſos on the ſubject of poetry. In ſuch converſations, we may ſuppoſe, many of the rules and opinions contained in this Epiſtle had been thrown out by Horace, and his noble friends (amuſed with the ſubject) had deſired to have in writing the ſentiments of ſo great a Maſter on this their favourite art. Theſe he was ſurely at liberty to write, without profeſſing to give an elaborate treatiſe, or binding himſelf to a formal arrangement. He writes, as he had probably ſpoken, juſt as his thoughts aroſe, adverting moſt to that part of the ſubject which appeared moſt to intereſt his friends, or which faſhion had

rendered the prevailing topick in literary converſations. He has probably in view, not only to inſtruct the Sons of Piſo in the leading rules of Epick and Dramatick poetry, but (as a *ſecondary* motive) to inſpire the elder youth with a juſt diffidence in his own abilities, and to repreſs his immoderate ardour for publication.

Circumſtances like theſe may ſurely palliate the want of method in this Epiſtle; a defect which it has in common with many of our Poet's works; a defect which is more than balanced by the finiſhed elegance which this Poem may boaſt, and the accurate judgment it diſplays, by the happy variety of it's alluſions, and the refined poignancy of it's ſatire.

N. B. To ſhew this Epiſtle in one point of view to ſuch readers as may not be acquainted with the Original, I have prefixed an abſtract of the principal matters, by way of argument.

ARGUMENT.

Conſiſtency and Probability requiſite in every Poem.—Paſſages inconſiſtent with the main ſubject cenſured.—Too eager a purſuit of beauties produces faults—So does an unſkilful attempt to avoid particular faults. — Skill in particular parts uſeleſs unleſs a writer can form an intire work.—Writers ſhould chuſe a ſubject ſuited to their talents. — Wherein Order conſiſts.— Rules for forming new words.—Claim of the moderns to this liberty as juſt as that of the ancients. — Changes to which language is liable.—Metres proper for each kind of poetry—Epick—Elegiack —Dramatick—Lyrick. — Neceſſity of adapting the ſtile to the nature of the work.—Diſtinction between Tragedy and Comedy in reſpect to their numbers and ſtile. — In what circumſtances they occaſionally approach one another. — Poems ſhould have pathos as well as beauty. — They ſhould accord with the paſſion meant to be impreſſed. — The expreſſions of the ſpeaker ſhould accord with his rank, profeſſion and country. — Two ſources of the fable and characters, viz. common fame and the invention of the writer.—How in either caſe he is to form his characters.—Difficulty of treating a new ſubject in an appropriate manner—and conſequent expediency of forming a play from ſome known ſtory. — How you ſhould treat the ſubject in ſuch caſe.—Improper mode of beginning a poem inſtanced.—Beſt mode—inſtanced from the beginning of Homer's Odyſſey.—The manners of each perſon in a play to be ſuited to his time of life.—Four ages of man—Childhood—Youth—Manhood —Old Age—Each ſhould have it's appropriate manners. — Advantage of repreſentation over narration.—What things ſhould not be repreſented on the ſtage.—Number of Acts proper for a play.—When a god may appear.— A fourth perſon to be avoided in the Dialogue.—Office of the Chorus.—It's duties.—Change in the muſical inſtruments and muſick of the theatre, and reaſon of it.

it. — Origin of the dramatick pieces called Satyrs. — Stile and language proper for them. — Diſtinction of Characters to be preſerved in them. — Fictions in them to be built on known events. — What language is improper for Fauns. — Account of the Iambick metre. — Verſification of Attius and Ennius cenſured. — Why Roman poets have been ſo much indulged. — What ſhould be the conduct of a Poet thereupon. — Greek Writers the proper models. — The numbers and wit of Plautus too highly praiſed. — Origin of Tragedy. — Theſpis the inventor — Æſchilus the improver. — The Old Comedy — It's licence — The legal reſtraints put upon it, and the conſequent abolition of it's Chorus. — Adventurous ſpirit of Roman poets. — Reaſon why they have not ſucceeded better. — Correctneſs ſtrongly recommended. — Abſurdity and extravagance of Poets deſcribed. — Good ſenſe the foundation of good writing. — Where it ſhould be ſought. — A knowledge of the relative duties of life neceſſary. — Real life to be ſearched for examples. — Striking paſſages and juſt repreſentations of manners often more intereſting than art in the conſtruction of a play or harmony of numbers. — Fame the only object of the Greeks. — Mean education of the Roman Youth unfavourable to ſucceſs in Poetry. — Object of poetry — inſtruction, or pleaſure, or both. — Brevity recommended. — Veriſimilitude injoined. — Advantage and pleaſure ſhould be united. — Faults may be pardoned if not frequent and if compenſated by beauties. — But faulty paſſages being frequent ſhew a bad writer. — Inſtance of Chærilus. — Oppoſite inſtance of Homer. — Different poems calculated to be ſeen at different points of view. — Addreſs to the elder of Piſos' Sons. — Mediocrity not allowable in poetry. — Reaſon of this. — Previous qualifications deemed neceſſary in all arts but poetry. — Anſwer of the modern Poet. — Reply thereto. — Advice to young Piſo in caſe he ſhould write. — Account of the Origin of Poetry. — Source of the fables concerning Orpheus and Amphion. — Second race of Poets. — Homer — Tyrtæus. — Uſes to which Poetry was applied

and

ARGUMENT.

and consequent honour it deserves.—Genius and study equally necessary.—Previous instruction deemed necessary by all but Poets.—Wealthy Poets bribe applause.—Caution thereupon.—Difference between flattery and sincere praise.—Example of caution in the choice of a friend recommended in the choice of a Critick.—Method of Quinctilius in criticizing.—Proper conduct of a Critick farther stated.—Ludicrous description of a mad Poet.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS

ON THE

ART OF POETRY.

(1) SHOULD ſome capricious painter trace
The horſe's neck with human face,
Join limbs of various beaſts together
O'erſpread with many a motley feather,
(2) A beauteous damſel's head beſtow,
And draw a filthy fiſh below,
At ſuch a ſight, what power on earth,
My friends, could e'er reſtrain your mirth?
Such pictures if no taſte could brook,
What think ye, (3) Piſos, of that book
Which forms it's characters and themes
Incongruous, like a ſick man's dreams,
Nor can be made with all our art
Conſiſtent in a ſingle part.

"Free

" Free licence, all admit, is due
" To painters and to poets too."—
I grant it, and the allowance make.
This leave, by turns, we give and take.
But let not oppoſites combine,
Nor gentleneſs with fierceneſs join:
Let not meek lambs the tyger love,
Nor ſerpents wed the timid dove.
(4) Oft, when a work attention gains,
Profeſſing much in ſolemn ſtrains,
A ſplendid patch of purple dye,
Sewed here and there, attracts the eye:
Such as (5) Diana's grove and ſhrine,
Deſcribed in many a laboured line,
The rivers that mæand'ring flow,
The Rhine's fam'd ſtream, the heavenly bow.
But here is not their proper place.—
Your pencil can a (6) Cypreſs trace:
But what of that, if (7) he who paid
To have the wonderous ſcene diſplayed
Was wreck'd, and 'midſt the waters' ſtrife
On a ſmall plank ſcarce ſaved his life?
(8) With a fine vaſe your work began:—
Why from the wheel comes out a pan?
In ſhort, compoſe whate'er you will,
Be ſimple and conſiſtent ſtill.

We

We Poets, my illuſtrious Friends,
Through this miſtake oft miſs our ends:
Falſe ſemblances of right allure:
I would be brief—I grow obſcure.
Who gentleneſs of ſtile purſues
May oft his ſtrength and ſpirit loſe:
Who aims at grandeur grows bombaſt:
He creeps who dreads the whirlwind's blaſt:
Who ſeeks to vary a plain tale
By prodigies, as oft will fail.
Deſcribed in his luxuriant ſtrain
(9) Fiſh roam in woods, beaſts ſwim the main,
Ev'n dread of faults to error leads
When without ſkill the Bard proceeds.
Perhaps (10) a ſculptor's ſkill and care
May well expreſs the nails, or hair;
Yet this ſame artiſt for his ſoul
Could never form a perfect whole.
No more, when writing, I'd compoſe
Like him, than have an ugly noſe,
Yet ſome diſtinguiſh'd features bear,
As fine black eyes and long black hair.
(11) Be careful, ye who write, to chuſe
A theme adapted to your muſe!
Try your own ſtrength, and aſcertain
What it may ill or well ſuſtain.

Whoſe

Whoſe theme's well-choſen, in his lines
Bright eloquence and order ſhines.
The beauty, or I judge amiſs,
Of order will conſiſt in this:
That, of the things we needs muſt ſay,
We ſpeak ſome now, but more delay.
He from whoſe verſe we much expect
Some thoughts muſt cheriſh, ſome reject.
(12) When new-form'd words with timid care
You thinly ſcatter here and there,
Your ſtile will then attain perfection,
If, by a ſkilful neat connection,
A term, though novel, ſhall appear
Familiar, forcible and clear.
If aught, perchance, till then unknown
By new expreſſions muſt be ſhewn,
We then, of courſe, muſt coin a word
The (13) plain Cethegi never heard:
And if with modeſty we take
This freedom, all the allowance make.
Invented terms will gain new force
(14) Drawn from the genuine Grecian ſource,
And changed with ſparing hand. For why
Should Rome the privilege deny
(15) To Varius and to Virgil's Muſe
Which Plautus and Cæcilius uſe?

Why

Why ſhould not I obtain permiſſion
To make ſome trifling acquiſition?
Since Cato ſpoke, and Ennius ſung
Words that enriched their native tongue,
And brought freſh names and terms to light.
'Twill ever be the Poet's right
New-coined expreſſions to produce,
Stamp'd with the dye of preſent uſe.
(16) As, when the withering woods grow ſear,
And change with the declining year,
Their earlieſt leaves firſt drop away,
Thus words in their old age decay,
And thus the terms which lately ſprung
Will bloom and flouriſh, whilſt they're young.
All men, all works mankind can frame,
Death ſeizes as his lawful claim;
(17) Whether within the land we guide
With wond'rous art great Neptune's tide,
To guard our fleets from ſouthern ſtorms;
(Which royal power alone performs)
(18) Whether a barren marſh of yore,
Which long had felt the beating oar,
Yields to the plough it's fruitful ground,
And feeds the peopled cities round;
(19) Or Tiber's ancient courſe be changed,
Which o'er our fields deſtructive ranged.

'Midſt

'Midſt human works by time o'erthrown
Can ſtile and language live alone?
(20) Some words now fall'n again ſhall riſe,
Some periſh which we fondly prize,
If uſage ſo direct and teach,
That guide, and judge, and rule of ſpeech.
(21) What numbers ſuit the Bard who ſings
The mighty wars of mighty Kings
And high exploits by heroes wrought,
Homer by his example taught.—
Unequal lines were framed to expreſs
At firſt complaint, then glad ſucceſs.
But (22) criticks ſtill diſpute in vain
Who formed the Elegiack ſtrain.
Rage armed with *his* Iambick ſongs,
(23) Archilochus, provoked by wrongs.
This foot the ſock and buſkined Muſe,
Formed for alternate ſpeeches, chuſe,
As beſt o'ercoming noiſe and ſtrife,
And ſuiting the concerns of life.
(24) Of Gods and Demigods the deeds,
Victorious champions, matchleſs ſteeds,
The cares of love, the joys of wine,
To ſing, ſweet Lyrick Muſe, is thine.
If ignorant of that nice art
That keeps theſe ſeveral ſtiles apart,

And paints each juſtly, can I claim
The honours of a Poet's name?
Why, if true taſte I can't diſcern,
Through a falſe ſhame refuſe to learn?
'Tis not allowed you to rehearſe
Briſk comick ſcenes in Tragick verſe.
Alike (25) Thyeſtes' feaſt diſdains
The light, familiar, comick ſtrains.
Each ſtile with dignity and grace
Appears in it's allotted place.
Yet (26) Comedy to notes ſtill higher
May riſe, when Chremes ſtorms with ire;
And (27) oft in low and humble ſtrains
A tragick character complains.
When (28) Telephus and Peleus roam
Poor, exiled from their native home,
Each caſts away all turgid ſong
And all his words of ſix feet long,
If by ſoft pity's magick art
He'd touch the pleas'd ſpectator's heart.
(29) 'Tis not enough your Poem ſhine:
Sweet pathos ſhould with beauty join,
And lead, by all-perſuaſive ſkill,
The hearer's mind where'er you will.
The human face accordance keeps
With him who laughs and him who weeps.

Ye heros of the tragick tale!
(30) Yourſelves muſt mourn ere I can wail:
'Tis then alone I feel your woes.
If you ſpeak ill, I laugh or doze.
Sorrow a mournful tone requires:
Loud threats ſuit him whom anger fires:
A playful ſtile becomes the gay:
The ſerious claim a ſolemn lay.
For nature a juſt ſenſe ſupplies
Of every paſſion ere it riſe;
Forms us for rage, or gentle mirth,
Or grief that bends the ſoul to earth.
Thence whatſoe'er the boſom feels
The tongue interprets and reveals.
If what the Poet has aſſigned
I'll ſuit the ſpeaker's rank and mind,
Such words, from every Roman Knight,
Nay from the crowd, a laugh excite.
A God and Chief renowned in fame
Will each a different language claim.
Far other words cool age requires
From youth whom active vigour fires.
Mark well too in your ſtile and verſe
Whether a matron, or fond nurſe,
A merchant wandering o'er the main,
Or ruſtick hind, who tills the plain,

A Colchian or Aſſyrian ſpeak,
A Theban or an Argive Greek.
(31) Or follow known report; or feign
What may it's proper part ſuſtain.
Thus, if perchance you give to fame
(32) Achilles, (33) ever-honoured name,
Let him with paſſion wildly rave,
Inexorable, fiercely brave,
The curb of human laws diſown,
And give all ſway to arms alone.
(34) Her fierceneſs let Medea keep
Undaunted, mournful Ino weep,
Ixion be a treacherous knave,
Poor Io ſtray, Oreſtes rave.
If aught untried you repreſent,
And a new perſon dare invent,
(35) Preſerve a juſt conſiſtent plan,
And let him end as he began.
(36) 'Tis hard appropriate words to find
For the mere creatures of your mind:
And 'twere perhaps the better way
To mould the Iliad to a play,
Than be the foremoſt to unfold
Tales yet unknown, or yet untold.
(37) A publick theme will then alone
By lawful right become your own,

If neither o'er a beaten ground
You poorly tread the ſelf-ſame round,
Nor dully (38) word for word tranſlate,
Nor, copying, run into a ſtrait,
Whence both the work's eſtabliſh'd law
And ſhame forbids you to withdraw.
Nor ſhould you thus begin: (as once
A (39) ſtrolling Poet and a Dunce)
" *I'll ſing great Priam from his empire hurled,*
" *And that fam'd war diſtinguiſh'd through the world.*"
What height can this proud boaſter reach
That anſwers ſuch a pompous ſpeech?
When mountains labour, at the birth
Out comes a wretched mouſe from earth.
How far ſuperior is his ſtrain
Who never promiſes in vain!
" (40) *Muſe, ſing the Man, from vanquiſh'd Troy who ſtrayed,*
" *And various characters and climes ſurveyed!*"
The modeſt Bard who thus could write
Brings light from ſmoke, not ſmoke from light,
And ſoon to our aſtoniſh'd eyes
Bids new and mighty wonders riſe;
Scylla, Antiphates, appear,
Charybdis there, the Cyclops here!

No

No bard like this, if e'er his lay
Should Diomed's return diſplay,
From (41) Meleager's death begins,
Nor Troy's fam'd war from Leda's Twins.
(42) He haſtens to th' event, and brings
His reader to the 'midſt of things
As known before; but will decline
Thoſe parts where he deſpairs to ſhine;
While to ſuch points his fiction tends,
So aptly truth with falſhood blends,
That all the parts, to one deſign,
Beginning, middle, end, combine.
Hear, you who ſeek dramatick fame,
What I, and what the people claim!
Would you your audience pleaſed ſhould ſtay
Till the laſt moment of your play;
When o'er the ſcene the curtain draws,
And the (43) Conductor begs applauſe,
(44) Mark well in your inſtructive page
The character of every age,
And ſuit man's nature, who appears
To change his temper with his years!
The Boy, when firſt he clearly talks,
And now treads firmly as he walks,
Loves with his fellow-boys to play,
Takes anger up, or caſts away,

As light caprice exert's it power,
And changes with the fleeting hour.
The beardleſs Youth, of freedom vain,
Loves horſes, hounds, the ſunny plain;
Pliant as wax to vice he bends,
But ſternly hears th' advice of friends,
To right purſuits averſe and cold,
But heedleſsly profuſe of gold,
Haughty, with ardent wiſhes fired,
But prompt to quit what he deſired.
Next manhood changes all our views:
Wealth, uſeful friendſhips, each purſues,
Hears honour's call, and ſtrives to ſhun
Thoſe deeds which he may wiſh undone.
A thouſand cares, a thouſand pains,
Man in his life's decline ſuſtains;
Whether that, anxious to no end,
He loves to gain, yet fears to ſpend,
Or that, in all purſuits, the old
Are timid, ſpiritleſs and cold,
Protractive, indolent, remiſs,
(45) Yet fooled by hopes of future bliſs,
Faſtidious, peeviſh, prone to praiſe
What paſſed when in their youthful days,
And with ſevere cenſorious tongue
Correct the follies of the young.

Much

Much good increaſing years beſtow;
Much quits us when they refluent flow.
Then, leſt an old man's part we teach
To youths, to boys firm manhood's ſpeech,
Let us, when writing for the ſtage,
Adapt the manners to the age.
Our audience in the ſcene behold
The action, or muſt hear it told.
But what the ear alone receives
Far leſs impreſſion makes and leaves
Than repreſented ſcenes, which lie
Before the rapt ſpectator's eye.
Yet never on the ſtage diſplay
Such deeds as ſhun the face of day;
But from the ſight ſome actions veil,
The ſubject of a future tale.
(46) Let not before the people's face
Medea ſtab her infant race;
Nor human intrails for his gueſt
By Atreus in their ſight be dreſt;
Nor Progne of a ſwallow take
The form, nor Cadmus of a ſnake.
Such ſcenes we ne'er admit as true,
And, diſbelieving, hate to view.
No Play, to pleaſe us o'er and o'er,
(47) Leſs than five Acts ſhould have, or more.

(48) Nor let a God forſake the ſkies,
'Till ſome important criſis riſe
That claims his mighty aid; nor ſeek
To make a fourth dull perſon ſpeak.
(49) The Chorus ſhould one even ſtrain
And one fixt character maintain;
Nor aught between the Acts ſhould blend
But what promotes the Poet's end.
(50) To favour virtue be it's pride,
And with kind friendly counſels guide,
To curb th' enraged, to cheriſh all
Whom guilty deeds with dread appall,
Praiſe temp'rance, juſtice, the due courſe
Of laws, and peace, glad plenty's ſource,
Keep ſecrets truſted to it's care,
And to the Gods direct it's prayer,
That fortune to the wretch once more
Return, but quit the proud man's door.
(51) The Pipe, not girt with braſs around,
Nor rivalling the trumpet's ſound,
But ſlight and ſimple, breath'd a ſtrain
That aided much the (52) choral train,
And, though endued with ſlender powers,
Fill'd theatres, not throng'd like our's,
Which could, in virtuous days of old,
A frugal ſimple people hold.

But,

But, when the wealth that conqueſt yields
Adorn'd their town, enlarged their fields,
And, when with wine they dared to raiſe
Their mirth by day, on feſtal days,
A freer licenſe then began,
And through the verſe and muſick ran.
(For how could the unlearned taſte
Of ruſtick clowns be true and chaſte,
When, freed from toil, they ſat in ſtate,
And mingled with the gay and great?)
The Piper thus his ſtrains refined,
Luxuriant choral dances joined,
And now, in gay apparel dreſt,
Trailed o'er the ſtage a flowing veſt.
Thus bold invention to the lyre
Could new expreſſive tones inſpire,
And, when with wiſe and juſt preſage
The Chorus would inform the age,
(53) It's ſtile was like the voice divine
That iſſues from the Delphick ſhrine.

That Bard who, (54) a vile goat to gain,
Contended in the Tragick ſtrain,
Next with the naked (55) Satyrs graced
The varied ſcene, and, rude in taſte,
Would try to ſport and jeſt awhile,
Yet (56) keep his dignity of ſtile.

For

For ſome attractive novel ſight
Alone his audience could delight,
When freſh from Feaſts, with wine well-filled,
And free to do whate'er it willed.
But thus let jeſts, in ſuch a play,
Be mix'd, thus change from grave to gay,
(57) That neither God, nor Chief, who late
Has ſhone in ſplendid robes of ſtate,
With language profligate and mean
Should act a tavern's vulgar ſcene,
Nor, while from earth aloft he flies,
Soar to the clouds, and beat the ſkies.
Grave ſolemn Tragedy diſdains
To babble light ignoble ſtrains,
And, like the matron, who diſplays
Her modeſt dance on feſtal days,
Will differ in a ſlight degree
From Satyrs, who are rough and free.
Should I, my Piſos, e'er engage
To bring rude Satyrs on the ſtage,
I'd not adopt (58) plain terms alone,
And words to common uſage known;
Nor would I take ſuch care and pains
To differ from the tragick ſtrains,
That no diſtinction I diſplay
Whether (59) 'tis Davus ſpeaks the lay,

And

And Pythias, who, in knavery bold,
Cheats ſimple Simo of his gold,
Or grave Silenus treads the ſtage,
A youthful God's attendant Sage.
(60) I'd graft feign'd things on true; that each
Might hope an equal ſtile to reach,
Yet ſtrive and labour oft in vain
To imitate this envied ſtrain.
Thus far connection may avail;
Thus we adorn a well-known tale.
(61) Unleſs my judgment be miſled,
The Fauns, in lonely foreſts bred,
Should never, like the town-bred race
That haunts each ſtreet and publick place,
Or breathe a youthful tender ſtile,
Or utter words obſcene and vile.
Such contradictions ſhock the taſte
Of men by rank and fortune graced:
Nor, though the (62) witleſs rabble praiſe,
Will they admire or crown your lays.
(63) When a long ſyllable ſucceeds
A ſhort one, and thus ſwiftly ſpeeds,
'Tis called th' Iambick foot. Thence came
The Trimeter Iambick's name;
A verſe in which the voice muſt beat
The pauſes of ſix equal feet,

From

From firſt to laſt the ſame. Of late,
To give it greater ſtrength and weight,
It bade the firmer Spondees ſhare
Thoſe rights to which itſelf was heir,
All others yielding with good grace
Except the fourth and ſecond place.
(64) This mixture of two different feet
With happy art, we ſeldom meet
In Attius or old Ennius' lays,
So much extolled in modern days.
Their heavy, ſlow dramatick verſe
Proves haſte, neglect, or ſomething worſe,
Sheer ignorance (a greater ſhame)
Of arts on which they build their fame.
But not to every judge's ear
Do ill-tuned numbers harſh appear;
And much indulgence, thus obtained,
(65) Our Bards, without deſerving, gained.
Shall I then rove, in licenſe free?
Or deem that all my faults will ſee,
And, by due caution to inſure
At leaſt my pardon, write ſecure?
'Tis thus I may eſcape from blame,
And yet deſerve not praiſe or fame.
(66) But you by day, by night, turn o'er
The models left by Greece of yore.

(67) Plautus

(67) Plautus your fathers' taſte could hit;
Who praiſed his numbers and his wit.
Such taſte (to uſe the ſofteſt word)
Was patient, not to ſay abſurd,
If you and I diſtinguiſh right
(68) When wit is coarſe, when truly bright,
And by our ear and fingers know
When verſe has a melodious flow.
(69) Theſpis, as ancient ſtories ſay,
Firſt taught mankind a Tragick lay
Till then unknown, and brought in carts
The men who played and ſung his parts,
A ſtrolling band, who ſtrove to pleaſe
With faces well bedaubed with lees.
'Twas Æſchilus next bade us know
The maſk and robe's majeſtick flow,
A ſtage of mod'rate ſize ſupplied,
The pomp of ſpeech, the buſkin's pride.
Old Comedy's licentious lays
Next roſe, and gained abundant praiſe.
But freedom unreſtrained grew looſe,
And called for laws to check th' abuſe.
By laws the Chorus (70) brought to ſhame,
Was ſilenced, nor could wound our fame.
Our Bards (be this their honeſt pride!)
All ſubjects, every ſtrain, have tried,

And dared the paths that Greece had ſhewn
To quit for (71) ſtories of our own,
Whether their characters they dreſs'd
In (72) tragick robes, or comick veſt.
Nor ſhould we more diſtinction claim
For valour than poetick fame,
Did we with care correct our ſtile,
Nor ſcorn the ſlow laborious file.
But you, (73) illuſtrious Numa's race,
Conſign that poem to diſgrace
Whoſe language, faulty through neglect,
Nor care, nor frequent blots correct,
Nor o'er and o'er, through every line,
The numbers ſmoothe, the ſenſe refine.
(74) Becauſe Democritus, who prizes
Bright genius, wretched art deſpiſes,
Nor will th' Aonian ſtreams diſpenſe
To Poets who have common ſenſe,
Moſt brothers of the rhyming art
Refuſe with nails or beard to part,
To ſolitary glens retreat,
And ſhun each publick bath and ſtreet.
For this, they deem, will conſecrate
A Poet's genius, that his pate
(Which three (75) Anticyras would not cure)
Shall ne'er the barber's hand endure.

Alas!

Alas! can I pretend to ſing,
Who purge th' o'erflowing bile in ſpring?
Elſe would no fav'rite of the Nine
Compoſe ſuperior verſe to mine.
But I'm content: my only art
Is to perform the whetſtone's part;
Which ſharpens ſteel, but ne'er was known
To cut by ſharpneſs of it's own.
Thus, though I write not, I'll explain
What rules ſhould guide Apollo's train;
Whence all their riches they inherit;
What forms their genius, ſtamps their merit;
What beſt becomes them; to what ends
Virtue, and whither error tends.
(76) Whate'er good writing we compoſe
From ſenſe, it's ſource and fountain, flows.
Of this to gain an ample ſtore
Search deeply the Socratick lore.
For when the matter's well ſupplied
Words follow in a copious tide.
Who knows what ſervices demand
His faithful friends and native land,
What love a father, brother, gueſt,
Should wake in every virtuous breaſt,
What high important cares await
A Senator, who rules the ſtate,—

A Judge,

A Judge, or Chief who leads his train
To combat on th' embattled plain,
That Bard may give, with happy art,
To each his due appropriate part.
Then let a ſkilful writer ſcan
The life and character of man,
And from that genuine ſource diſpenſe
(77) Words that accord with truth and ſenſe.
For (78) oft a drama that diſplays
Juſt thoughts, and manners well pourtrays,
Though without beauty, weight, or art,
Will longer pleaſe and fix the heart
Than words to which no thoughts belong,
The trifling melody of ſong.
(79) True genius in it's loftieſt tone
The Muſe has given to Greece alone;
Whoſe Bards, in her diſtinguiſh'd days,
Were covetous of naught but praiſe.
Our youth are taught no other arts
Than to divide (80) a Pound in parts.
" What's left (I aſk Albinus' Son)
" When from five ounces you take one?"
" You could have told"—" *A third remains."—
" Well ſaid!—You'll huſband all your gains.
" Now then, let the reſult be found
" By adding one."—" *'Tis half a Pound."

* That is a third of a Pound.

Can

Can we, when minds, from love of gain,
Have once imbibed ſo deep a ſtain,
Aſpire to build thoſe lofty rhymes
That (81) live, preſerved to after times?
Of Poets the chief ends are theſe:
They ſtudy to inſtruct, or pleaſe,
Or with a mixt intention write,
At once to profit and delight.
Be brief, that what you teach in ſong
May ſoon be learn'd, remember'd long.
From minds replete with moral lore
Whate'er's ſuperfluous will run o'er.
Let fictions, framed to pleaſe, be juſt:
(82) No tale ſhould need implicit truſt.
Nor from the Sorc'reſs (83) Lamia's maw
A living child, late eaten, draw.
The tribes of Elders from the ſtage
Drive works that don't inſtruct the age.
But (84) Roman Knights with ſcornful ſneer
Reject a poem that's auſtere.
That Bard alone gains all his ends,
Who pleaſure with inſtruction blends;
Whoſe genius finds the happy art
To charm the ear and mend the heart,
His book will to the (85) Soſias gain
Abundant wealth; 'twill croſs the main,

And it's great author's name prolong
For ages hence, renown'd in ſong.
Yet there are failings of the Muſe
Which all with free conſent excuſe.
Not always will the beſt-tuned lyre
Sound flat or ſharp, as we require;
Nor always, when the bow we try,
True to the mark our arrows fly.
But, when more beauties deck the ſtrain,
I pardon here and there a ſtain,
Where ſome ſlight careleſſneſs we find,
Or frailty common to mankind.
What then?—The copyiſt we blame
Who, warned of faults, repeats the ſame,
And laugh ſhould a Muſician make
Oft on one ſtring the ſame miſtake;
So Poets often dull I hold
As bad as (86) Chærilus of old;
At whom, if e'er he chance to blunder
On a good line, I ſmile and wonder,
But, ſhould I now and then perceive
Great Homer ſlumbers, fret and grieve.
Yet, on all Bards, I grant that ſleep,
In a long work, may ſometimes creep.
The poet's, like the painter's, art
Gives different tints to every part.

Some will delight us moſt when nigh:
Some moſt, when diſtant, ſtrike the eye.
Theſe love the ſhade; thoſe court the light;
Nor dread the Critick's piercing ſight.
This, pleaſing once, can pleaſe no more:
This charms repeated ten times o'er.
(87) Attend to this, thou elder Youth!
Though by thy father led to truth,
Though of good taſte thyſelf poſſeſt;
Yet keep this maxim in thy breaſt:
Some arts, their purpoſe to fulfil,
Admit a moderate ſhare of ſkill.
A Counſel who expounds the laws,
And one who pleads his Client's cauſe,
Knows leſs than Aulus, nor can reach
Meſſala's eloquence in ſpeech,
Yet has his merit, and his praiſe.
But in th' aſpiring Poet's lays
No mediocrity of wit
Gods, men, or letter'd poſts admit.
As muſick harſh and ill combined,
Or honey of a bitter kind,
Or rank perfumes, at feaſts diſpleaſe,
Becauſe a ſupper needs not theſe;
A poem thus, whoſe final views,
Whoſe firſt great aim, are to amuſe,

When from it's height it once deſcends,
Thence to the loweſt bottom tends.
(88) None, without practice, dares to wield
Thoſe arms which grace the ſportive field,
Nor plays at *diſcus*, *trochus*, *ball*,
Unſkilled, leſt he be jeer'd by all.
And yet th' adventurous wight who knows
No rule of writing, dares compoſe.
" Why ſhould he not? (you cry) he's free,
" Of noble birth, of high degree,
" In property—a Roman Knight,
" In conduct—virtuous and upright."—
Yet ah, whate'er your toil and pain
Without true genius, all is vain!
Judge thus. If, at a future day,
You e'er compoſe the tuneful lay,
Submit to (89) Metius every line,
Conſult your father's taſte, and mine,
And, ere you let your work appear,
(90) Preſerve it to the ninth full year.
Unpubliſhed you may blot out all,
When gone, each word is paſt recal.
(91) Orpheus, by ſacred genius fired,
Who ſung what heaven itſelf inſpired,
From ſavage food and murd'rous ſtrife
Reclaimed mankind, and ſoftened life.

Hence

Hence was that Poet ſaid to aſſuage
The tyger's and fierce lion's rage.
Amphion too was ſaid to call
Ev'n ſtones, to form the Theban wall,
And lead them by his ſoothing prayers
Tuned to his lyre's enchanting airs.
But 'twas his wiſdom to divide
Private from ſocial rights, decide
What things are ſacred, what profane,
Mankind from lawleſs love reſtrain,
Bid wedlock's rules be underſtood,
Build cities, carve their laws in wood.
Thence roſe the honours we aſſign
To Poets and their ſongs divine.
Next theſe, illuſtrious Homer's lays,
And bold (92) Tyrtæus, waked by praiſe
Fierce martial ſpirits, at the call
Of honour's voice to fight and fall;
(93) Verſe told th' events of future days;
(94) Verſe guided life through all it's ways;
Verſe ſought the ſmiles of Kings to gain,
Who love the ſweet Pierian ſtrain,
(95) Invented ſports, and ſoothed to reſt
The mind by tedious toils oppreſt.
Then bluſh not, if the Muſe inſpire
Thy love, and Phœbus wake thy lyre.

(96) 'Tis aſk'd, if nature can impart
Moſt merit to a work, or art?
But what can ſtudious toil attain
Without a rich and happy vein?
Or what rude genius? each ſhould lend
It's powers, each prove it's rival's friend.
(97) Th' aſpiring youth, whoſe eager ſoul
Pants for the race, and graſps the gaol,
Has done, has ſuffer'd much, ſuſtained
Toil, heat, from wine and love refrained:
The Pythian Singer has been ſchooled,
And, by a ſtern harſh maſter ruled.
But 'tis enough if Bards exclaim,
" Mine is the verſe that merits fame:
" Plague take the hindmoſt! in the race
" I'll ne'er incur that vile diſgrace,
" Nor own my ignorance of aught,
" In matters which I ne'er was taught."
(98) As cryers, when they hawk aloud
Their petty wares, collect a crowd,
The Poet thus, by many a field
Enriched, by ſums that int'reſt yield,
Calls round him an obſequious train,
Who barter flattery for gain.
For, if his fortune can provide
A feaſt with luxuries ſupplied,

Bail thoſe whom caſh and credit fail,
Or ſave from actions and a jail,
'Twould move my wonder if he knew
How to diſcern falſe friends from true.
But ſhould you give or promiſe aught,
Let not the man obliged be brought,
Juſt when his gratitude o'erflows,
To hear the verſes you compoſe.
He'll then exclaim: "*Ye Gods! how fine,*
"*How juſt, how great, is every line!*"
Turn pale, ſhed kindly tears, or bound
Aloft in air, or ſtamp the ground.
Hired mourners ſay and do much more
Than thoſe who from their hearts deplore.
The flatt'rer thus more warmth diſplays
Than he who gives unbiaſs'd praiſe.
Great men ('tis ſaid) with bumpers ply
That friend whoſe worth they mean to try.
Should you write verſe, beware of arts
By which the crafty veil their hearts.
Read to (99) Quinctilius aught, he'd ſay,
"Correct this line, and this, I pray."
Should you declare you've tried in vain,
But can't inprove the faulty ſtrain,
"Then blot it out (he'd cry) once more
"Work on the verſe ill-wrought before."

But if perverſely you defend
The fault you ſhould reſolve to mend,
No further time or pains he'd waſte,
But leave you to your wretched taſte,
To love, unrivalled and alone,
Yourſelf, and all that is your own.
(100) Whoe'er good ſenſe with taſte combines,
Will cenſure weak and ſluggiſh lines,
Harſh verſes blame, whate'er wants grace
Mark, and with pen revers'd efface,
Retrench the vain luxuriant lay,
Compel th' obſcure to ſhine in day,
Point what a doubtful ſenſe conveys,
And note where you ſhould change a phraſe;
In ſhort, be faithful to his truſt
As (101) Ariſtarchus keen and juſt;
Nor argue thus: "Shall I offend
"In trifles a reſpected friend?"
Theſe trifles ſerious miſchief breed
To him whom flatt'ry's arts miſlead.
(102) As from the man whom leprous ſtains,
Or evil lurking in the veins,
Afflict, or great (103) Diana's ire
Has driven to madneſs, all retire,
Thus of a raging Bard the wiſe
Dreads ev'n the touch, and timely flies.

Boys

Boys hoot and pelt him, and the crew
Of weak incautious fools purſue.
When, fondly rapt in thoughts ſublime,
He prowls abroad, and ſpouts his rhyme,
If, like a fowler bent on prey,
Into a well or pit he ſtray,
Though in a piteous tone he bawl,
"*Help countrymen!*" none hears his call.
Should one perchance incline to throw
A rope to drag him from below,
"Hold! might he not this trick have played
"On purpoſe, and reject your aid?"
I cry, and to that end relate
The mad Sicilian Poet's fate.
(104) Empedocles, urged on by pride,
That men might think he had not died,
And 'midſt th' immortals place his name,
Leap'd coolly into Ætna's flame.
Let Poets die!—againſt their will
To ſave ſelf-murderers, is to kill.
Nor is this deed his firſt offence;
Nor ſhould you kindly drag him thence,
Would he grow human, and amend,
Or ceaſe to love a ſhameful end.
I know not for what heinous crime
He's curs'd with this ſame itch of rhyme;

Whether

Whether his father's aſhes ſtained,
Or the (105) Bidental's bounds profaned,
Heaven's wrath provoked; of this be ſure:
He's mad beyond all hope of cure;
And, as a bear who burſts his den
Is dreaded by all prudent men,
This dire (106) reciter of his lay
Drives both th' unlearn'd and learn'd away.
Should he o'ertake one hapleſs wight,
He'll ſeize and read him dead for ſpite,
A very leech, that ne'er gives o'er,
But ſtill adheres till gorged with gore.

NOTES ON THE EPISTLE TO THE PISOS.

(1) Theſe firſt lines, which are conſidered by Dr. Hurd as merely introductory, appear to me (with ſubmiſſion to ſo great an authority) in a very different light. The Poet here illuſtrates, by an animated Simile, one of the moſt eſſential rules of his art; a rule as important as any one delivered throughout the Poem. He begins it abruptly: (*in medias res auditorem rapit*) he dwells upon it as ſtrongly as upon any other, and gives no hint of it's being merely introductory to his main ſubject.—Dacier is therefore (as I conceive) right in ſaying that "Horace enters upon his ſubject at once, and without any preface."

(2) What follows *ut*, in the Original, is not a neceſſary conſequence of the preceding part of the ſentence. Sanadon, therefore,

therefore, reads *aut*, thereby making two pictures. To this alteration there are, I think, three objections: 1ſt. It is unauthorized: 2dly. It is unlikely Horace ſhould give two pictures ſo very ſimilar; which appears unneceſſary, and would have an ill effect: 3dly. If we attend cloſely to the ſentence, as thus altered, we ſhall find the conſtruction awkward, and hardly grammatical; unleſs after *aut* we underſtand *efficiat ut*; which ſeems an ellipſis too great to be admitted.

(3) Colman, from this early addreſs to the Piſos, endeavours to draw an inference in favour of his own hypotheſis. But in all his Epiſtles Horace names in the outſet the perſon to whom he writes.

There were ſeveral Roman families of the name of Piſo; but the perſons here addreſſed, it is agreed, were Lucius Calpurnius Piſo and his two Sons. He was Conſul in the year of Rome 738, and is ſaid to have been much in the confidence of Auguſtus, and afterwards of Tiberius.

(4) Too great a fondneſs for deſcription is, no doubt, a frequent fault of young Poets. But probably it was beginning at this time, from the example of Ovid, to be a general fault of the age. The following paſſage, from Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm, is appoſitely cited by Colman:

Some to conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glittering thoughts ſtruck out at every line,
Pleaſed with a work where nothing's juſt or fit,
One glittering chaos and wild heap of wit.

(5) Theſe, we may conclude, were frequent topicks with the Poets of that period. A deſcription of the Rhine by Furius Alpinus is ridiculed by Horace in Sat. 10. Book 1.

(6) A

(6) A cypreſs is ſuppoſed to be one of the objects which young painters were taught to imitate.—*Dac.*

(7) This alludes to the cuſtom among the Romans for perſons who had eſcaped from ſhipwreck to hang up in the temple of Neptune their wet garments, and a picture repreſenting the circumſtances of their eſcape. Painters were therefore frequently employed on ſuch ſubjects.

(8) This image is taken from the Roman manufactories of earthen ware.

(9) This cenſure on writers who are too fond of the marvellous, is ſuppoſed by Smart to be directed againſt *Ovid's Metamorpheſes*; which might have been known to Horace before he wrote this Epiſtle. But that entertaining work has it's *foundation* in the marvellous, and therefore can ſcarcely carry it too far.

(10) The Original is, *A ſtatuary near the lower end of the Æmilian School*; alluding, it is ſuppoſed, to a School of Gladiators eſtabliſhed by *Æmilius Lentulus*, in the neighbourhood of which many Artiſts lived.

(11) Dacier derives this maxim from Ariſtotle. (Poet. cap. 26.) But there is little reſemblance between the paſſage referred to and this. The rule here enforced is indeed ſo important and ſo obvious, that we need not trace it to any other ſource than our Author's own obſervations and good ſenſe.—Pope (as Colman obſerves) has imitated this paſſage:

" Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
" How far your genius, taſte, and learning go.
" Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet;
" And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet."

There is alſo a paſſage to the ſame effect at the beginning of Boileau's *Art of Poetry*.

At the concluſion of the paſſage before us, Horace ſpeaks of the advantages of "a clear order or method;" (*lucidus ordo*) from which Colman infers that the work in which order is recommended cannot have been written without order. But this *à priori* reaſoning would often deceive us. The truth ſeems to be, that Horace was ſenſible of the beauty of order in an *Epick* or *Dramatick* poem, but did not deem it neceſſary in *Epiſtolary* writings.

(12) The paſſage in the Original is,—

In verbis etiam tenuis cautuſque ſerendis
Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.

The meaning of this paſſage has been interpreted in different ways.—Dacier and Sanadon underſtand it to be, "that you "ſhould form a new word by joining two old ones."—Hurd explains it thus: "Inſtead of framing new words, I recom-"mend to you any kind of artful management by which "you may be able to give a new air and caſt to old ones."—He gives a variety of examples, illuſtrating both this and the firſt-mentioned explanation, from Shakſpear. — But Dr. Beattie's conſtruction of theſe lines appears to me the beſt. He conſiders the Poet in this whole paſſage (viz. from ver. 46. to 72 in the Original, and 75 to 125 in this Tranſlation) to be ſpeaking of *new* words, and arranges the paſſage thus: "Dixeris egregie, ſi callida junctura reddiderit *novum verbum* "*notum*." "New words (ſays the Poet) are to be cautiouſly "and ſparingly introduced; but, when neceſſary, an author "will do well to give them ſuch a poſition in the ſentence, as

"that

" that the Reader ſhall be at no loſs to diſcover their meaning." He cites Bond, Dryden (in his Notes on the Æneid) and the Abbè Batteux, as agreeing in this interpretation.

(13) Marcus Cornelius Cethegus was a celebrated Roman Orator, mentioned by Cicero, and highly praiſed by Ennius. He is therefore properly alluded to, here and in the 2d Epiſt. Book 2d, when the Poet is ſpeaking of ſtile.

The words of the Original (*cinctutis Cethegis*) are, I think, properly explained by Colman, from Jaſon de Nores, as " expreſſing a ſeverity of manners by an alluſion to an antique " gravity of dreſs." It ſeems to mean a ſhort tight dreſs, called *cinctus Gabinus*, better adapted to active exertions than the looſe flowing robe uſually worn by the Romans. Colman has tranſlated it *ſtrait-laced*. I have not ventured to Anglicize the word.

(14) Horace is fond of *Græciſms* in his Odes, and ſeems to have approved of them in thoſe ſpecies of poetry which were derived from the Greeks. In his Satires and Epiſtles, however, his phraſes and expreſſions are according to the Latin idiom.

(15) This humour, it may be obſerved, holds here in England, as it did formerly at Rome; and will, I ſuppoſe, hold every where under the ſame circumſtances. *Cæcilius* and *Plautus* were allowed to coin, but not *Virgil* and *Varius*. The ſame indulgence our authors had at the reſtoration of letters: but it is denied to our preſent writers. The reaſon is plainly this: While arts are refining or reviving, the greater part are forced, and all are content to be *learners*. When they are grown to their uſual height, all affect to be teachers. With this affectation, a certain envy, as the poet obſerves,

—— ego cur acquirere pauca,
Si poſſum, invideor ——

inſinuates itſelf; which is for reſtraining the privileges of writers; to all of whom every reader is now become a rival: whereas men, under the firſt character of *learners*, are glad to encourage every thing that makes for their inſtruction.—*Hurd.*

(16) It is generally ſuppoſed that Horace, in this place, has in view the paſſage in Homer (Il. Book 6.) in which the generations of men are compared to the leaves of trees, thus tranſlated by Pope:—

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their turns decay;
So flouriſh theſe when thoſe are paſt away.

Pope himſelf has, in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, compared words to leaves, but in another view.—*Colman.*

(17) The Poet alludes here to a great work of Auguſtus; who united the lake *Avernus* with the *Lucrine* lake; by which the *Portus Julius* was formed. The ſcheme is ſaid to have been projected, or at leaſt executed, by Agrippa, for the purpoſe of training a fleet to match that of Sextus Pompey. This harbour was made in the year of Rome 717.

(18) This alludes to the drying up of the *Palus Pontinus* (another work of Auguſtus) by the canal, between *Forum Appii* and *Terracina*, or *Anxur*, which Horace navigated on his way to Brunduſium. See Sat. 5. Book 1. and the Notes thereon.—It had been dried once before by Cornelius Cethegus, then Conſul.

(19) Au-

(19) Auguſtus had turned the Tiber into a different channel, by which means the inundations, to which the city of Rome and country around it had been ſubject, were prevented.

(20) This revival of old words is one of thoſe niceties in compoſition not to be attempted by any but great maſters. It may be done two ways; Firſt, by reſtoring ſuch terms as are grown intirely obſolete; or, ſecondly, by ſelecting out of thoſe which have ſtill a currency, and are not quite laid aſide, ſuch as are moſt forcible and expreſſive. Theſe choice words among ſuch as are ſtill in uſe, I take to be thoſe which are employed by the old writers in ſome peculiarly ſtrong and energetick ſenſe, yet ſo as to be copied with advantage by the moderns without appearing barbarous or affected.—*Hurd.*

(21) The purport of theſe lines and their connexion with what follows, hath not (ſays Hurd) been fully ſeen. They would expreſs this general propoſition, "that the ſeveral kinds "of poetry eſſentially differ from each other, as may be gathered, not ſolely from their different ſubjects, but their "different meaſures; which good ſenſe, and an attention to "the peculiar nature of each, inſtructed the great inventors "and maſters of them to employ."

(22) Several Greek Poets have been named, by different writers, as having invented Elegy. Archilochus, Polimneſtes of Colophon, Callinous, Terpander, and others have divided the ſuffrages of Criticks. If this point was doubtful in the time of Horace, we cannot ſuppoſe it to be leſs ſo now.

(23) For an account of Archilochus ſee the 6th Epode, Note (*c*).

(24) Theſe

(24) Theſe were, with *the Greeks*, the principal ſubjects of Lyrick poetry. But, it may be obſerved, many of Horace's Odes are not comprized in this deſcription; viz. thoſe which are on topicks of morality. It may therefore be preſumed there was little of this kind in the Greek writers, and that moral ſubjects were added by our Poet.

(25) Dacier tells us, (and this ſeems ſufficient, ſince that ſtory was one of the moſt frequent ſubjects both of the Greek and Roman Drama) that the ſupper of Thyeſtes is put for all Tragedies. Hurd thinks this ſubject is ſingled out, becauſe the Tragedy of Thyeſtes, which Ennius had written, is particularly chargeable with the fault here cenſured; for the proof of which he quotes a paſſage in Cicero de Oratore.

(26) So in Satire 4.

——— *At pater ardens*
Sævit, &c.

where he proves that the occaſional elevation of ſtile in Comedy, being only what might happen, on particular occaſions, in common life, does not therefore make it a *poem*.

(27) Here it may not be improper to obviate a common miſtake that ſeems to have ariſen from the too ſtrict interpretation of the poet's rule. *Tragick characters*, he ſays, *will generally expreſs their ſorrows in proſaick language*. From this juſt obſervation, haſtily conſidered and compared with the practice of ſome writers, it has been concluded, that what we call *pure poetry*, the eſſence of which conſiſts in bold figures and a lively imagery, has no place on the ſtage. But let the imagery be ever ſo great or ſplendid, if it be ſuch only as the governing paſſion loves to conceive and paint, and if it be no further dilated on, and with no greater ſollicitude and curioſity,

than the natural working of the paſſion demands, the Drama is ſo far from rejecting ſuch Poetry, that it glories in it as what is moſt eſſential to it's true end and deſign.

There is an obvious diſtinction to be made (and to *that* the poet's rule, as explained in this Note refers) between the ſoft and tender, and the more vigorous paſſions. When the former prevail, the mind is in a weak languid ſtate; and, though all alluſion and imagery be not improper here, yet as that fire and energy of the ſoul is wanting, which gives a facility of ranging over our ideas and of ſeizing ſuch as may be turned to any reſemblance of our own condition, it will, for that reaſon, be leſs *frequent* in this ſtate of mind than in any other. Such imagery, too, will, for the ſame reaſon, be leſs *ſtriking*; becauſe the ſame languid affections lead to and make us acquieſce in, a ſimpler and plainer expreſſion. But univerſally in the ſtronger paſſions the *poetical character* prevails, and riſes only in proportion to the force and activity of thoſe paſſions.—*Hurd.*

(28) Telephus and Peleus were the heroes of two Greek Tragedies, now loſt, but ſuppoſed to have been written by Euripides; who is ridiculed by Ariſtophanes for making his heroes beggars. Ennius and Nævius had each alſo written a tragedy on the ſtory of Telephus.

(29) The diſtinction between the καλον and the ηδυ is always preſerved.—*Foſt. MS.* It is indeed ſufficiently clear, that Horace, in imitation of the Greek Criticks, marks the diſtinction between the beautiful and the pathetick in poetry. Yet commentators are not perfectly agreed what *kind* of beauty is meant. Hurd approves of the paraphraſe of F. Robertellus; which expreſſes it thus:—"It is not enough that tragedies "have that kind of beauty which ariſes from a pomp and "ſplendor of diction; they muſt alſo be pathetick or affect-"ing." He tranſcribes a long Note of an ingenious perſon (ſaid

(ſaid to be Dr. Friend) tending to prove that the word *pulcher* may ſignify beautiful in a confined ſenſe, and as diſtinguiſhed from pathetick. This opinion coincides with that of Dacier and Sanadon, and is adopted in the preſent tranſlation. Mr. Wakefield, however, in his Silva Critica (Part 3d, p. 51.) gives an explanation differing from this. He conſiders *pulchra* as ſignifying *exact, framed according to juſt rules*, and cites Aſcenſcius and Acron as concurring in this interpretation; which is alſo approved by one of the moſt learned of modern Criticks, Dr. Parr. See *Britiſh Critick*, vol. 5. p. 350.

The above ſentiment of Horace appears to be derived from Ariſtotle's Poetick, cap. 19.

(30) Tragedy, as one ſaid, who had a heart tuned to feel it's tendereſt emotions, (Sir Ph. Sidney) *ſhewed forth the ulcers that are covered with tiſſue.* In order to awaken and call forth in the ſpectator all thoſe ſympathies which naturally await on the lively exhibition of ſuch a ſcene, the writer muſt have a ſoul tuned to the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility, and ſuſceptible of the ſame vibrations from his own created images, which are known to ſhake the ſufferer in real life. This is ſo uncommon a pitch of humanity, that 'tis no wonder ſo few have ſucceeded in this trying part of the drama. Euripides, of all the antients, had moſt of this ſympathetick tenderneſs in his nature; and accordingly we find him without a rival in this praiſe.—They who apply themſelves to expreſs the *pitiable*, ελεινον, in tragedy, would do well to examine their own hearts by this rule before they preſume to practiſe upon thoſe of others. See this Remark applied by Cicero to the ſubject of Oratory. De Orat. Lib. 2. c. 45.—*Hurd.*

This, it may be obſerved, is one of the precepts which Horace has derived from Ariſtotle; who (in his Poetick, cap. 17.) ſays: "The Poet ſhould enter as much as poſſible into the

" ſpirit of the ſubject while he is compoſing: for thoſe who are " moved by paſſions themſelves, will expreſs thoſe paſſions " moſt forcibly from their own feelings. Hence he who is " really agitated, ſtorms, and he who is really angry upbraids " moſt truly and naturally; and hence the fictions of a good " poet may be ſaid to reſemble thoſe of a madman, the ductili- " lity of his fancy having the ſame effect on the mind of the " one, as real ecſtaſy (or frenzy) has on the other." Pye's Tranſlation. See alſo Mr. Pye's ingenious remarks on this paſſage, in his Commentary, p. 363.

(31) Here alſo our Poet had (it is ſaid) the Stagyrite in view; though, I think, Horace explains himſelf more clearly on the ſubject than Ariſtotle. " The diſtinction between το " ομοιον and το αρμοττον (ſays Mr. Pye) lies in the one relating " to manners in general, the other to the manners of particular " perſons, as Achilles, Ulyſſes, &c. which ſhould be drawn " according to the received opinion. So Horace: Aut famam " ſequere (το ομοιον) aut ſibi convenientia finge (το αρμοττον)." I apprehend however that " *Aut famam ſequere*," applies to characters already celebrated and known; that this firſt rule is immediately illuſtrated by the inſtances of Achilles, &c.; and that the ſecond (which ſeems to apply intirely to new and *feigned* characters) is referred to afterwards in the lines " *Si quid inexpertum, &c.* which ſeem to be an illuſtration of it.

(32) Dr. Beattie very juſtly remarks that, " thoſe who " form their judgment of Achilles from the imperfect ſketch " given of him here, and conſider him only as a hateful com- " poſition of anger, revenge, fierceneſs, obſtinacy and pride, " can never enter into the views of Homer, nor be ſuitably " affected with his narration. All theſe vices are, no doubt, " in ſome degree combined in Achilles; but they are tempered " with qualities of a different ſort, which render him a moſt " inte-

" intereſting character, and of courſe make the Iliad a moſt " intereſting poem." — Eſſay on Poetry and Muſick, Part 1. cap. 4. p. 405.

(33) Bentley ingeniouſly reads *Homereum* (*celebrated by Homer*). But there is no occaſion for the change; ſince the chief ſubject of the Iliad is the honour done to Achilles; for whoſe ſake Jupiter, at the prayer of Thetis, inflicts puniſhment on the Greeks.—*Foſt. MS.*

(34) The perſons mentioned here were all frequent characters in the Greek Tragedies.

(35) Hurd ſays we ſhould read—

——— ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, *aut* ſibi conſtet.

For, he obſerves, " the rule is, as appears from the reaſon of " the thing, and from Ariſtotle," — " Let an *uniformity* of " character be preſerved, or at leaſt a *conſiſtency*." A character, he argues, may not be *uniform*, and yet may be *conſiſtent*. (See Ariſtot. Poet. cap. 15.) That uniformity and conſiſtency may be diſtinguiſhed, cannot be denied: but the queſtion is, whether they were meant to be ſo here? and whether the whole paſſage quoted might not be intended by Horace to expreſs conſiſtency *alone?* At all events, *aut* has not, I believe, the authority of any old Edition or MS.

(36) Lambin's comment on this paſſage (*Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere*) is, *Communia hoc loco appellat Horatius argumenta fabularum a nullo adhuc tractata; et ita, quæ cuivis expoſita ſunt et in medio quodammodo poſita, quaſi vacua et a nemine occupata.* And that this is the true meaning of *communia* is evidently fixed by the words *ignota indictaque*, which are explanatory of

it.—*Hurd.* Dacier, Sanadon, and ſeveral other commentators, give a ſimilar explanation. Dr. Foſter ſaid, "*Communia* is "uſed in the ſame ſenſe as Homer uſes ξυνια κτιμενα πολλα, "ſpoils to be diſtributed in common to all." And Horace alſo expreſſes it by "*vacuum. Libera per vacuum poſui veſtigia* "*princeps.*"—Foſt. MS. This opinion appearing moſt conſiſtent with the ſubſequent words of the paſſage, has been adopted in this Tranſlation. Yet there are reſpectable authorities for a different interpretation. Baxter explains "*proprie communia dicere,*" to mean *res vulgares diſertis verbis enarrare,* vel *humile thema cum dignitate tractare*; and he cites the Scholiaſt; who ſays, *Difficile eſt communes res propriis explicare verbis.* But a learned Critick, Vincentius Gaudius, has publiſhed a volume to prove that this paſſage has the directly oppoſite ſenſe to that given to it by Lambin and Hurd, and that *communia* ſignifies "*ſubjects already treated of.*" His interpretation is approved by Dr. Parr; who (in the Britiſh Critick, vol. 5. p. 356.) has given an abſtract of the opinion of Gaudius, in the following terms:—"Verbum *communia* ſignificare, jam "occupata et nota, docuerunt cum lingua Latina univerſim, "tum maximè Juriſprendia Romana. Inde didicimus et vocis "*proprium* notionem, quæ vox ſignificat ſuum cujuſque." He thus applies his canon to the lines of Horace. "Difficile eſt "ita tractare communia, ſeu publica, ſeu nota, ut tua propria, "ſeu privata, ſeu nova fiant. Hunc *tamen* ego conatum tibi "ſuadeo. Accipe igitur docilis, quæ trado, præcepta. Materia "communis erit propria, ſive materia publica erit privata, ſive "materia nota erit nova, ſi, &c." Whatever may be the force of argument in this Treatiſe (which has not yet fallen into my hands) I conceive the above mode of paraphraſing the diſputed paſſage is hardly juſtifiable by any fair rule of conſtruction; ſince it turns a copulative into a disjunctive, in order to ſupport an hypotheſis, which otherwiſe the ſecond ſentence of the paſſage ſtrongly negatives. To ſay "It is difficult to

"treat

" treat *known* ſubjects in an appropriate manner, *and* I would " adviſe you rather to turn the Iliad into acts, than bring out " an unknown an untold ſtory," is ſurely little better than nonſenſe, and very different from the ſame ſentence when you change the copulative *and* into *yet*; a change which takes away all the abſurdity. I have however ſtated theſe different opinions, for the Reader's information, without pretending to decide. See a long diſcuſſion of this paſſage in Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, vol. 2. p. 86.

(37) *Publica materies* is juſt the reverſe of what the Poet had before ſtiled *communia*; the latter meaning ſuch ſubjects or characters, as, though by their nature left in common to all, had yet, in fact, not been *occupied* by any writer, the former thoſe which had already been made *publick* by occupation. In order to acquire a property in ſubjects of this ſort, the Poet directs us to obſerve the three following cautions: 1ſt. *Not to follow the trite round* of the original work, i. e. not ſervilely and ſcrupulouſly to adhere to it's plan and method. 2dly. Not to be *tranſlators*, inſtead of *imitators*, i. e. if it ſhall be thought fit to imitate more expreſsly any part of the Original, to do it with freedom and ſpirit, and without a ſlaviſh attachment to the mode of expreſſion. 3dly. Not to adopt any particular incident that may occur in the propoſed model, which either decency or the nature of the work would reject.—*Hurd.*

(38) Nothing is more frequent than to hear this paſſage quoted as a proof that *Tranſlators* ſhould not adhere to the words of their Originals, but may paraphraſe *ad libitum*: yet nothing can be more evident than that Horace is here giving directions to *imitators* (and to imitators of the *ſubject* merely) not to *tranſlators*.

(39) The Ποιηται κυκλικοι were Dithyrambick writers. But the word κυκλικος has different ſenſes, and either may ſignify a Poet who ſtrolls *circum vicos et circum compita*, or one who expreſſes his thoughts in a round-about way.—*Foſſ. MS.*

(40) This is certainly incompleat as a tranſlation of the opening of the Odyſſey; but it ſufficiently anſwers Horace's purpoſe in this paſſage. For a more perfect tranſlation of the beginning of the Odyſſey, ſee Epiſt. 2. Book 1.

(41) Meleager was uncle to Diomed. This paſſage is ſaid to be a ſtroke on Antimachus, a Poet, who, writing on the return of Diomed, began his Poem from the death of Meleager. The ſubſequent line is thought to allude to another Poet after who began a Poem on the Trojan war with recounting the birth of Helen and her Brothers and Siſter, from the two eggs of Leda.

(42) This rule, "that you ſhould begin an Epick Poem in the middle of the ſtory and throw the preceding part into narration," has long been an eſtabliſhed canon of criticiſm. Yet it may be doubted whether any Critick would have thought of it, had not the example of Homer ſhewn it's good effect. It ſeems manifeſt that, in this paſſage, Horace has *Epick* much more than *Dramatick* poetry in view.

(43) The *Cantor* ſeems to have been the Leader or principal perſon of the Chorus.

(44) This celebrated deſcription of the four ages of man is ſuppoſed by ſome to be the Original from which Shakſpeare's *ſeven* ages (in the ſpeech of Jaques) was derived. But the diviſion of the life of man into certain periods may be found in the works of more modern writers, from whom Shakſpeare might have derived it. It is ſaid indeed that emble-

emblematical repreſentations of the different ages of human life were formerly ſtuck up in houſes, and that he took the hint from them.

(45) Inſtead of changing *avidus futuri* to *pavidus*, as Bentley and others have done, upon little or no authority; I conſider the expreſſion as a ſtriking proof of our Poet's acquaintance with human nature. Young men, generally ſpeaking, enjoy the preſent; old men (abſurd as it may ſeem) look forward to the future: and he muſt have little experience, who does not recollect many inſtances of perſons with one foot in the grave, who cheriſhed hopes and purſued projects hardly juſtifiable in the greeneſt age and moſt vigorous conſtitution.

(46) The rule ſo much inſiſted upon by the French Criticks "never to ſtain the theatre with blood," (de ne pas enſanglanter le theatre) is neither derived from the ſchool of Ariſtotle, nor the practice of the Greek tragedians. It ſeems to have ariſen from this precept of Horace, as I think, ill underſtood:

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.

It is to the improbability, not the cruelty, that Horace objects. *Incredulus odi.* I do not conceive *coram populo* to allude to the ſpectators, but the Chorus. Pye on Ariſtot. Poet. p. 200.

(47) Metaſtaſio obſerves on this ſubject, that in Horace's "time the Romans were accuſtomed to five Acts, and to four "reſts or intervals: and Horace reaſonably ſuppoſed that a "Poet would hazard the ſucceſs of his drama, however perfect, "if he tried to bring the audience to a cuſtom different from "that which prevailed in the publick theatres at the time "when he wrote. If Horace had written his Art of Poetry "forty years before, he would probably have recommended "the diviſion of the drama into three Acts, for the ſame

"reaſon

" reaſon that forty years after he adviſed it to be made in " five. For in an Epiſtle of Cicero to his brother Quintus it " appears evident that the publick dramas were then com- " monly put into three and not five Acts." *Pye*'s Comment. on Ariſt. Poet. c. 12. Note 2. There is certainly no natural reaſon why a Play ſhould conſiſt of five Acts rather than any other number. Yet in our times no Tragedy in three or four Acts (though ſeveral ſuch have been brought on the ſtage) has met with much ſucceſs. And, unleſs we were to lengthen or ſhorten each Act conſiderably (which on other accounts might be inconvenient) the ſpace of time occupied by five Acts ſeems beſt calculated to arreſt our attention, without fatiguing it.

(48) In many of the Greek Tragedies the *denouement* was brought about by the intervention of a God or Goddeſs. This the Romans imitated, but, as Horace ſeems to intimate, injudiciouſly.

(49) " The Chorus (ſays Ariſtotle) ought to be conſidered " as one of the characters of the drama, and be deemed a part " of the whole, and contribute to the action. Yet not in the " manner uſed by Euripides, but like Sophocles. In other " Poets the parts that are ſung ſeem to have no more relation " to the fable, than to another tragedy." Poet. c. 18.— Horace ſeems to have derived his two firſt rules for the management of the Chorus from the foregoing paſſage. But neither Ariſtotle, nor Horace (as Mr. Colman juſtly obſerves) has taken up the queſtion whether a Chorus be expedient or not, " each of them giving directions for the proper conduct " of the Chorus, conſidered as an eſtabliſhed and received part " of tragedy." Mr. Colman's remarks on this paſſage are very judicious. But the ſubject is diſcuſſed fully, and, as I conceive, on the ſoundeſt principles of common ſenſe and experience, in Mr. Pye's Commentary on Ariſtotle,

c. 12,

c. 12. Note 4. He has, I think, compleatly overthrown the chief arguments by which the expediency of a Chorus is ſupported. Perhaps the only juſt motive for any partiality to this unnatural and troubleſome appendage to the Drama, is the opportunity it gives the Poet of varying our amuſement by the intermixture of Lyrick poetry. No man of taſte, who has read *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*, can be inſenſible to the charm that may be thus imparted to a dramatick poem. But that charm is in a great meaſure loſt on the ſtage; as thoſe Poems (notwithſtanding the excellent management of the Chorus in both) have, I think, ſhewn in the repreſentation. The arguments in favour of the Chorus may be found in Pere Brumoy's *Theatre Des Grecs*, Maſon's Letters prefixed to Elfrida, and Hurd's Notes on this Epiſtle.

(50) Theſe duties of the Chorus are conſiſtent with the *general* practice of the Greek writers: but, in particular inſtances, they have been obliged to deviate from one or other of them. In fact, they often claſh with each other; as might, I apprehend, be ſhewn (notwithſtanding the ingenious arguments of Hurd to the contrary) did it not lead to too long a diſcuſſion. Hurd himſelf indeed acknowledges that the important advice *to keep ſecrets*, "is not always eaſy to be fol-" lowed," and that "the ableſt writer will ſometimes find "himſelf embarraſſed by the Chorus." We may add, this embarraſſment would be inſurmountable in modern tragedies; which are moſtly framed from ſtories of domeſtick diſtreſs.

(51) This account of the inſtrument and muſick uſed to accompany the Chorus, can little intereſt the Engliſh Reader. It is however curio ; and tends to prove that the Tragedy of the Ancients partook leſs of the nature of our Tragedies than of our ſerious Operas; and that a mere peruſal of them can give

give us but little idea of what they were in the repreſentation. With regard to the *object* of this paſſage *in general*: I take Hurd's opinion to be far the moſt probable; viz. "that the "Poet's intention was, not to cenſure the *falſe* refinements of "the ſtage muſick; but, in a ſhort digreſſive hiſtory, to de-"ſcribe the riſe and progreſs of the *true*." It is accordingly ſo tranſlated here. But the ſentence that begins "*Indoctus* "*quid enim ſaperet, &c.*" appears, as Jaſon De Nores (whom Colman cites) has explained it, to be a kind of Parentheſis, and to refer to what had been ſaid before of the original ſimplicity of the Roman muſick; which was ſuited to the taſte of a mixed and partly ruſtick audience. Mr. Colman ingeniouſly ſuggeſts a tranſpoſition of the two lines, placing them immediately after line 207 in the Original (350 in this Tranſlation) which would make the ſenſe clearer were it warranted by any authority. But he has very properly printed the paſſage in the accuſtomed form. Hurd's explanation of theſe lines, which he conſiders as a ſneer on ſome pretended Philoſophers, who cenſured the refined ſtile of modern muſick, ſeems too far-fetched and conjectural.

(52) "Chorus (ſays Dr. Hurd) here means the whole dra-"matick performance; which was originally nothing elſe." I take this remark to be perfectly juſt. But if the Chorus was originally the whole of the Play, and the ſpeaking parts were gradually introduced and multiplied during the progreſs of it's improvement, we may ſurely conſider the inſtitution itſelf, however it's defects may be compenſated by ſome beauties, or gloſſed over by ſpecious arguments, as a remnant of ancient barbariſm.

(53) Dacier and Sanadon ſuppoſe theſe lines to be a cenſure on the language of the Chorus, as having become obſcure and ænigmatical. Hurd more rationally conſiders the import of them

them as "highly encomiaſtick, yet with great exactneſs de-
"claring the ſpecifick excellence of the Chorus; which lay, as
"Heinſius has well obſerved, 1. In inculcating important
"moral leſſons; and 2. In delivering uſeful preſages and mo-
"nitions concerning future conduct, with an almoſt oracular
"prudence and authority."

(54) The Engliſh Reader ſhould here be told that the Greek name for Tragedy (τραγωδια) means literally the *Goat ſong*, the prize of victory in ſuch contentions being antiently a Goat.

(55) Horace here gives rules for a ſpecies of compoſition with which we are little acquainted, viz. the Greek Satyr; a drama partaking of the nature both of Tragedy and Comedy. The Cyclops of Euripides is the only remaining example of it.

Hurd properly diſtinguiſhes between the Satyrick plays of the Greeks (which appear to have been introduced at Rome before the time of Horace) and the *Atellane* pieces, a kind of Tragi-Comedy which had been imported to Rome from Atella, a town of the Oſci in Campania. The perſons, in the former (he obſerves) were Satyrs, in the other not. See his Notes on The Art of Poetry, p. 184. Note 221.—Colman is, I think, right in ſuppoſing (contrary to the Opinion of Dacier and Hurd) that Horace, in giving rules for the conduct of *Satyrs*, does not mean to glance at the *Atellane* Plays.

(56) I perfectly agree with Mr. Colman that Hurd's interpretation of *incolumi gravitate* (*bidding farewell to his gravity*) is both unwarranted by the uſual ſenſe of the word *incolumis*, and by the general ſenſe of this paſſage. The only inſtance quoted by Hurd of *incolumis* being uſed in the ſenſe he gives it, is in the 5th Ode of the 3d Book, *Incolumi Jovi et urbe Româ*. But even that paſſage eaſily admits of the uſual con-

ſtruction of the word; and it is accordingly ſo conſtrued by almoſt all the commentators. In the preſent inſtance, the *Satyr* being a ſpecies of drama holding a middle place between Tragedy and Comedy, it is ſurely more probable that Horace ſhould ſay, "the Writer, in the jeſts he interſperſed with it, *preſerved* a degree of dignity or (more properly perhaps) force of ſtile, than that he wholly *threw it off*.

(57) The Commentators have given various explications of this precept. De Nores interprets it to ſignify, *that the ſame actor who repreſented a God or Hero in the tragick part of the Drama, muſt not be employed to repreſent a Faun or Silvan in the Satyrick*. Dacier has a ſtrange conceit concerning the joint performance of a *Tragedy* and *Atellane* at one time, the ſame God or Hero being repreſented as the principal ſubject and character of both; on which occaſion (ſays he) the Poet recommends to the author not to debaſe the God or Hero of the Tragedy, by ſinking his language and manners too low in the Atellane; whoſe ſtile, as well as meaſure, ſhould be peculiar to itſelf, equally diſtant from Tragedy and Farce.

The author of the Engliſh Commentary (Dr. Hurd) tells us that "Gods and Heroes were introduced as well into the "*Satyrick* as the *Tragick* Drama, and often the very ſame Gods "and Heroes which had borne a part in *the preceding Tragedy*; "a practice which Horace, I ſuppoſe, intended, by this hint, "to recommend as moſt regular."

The two ſhort Notes of Schrevelius, in my opinion, more clearly explain the ſenſe of Horace, and are in theſe words:—*Poema ſerium jocis Satyricis* ita *commiſcere — ne ſcilicet is, qui paulo ante Dei inſtar aut Herois in ſcenam fuit introductus, poſtea lacernoſus prodeat.*

On the whole, ſuppoſing the Satyrick Piece to be Tragi-Comick, as Dacier himſelf ſeems half inclined to believe, the precept of Horace only recommends to the author ſo to ſupport his

his principal perſonage, that his behaviour in the Satyrick ſcenes ſhall not debaſe the character he has ſuſtained in the Tragick. No ſpecimen remaining of the Roman *Satyrick* piece, I may be permitted to illuſtrate the rule of Horace by a brilliant example from the *ſerio-comick* Hiſtories of the Sovereign of our Drama. The example to which I point is the character of *The Prince of Wales* in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*. Such a natural and beautiful decorum is maintained in the diſplay of that character, that the *Prince* is as diſcoverable in the looſe ſcenes with Falſtaff and his aſſociates, as in the preſence-chamber, or the cloſet.—*Colman*.

(58) There ſeems to be no occaſion here for Dr. Hurd's conjectural alteration of the text from *inornata* to *honorata*, in order to give the firſt part of the paſſage an oppoſite meaning to that which is uſually aſſigned to it. *Dominantia verba*, it is agreed by moſt of the Commentators, means *reigning words*, viz. words in common uſe; and I know not that the epithet (as applied to language) is any where uſed in the more elevated ſenſe which Hurd gives to it.

(59) The reader need not be told that Davus is the frequent name of a Slave in Comedy. Pythias is ſaid to have been a maid Servant, who cheats her Maſter Simo, in a Comedy of Lucilius. The ſenſe therefore is, "Do not let a "high and reſpectable perſonage, like Silenus (for inſtance) "though he may jeſt occaſionally, deſcend to the coarſe lan-"guage and humour of the loweſt characters in Comedy."

(60) This precept is analogous to that, before given (v. 129 of the Original, 217, &c. of the Tranſlation) concerning tragedy. It directs to form the Satyrs out of a known ſubject. The reaſons are, in general, the ſame for both. Only one ſeems peculiar to the Satyrs. For the caſt of them being neceſſa-

neceſſarily romantick, and the perſons, thoſe fantaſtick beings called Satyrs, the *το ομοιον*, or probable, will require the ſubject to have gained a popular belief, without which the repreſentation muſt appear unnatural.

Now theſe ſubjects, which have gained a popular belief, in conſequence of old tradition and their frequent celebration in the poets, are what Horace calls *nota*; juſt as newly-invented ſubjects, or ſuch as had not been employed by other writers, *indicta*, he, on a like occaſion, terms *ignota*. Having mentioned Silenus, one of the commoneſt characters in the drama, an objection immediately offers itſelf: "but what good Poet "will engage in ſubjects and characters ſo trite and hacknied?" The anſwer is, *ex noto fictum carmen ſequar*, i. e. however trite and well known this and ſome other characters, eſſential to the Satyr, are, yet there will be ſtill room for fiction and genius to ſhew itſelf. The conduct and diſpoſition of the play may be wholly new, and above the ability of common writers; *tantum ſeries juncturaque pollet*.—Hurd.

(61) Having before ſettled the true idea of the Satyrick ſtile in general, he now treats of the peculiar language of the Satyrs themſelves. This common ſenſe demands to be in conformity with their ſylvan character, neither affectedly tender and gallant, on the one hand, nor groſsly and offenſively obſcene, on the other. The firſt of theſe cautions ſeems levelled at a falſe improvement, which, on the introduction of the Roman Satyr, was probably attempted on the ſimple rude plan of the Greek, without conſidering the ruſtick extraction and manners of the Fauns and Satyrs. The latter obliquely glances at the impurities of the Atellane; whoſe licentious ribaldry would, of courſe, infect the firſt eſſays of the Roman Satyr.—*Hurd.*

(62) In

(62) In the Original *The buyer of fried vetches and nuts*, meaning the loweſt order of the people.

(63) This whole critique on the Satyrs concludes with ſome directions about the Iambick verſe. The Satyrs in this reſpect, as in every other, ſuſtained an intermediate character between Tragedy and Comedy. For, accurately ſpeaking, their proper meaſure, as the Grammarians teach, was the *Iambick*, enlivened with the *Tribrachys*. Yet there was likeneſs enough to conſider this whole affair of the metre under the ſame head. The Roman dramatick writers were very careleſs in their verſification; which aroſe, as is hinted (v. 435, &c.) from an immoderate and undiſtinguiſhing veneration for their old Poets. *Hurd.*—Wieland ſuppoſes the whole paſſage to be a raillery on the Roman Poets, implying that they did not underſtand the firſt principles of the metre in which they profeſſed to write. As ſuch a notion ſeems never to have occurred to any commentator, or perhaps to any reader of Horace, and as there is nothing, in the paſſages preceding or following this, which gives the leaſt intimation of ſuch a meaning, we may ſurely ſuſpect the judgment of the learned Critick to have been warped by partiality to his hypotheſis; which this conſtruction of the paſſage tends to ſupport.

(64) I have purpoſely paraphraſed this paſſage to remove the apparent ambiguity of the Original. *Hic*, I ſuppoſe (with Dacier) to refer, not to the pure Iambick lines, which conſiſt of Iambick feet only, but to the verſes, in which Iambick feet were varied by Spondees, but ſtill retained the ſecond, fourth and ſixth places in the verſe.

(65) It appears, that what is ſaid here concerning the metre of dramatick poems, was peculiarly calculated for the correction of the Roman negligence in this reſpect. This, if it had

not been ſo expreſsly told us, would have been ſeen from the few remaining fragments of the old Latin plays, in which a remarkable careleſſneſs of numbers is obſerved.—*Hurd.* The learned Critick goes on to draw an inference in favour of his own hypotheſis. But I conceive the careleſſneſs of numbers in the old Latin Poets was not confined to *dramatick* writers, and that Horace is *now* ſpeaking generally. Were it otherwiſe, the application of one paſſage would go little way to prove what was the main object of this Epiſtle.

(66) Colman here cites a ſimilar paſſage from the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, in which Pope has improved greatly on his Original:

Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight:
Read them by day, and meditate by night:
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upwards to their ſpring:
Still, with itſelf compared, his text peruſe,
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.

(67) This cenſure on Plautus has been generally thought too ſevere; and Sanadon (on little authority) would alter *ne*, in the Original, to *non*; which deſtroys, I think, the ſpirit of the paſſage. Horace is not apt to qualify and limit his opinions, either of praiſe or cenſure. But ſuch qualifications and limitations are often underſtood, and left for us to diſcover.—In the preſent inſtance I believe, with Hurd, the common anſwer to be the true one; viz. that Horace, "endeavouring "to beat down the exceſſive veneration of the elder Roman "Poets, and among the reſt of Plautus, cenſures, without "reſerve, every the leaſt defect in his writings; though, in "general, he agreed in admiring him."

(68) It

(68) It is very true, as Dr. Hurd has obſerved, that the Antients did not diſtinguiſh accurately between delicate wit and coarſe ribaldry. The reaſon of this he has ingeniouſly, and I think truly, explained in a Note on this paſſage, too long for inſertion here, but well worthy of the reader's peruſal.

(69) Æſchylus firſt increaſed the number of the Actors from one to two, reduced the Chorus, and made the Dialogue the principal part of the Tragedy. Sophocles introduced three Actors and the painting of the ſcenes. Ariſt. Poet. cap. 4.—Mr. Pye (in a Note on another part of the Poetick) has explained this more at large, and with great perſpicuity. Tragedy (he obſerves) owed it's birth to a kind of Ode, in honour of Bacchus, which was performed at the feſtival in honour of that Deity by rival poets, and the prize given to the ſucceſsful candidate was a Goat, from whence it derived it's name. It occurred firſt to Theſpis, one of theſe contending Bards, to enliven the dulneſs of his periodick ſong by ſome tale or fable, to be recited between the intervals by one of the perſons employed to ſing in the Ode. To this perſon Æſchylus added a ſecond actor, as Sophocles afterwards did a third, forming a dramatick dialogue, in which the original reciter of the fable, taken from the muſical performers of the Ode, had only a ſubordinate part. For a conſiderable time, however, the muſical part continued to be conſidered as the chief, and the dramatick part as a kind of deviation from the regular form of tragedy, which was ſanctioned by religion and ſupported and regulated by the magiſtrate, and from that circumſtance received the apellation of Epiſode, which it ever afterwards retained. From this it is obvious that the Chorus was not the choice of the Poet, but a neceſſary appendage to the theatre, which neither law nor cuſtom would permit him to diſpenſe with. Comment. on Ariſt. cap. 12. note 2. p. 219, 220.—Dacier wonders that Horace ſhould omit the other im-

provements of Æſchylus mentioned by Ariſtotle, and that Ariſtotle ſhould omit thoſe mentioned by Horace. The truth is, neither of them intended a compleat account of the improvements of the Greek ſtage, but only ſo much of them as was neceſſary to the views of each.—*Hurd.*

(70) "Properly ſpeaking (ſays Hurd) the law only abo-
"liſhed the *abuſe* of the Chorus. The ignominy lay in drop-
"ping the entire uſe of it, on account of this reſtraint.
"Horace was of opinion, that the Chorus ought to have been
"retained, though the ſtate had abridged it of the licenſe it
"it ſo much delighted in, of an illimited and intemperate
"ſatire." The foregoing opinion, though ingenious, ſeems too far-fetched, and not juſtified by the text of Horace. The common interpretation, viz. that the ignominy conſiſted in it's having been baniſhed for it's licentious ſlander, appears (as Colman has well obſerved) the moſt rational and juſt. The following paſſage, in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, on the ſuppreſſion of the Feſcennine verſes, is, very appoſitely, cited by Colman, as a comment on this:—

——— quin etiam lex
Pænaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Deſcribi. Vertêre modum formidine fuſtis,
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.

Till perſonal abuſe and ſlanderous ſtrains
Were check'd by legal penalties and pains.
By dread of ſtripes reformed, the Poet's lays
Now ſought to charm us, nor refuſed to praiſe.

(71) This judgment of the Poet, recommending domeſtick ſubjects as fitteſt for the ſtage, may be enforced from many obvious reaſons. As, 1. That it renders the Drama infinitely more

more affecting: and this on many accounts: Firſt, as a ſubject taken from our own annals muſt carry with it an air of greater probability, at leaſt to the generality of the people, than one borrowed from thoſe of any other nation: Secondly, as we all find a perſonal intereſt in the ſubject: Thirdly, as it affords the beſt and eaſieſt opportunities of catching our minds by frequent references to our manners, prejudices, and cuſtoms:—and, Fourthly, as the writer himſelf, from an intimate acquaintance with the character and genius of his own nation, will be more likely to draw the manners with life and ſpirit. Next, which ſhould ever be one great point in view, it renders the drama more generally uſeful in it's moral deſtination. For, it being converſant about domeſtick acts, the great inſtruction of the fable more ſenſibly affects us; and the characters exhibited, from the part we take in their good or ill-qualities, will more probably influence our conduct.—*Hurd.* The ſame learned Critick obſerves that the practice has been but little followed. The Romans, after ſome attempts in this way, ſoon relapſed into their old uſage. Succeeding times continued the ſame attachment to Græcian, with an equal fondneſs for Roman ſubjects; which he accounts for, from our early prejudice in favour of the illuſtrious names of thoſe ſtates. Shakſpeare was, he obſerves, the firſt who broke this bondage of claſſical ſuperſtition. In the execution of this rule, *of celebrating domeſtick acts*, much, he adds, will depend on the æra from whence the ſubject is taken. Times too remote have almoſt all the ſame inconveniences, and none of the advantages, which attend the ages of Greece and Rome; and thoſe of later date are too familiar to us, and have not as yet acquired that venerable caſt and air which Tragedy demands and age only can give. In general, that æra is fitteſt for the poet's purpoſe, which, though freſh enough in our minds to warm and intereſt us in the event of the action, is yet at ſo great a diſtance from the preſent times, as to have loſt all thoſe mean and diſparaging circum-

ſtances, which unavoidably adhere to recent deeds, and in ſome meaſure ſink the nobleſt modern tranſactions to the level of ordinary life. *Ibid.*

(72) The gown (*Toga*) being the common Roman habit, ſignifies *Comedy*; and the inwoven purple, *Prætexta* being appropriated to the higher orders, refers to *Tragedy*. *Togatæ* was alſo uſed as a general term to denote all plays in which the habits, manners and arguments were Roman. Thoſe, of which the cuſtoms and ſubjects were Græcian, like the Comedies of Terence, were called *palliatæ*.—Colman. This account is ſupported by the authority of many of the Criticks. Dacier, however, maintains that *Prætextæ* (when uſed in contradiſtinction to *Togatæ*) ſignify comedies of a higher caſt and graver ſort, and *Togatæ* (when oppoſed to *Prætextæ*, for otherwiſe they ſignified generally all Roman plays) were Comedies on leſs important ſubjects, and exhibited characters of inferior rank.

(73) Lucius Calpurnius Piſo derived his deſcent from *Calpus*, the Son of Numa Pompilius. Horace therefore addreſſes the Piſos by the flattering term of *Pompilius ſanguis*. This is manifeſtly deſigned to ſoothe their family pride; (as in Ode 17. Lib. 3. where he addreſſes Ælius Lamias) and the ſenſe ſeems to be, "You, who from your high birth, as well as "talents, are enabled to lead the faſhion in criticiſm, "ſet the example of a good taſte, by reprobating the incor- "rect and ſlovenly ſtile of our Poets."

(74) This opinion of Democritus is alſo reported in Cicero De Divinatione, Lib. 1. (*Negat enim ſine furore Democritus quemquam poetam magnum eſſe poſſe*) and in his Treatiſe De Oratore, Lib. 2. cap. 46.—Horace does not probably mean wholly to condemn the notion, but to ridicule the abuſe of it. There

There are few more favourite topicks with him than the abſurdities of Poetaſters. See Sat. 4. Book 1. Epiſt. 19. Book 1. and Epiſt. 2. Book 2. No argument can therefore be drawn from this or the other ſatirical parts of the poem, in favour of that hypotheſis which makes the ſole object of this Epiſtle to be the deterring of young Piſo from attempting poetry.

(75) For an account of the Iſland of Anticyra, which produced moſt of the Hellebore uſed for the cure of madneſs. See the Notes on Sat. 3. Book 2.

(76) The Orator was of the ſame mind, when he ſent his pupil to the Academy for inſtruction. (De Orat. Lib. 1. cap. 12.) And he ſpoke, we know, from his own example, *having acquired his oratorical ſkill, not in the ſchools of the rhetoricians, but the walks of the Academy.* (De Orat. p. 622. Elz. Ed.) But the reaſon he gives for this advice though common to the Poet (whoſe character as well as the Orator's it is, *poſſe voluntates impellere quo velis, unde velis deducere*) is yet not the only one which reſpects the Poet. For his buſineſs is, to *paint*, and that not only, as the Orator does, in order to move, but for the ſole end of *pleaſing* (*ſolam petit voluptatem*, Quinct. L. 10. c. 1.) The boaſt of his art is to catch every different aſpect of nature, and more eſpecially to exhibit the human character in every varying light and form under which it preſents itſelf. But this is not to be done without an exquiſite ſtudy and philoſophical knowledge of man; to which end the Socratick philoſophy is peculiarly adapted.—*Hurd.*

(77) This precept ſeeming, at firſt ſight, liable to be interpreted as recommending perſonal imitations, De Nores, Dacier, and the Author of the Engliſh Commentary (*Hurd*) all concur to inculcate the principles of Plato, Ariſtotle and Cicero, ſhewing that the truth of repreſentation (*veræ voces*)

muſt be derived from an imitation of *general nature*, not from copying *individuals*. Mankind, however, being a mere collection of individuals, it is impoſſible for the Poet not to found his obſervations on particular objects; and his chief ſkill ſeems to conſiſt in the happy addreſs with which he is able to generalize his ideas, and to ſink the likeneſs of the individual in the reſemblance of univerſal nature.—*Colman.*

(78) This judgment of the Poet, as to the ſuperior efficacy of *manners*, is generally thought to be contradicted by Ariſtotle; who, in treating this ſubject, obſerves that, "let a piece "be ever ſo perfect in the manners, ſentiments and ſtile, it "will not ſo well anſwer the end and purpoſe of tragedy, as "if defective in theſe and finiſhed only in the fable and *compo-* "*ſition*," (*arrangement of incidents.*) Dacier thinks to clear this matter by ſaying, "that what Ariſtotle remarks holds true "of tragedy, but not of comedy; of which alone Horace is "here ſpeaking." But granting that the artificial contexture of the fable is leſs neceſſary to the perfection of Comedy, than of Tragedy, yet the tenor of this whole diviſion, exhorting to correctneſs in general, makes it unqueſtionable that Horace muſt intend to include both. The caſe, as it ſeems to me, is this. The Poet is not comparing the reſpective importance of the *fable* and *manners*, but of the *manners* and *diction*, under this word including alſo *numbers*. He gives them (manners) the preference, not to a *good plot*, nor even to fine ſentiments, but to *verſus inopes rerum*, &c. The *art* he ſpeaks of is the art of expreſſing the thoughts properly, gracefully and harmoniouſly: the *pondus* is the force and energy of good verſification. *Venus* is a general term including both kinds of beauty. *Fabula* does not mean the *Fable*, in diſtinction from the reſt, but ſimply a play.—*Hurd.*

(79) Whether

(79) Whether this paſſage be connected with the preceding, as Hurd endeavours to ſhew (but which no one, I believe, would ſee unleſs it were ſhewn) it is not very material to inquire. But it may be worth obſerving, that, if (on the other hypotheſis) the chief object of this Epiſtle was "to deter "young Piſo from writing verſes," this whole paſſage is worſe than uſeleſs; ſince it tends to prove that a liberal education (ſuch as no doubt the Sons of Piſo had) is neceſſary to form a Poet. It would therefore rather feed the hopes of young Piſo (who muſt conſider himſelf as a very different man from the Son of Albinus) than extinguiſh them.

(80) The Roman *As*, or *Pound* (of their money) was ſubdivided into twelve *Unciæ*, or *Ounces*. Horace (in the Original) ſays the Youth of his time learned to divide it into a hundred parts, (no doubt in order to compute the intereſt) but the examination of the Scholar is according to the diviſion into Ounces. Five parts of the *As* were called *Quincunx*, four parts or *a third* (as I have been obliged to tranſlate it) had the name of *Triens*, and ſix parts, or the half, of *Semis*. Albinus (whoſe Son is ſuppoſed to be thus examined) is ſaid to have been a noted Uſurer of the time.

(81) In the Original, "*To be anointed with cedar, and preſerved in poliſhed cypreſs.*"—The antients, it is ſaid, for the preſervation of their MS. rubbed them with the juice of Cedar, and kept them in caſes of Cypreſs.

(82) There is ſome obſcurity here in the Original, which I fear is not avoided in the Tranſlation. Dacier and Sanadon apply this line to Comedy only, and explain it to mean, not "that the fable, or ſubject, ſhould not require you to *believe* "every thing it chuſes," but that "a comick ſubject ſhould "not require us to confide to it every thing it may chuſe;" i. e.

i. e. that it ſhould not demand our hazarding every kind of incident on the ſtage. I know not what authorizes them to confine the rule to Comedy, or that the paſſage is rendered much clearer by their explanation.

(83) This alludes, probably, to ſome ſuch monſtrous ſcene exhibited on the ſtage by a contemporary Poet. Lamia is fabled to have been a Queen of Libya, who devoured infants alive.

(84) The Original *celſi Rhamnes* is invariably, I believe, explained as here tranſlated. Yet it ſeems a ſingular expreſſion. The epithet *celſi* means not, we are told, *proud*, or high in *mind*, but high in *ſituation*, or rather, as Feſtus explains it, *horſemen*. The term Rhamnes is derived from one of the Roman Tribes, called *Rhamnenſes*. The diſtinction between the taſte of Senators and that of the Roman Knights, ariſes from the former being moſtly of a certain age and gravity, and the latter men of pleaſure.

(85) The Soſias were great Bookſellers at Rome. See Epiſt. 20. Book 1. and the Note on the paſſage in which they are mentioned.

(86) Though it is ſaid there were two Greek Poets of the name of Chærilus, there can be no doubt but that Horace means here the ſame perſon whom he mentions in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, and who was contemporary with Alexander the Great. See the Notes on that Epiſtle.

(87) I agree with Colman that it is matter of ſurprize the Commentators ſhould not have taken more notice of this part of the Epiſtle. Yet I cannot think this, or any of the paſſages that follow, affords ſufficient ground to decide on Horace's chief

object

object in writing the work; eſpecially, as one of thoſe paſſages has a tendency directly contrary to his hypotheſis. See the Introduction to this Epiſtle.—

Meſſala muſt be well known to the Reader. Aulus was a Roman Knight, celebrated for his knowledge of the Law.

(88) This paſſage is very ſimilar to one in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, beginning

Navem agere ignarus navis timet, &c.

The Diſcus is mentioned in Ode 8. Book 1. the Trochus in Ode 24. Book 3. the *Ball* or *Pila* in Sat. 5. Book 1. See the Notes on thoſe paſſages.

(89) Metius, who is mentioned in the Satires (Book 1. Sat. 10.) by his ſurname of *Tarpa*, was one of the Judges appointed by Auguſtus to decide what productions ſhould be admitted into the Temple of Apollo on Mount Palatine.

(90) This diſcouraging advice is conſidered by the ſupporters of Colman and Wieland's hypotheſis, as a virtual prohibition from writing, or at leaſt from publiſhing, at all. But there ſeems to be no occaſion to underſtand it in a literal ſenſe; or, if it muſt be taken as a prohibition, it will not follow that this was Horace's chief object in writing ſo long a Poem.

(91) I cannot think this paſſage (noble as it is) would have been inſerted by Horace merely for it's beauty, had his chief object been to diſcourage young Piſo from applying to poetry. See the obſervations on this part of the Epiſtle, in the Introduction.

(92) The ſtory of Tyrtæus, who revived the drooping courage of the Spartans, by his verſes, in the Meſſenian war,

need

need not be detailed here. The Engliſh Reader, who wiſhes to form an idea of his ſtile, may turn to the ſpirited Imitation of his Elegies by Mr. Pye.

(93) Many of the antient oracles were in verſe.

(94) Meaning (ſays Dr. Hurd) the writings of Theognis, Phocylides, Heſiod and others; which, conſiſting wholly of moral precepts, are elegantly ſaid to lay open or diſcover *the road of life*. Dacier's interpretation, which makes the Poet mean *Phyſicks* by *viam vitæ*, is ſupported by no reaſon. "*Il ne faut pas* (ſays he) *entendre ceci de la philoſophie et des mœurs*; car *Horace ſe contrediroit, puiſq' il a dit que ce fut le premier ſoin de la poeſie.*" The learned Critick did not conſider, that the firſt care of Poeſy, as explained above, and as employed by Orpheus and Amphion, was to inculcate *policy*, not *morals*.—Hurd.

(95) *Ludumque repertus* ſeems applicable either to dramatick or lyrick poetry; ſince the one was performed and the other recited at publick games.—Hurd thinks "this whole paſſage (from v. 682, to 688, in the Tranſlation) "obliquely glances "at the two ſorts of poetry cultivated by Horace himſelf. "For 1. *vitæ monſtrata via eſt* is the character of his *ſermones*, "and 2. all the reſt of his *Odes*." I incline however to the ſentiments of Colman "that Horace did not mean to conclude "this fine encomium on the dignity and excellence of poetry, "by a partial reference to the two particular ſpecies that had "been the objects of his own attention. The Muſe and "Apollo (Mr. C. adds) were the avowed Patrons and in-"ſpirers of Poetry in general, whether Epick, Dramatick, "Civil, Moral, or Religious; all of which are enumerated by "Horace in the courſe of his panegyrick, and referred to at "the concluſion of it, *that Piſo might not for a moment think "himſelf degraded by his attention to poetry.*"

I have

I have copied the concluſion of the above Note at full length; as it affords a proof how blind the author of an hypotheſis may be to a ſtriking circumſtance that makes againſt it. Mr. C. in his Introduction, ſeems deſirous to elude the argument ariſing from this paſſage, by aſcribing the paſſage itſelf to a different motive. Yet here, having another purpoſe in view, he inadvertently urges the very argument which militates ſo ſtrongly againſt his own ſyſtem. Three Commentators, whom he cites, have given the ſame explanation of Horace's motive.

(96) In writing precepts for poetry to *young perſons*, this queſtion could not be forgotten. Horace, therefore, to prevent the Piſos from falling into a fatal error, by too much confidence in their genius, aſſerts decidedly, that nature and art muſt both conſpire to form a Poet.—*Dacier.*—*Colman.*—Hurd has diſcovered here alſo a connexion, and proves it by a mode of reaſoning which might be uſed to connect almoſt any two paſſages in any *Poem*.

(97) This paſſage and all that follow, are ſtrongly urged by Wieland in favour of the hypotheſis he and Colman maintain. The obvious anſwer to ſuch remarks is, that Horace ſcarcely ever gives rules to form good Poets without ſeverely ſatirizing the bad ones.

(98) See the deſcription of ſuch a Hawker (Vulteius) in the 7th Epiſt. Book 1. I do not mean to queſtion the perſonal application ſaid to be meant in this paſſage, but the very *extenſive* inference drawn from it.

(99) This, perhaps, was the ſame *Quintilius*, whoſe death is lamented by Horace in Ode 24. Book 1. If ſo, he was not, probably, living when this Epiſtle was written; a ſuppoſi-

tion

tion which the mode of expreſſion in this paſſage does not, I conceive, preclude.

(100) In all the critical parts of his works Horace earneſtly inculcates correctneſs; ſo that no particular inference can be deduced from this paſſage; which very much reſembles one in Epiſtle 2d, Book 2.

At qui legitimum cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti, &c.

(101) Ariſtarchus, the celebrated Critick, lived at Alexandria in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and conſequently was contemporary with Callimachus and the other Poets of that time. He is ſaid to have written fourſcore volumes of Commentaries on Homer and other Greek Poets.—*Dac.*

(102) When Horace, in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, calls the love of writing poetry, *a ſlight madneſs*, his object is to apologize for the Poets of his age, and conciliate to them the favour of Auguſtus. Here he has been inculcating correctneſs and regularity of compoſition, and therefore naturally proceeds to ridicule thoſe who diſregard it. The ridicule is indeed highly worked up. But this might ariſe from the force of his imagination and the ſovereign contempt in which he held all poetaſters, without his having any particular purpoſe in view.

(103) Mad perſons were ſuppoſed by the heathens to ſuffer from the anger of Diana (or the moon) as we call them, *Lunaticks*.

(104) Empedocles the Poet and Philoſopher, of Sicily, flouriſhed about 450 years before Chriſt. The ſtory of his having thrown himſelf into Mount Ætna, aroſe from his being

miſſed and one of his ſlippers found near an aperture of the mountain, it having been thrown up, as was ſuppoſed, by the Volcano.

(105) The *Bidental* was a place that had been ſtruck with lightning, and afterwards expiated by the erection of an altar and the ſacrifice of ſheep, *boſtiis bidentibus*, from which it took it's name. The removal or diſturbance of this ſacred monument was deemed ſacrilege.—*Dac. San. Golman.*

(106) All Poets (it ſhould ſeem) in Horace's time recited their works either at publick places, or at leaſt to their private friends, as a mean of making them known, it being difficult to multiply copies before the invention of printing. Horace does not mean to ridicule the practice, but the abuſe of it; which he cenſures in another part of his works. See Sat. 4. Book 1.

P.S. Mr. Colman, at the concluſion of his Notes, candidly admits that both Dryden and Pope conſidered this Epiſtle as written without method. This, perhaps, is one of thoſe caſes in which a Poet is the beſt judge of a brother Poet's meaning. Without pretending to that character, I have ventured to give my ſentiments, not (I hope) dogmatically or pertly, but ſincerely reſpecting thoſe ingenious writers from whoſe opinions, on ſome points, I felt myſelf obliged to differ.

FINIS.

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